

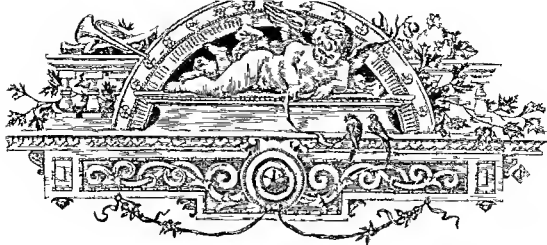
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PAp A

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1 OPT-ALL OF ALADY

January 21st, 1711 and died June 1st 1804. He was four times Mayor of Guilford and was a book-seller occupying premises at 32 High Street (now the residence of Messrs W. Stant and Sons his successors in business). John has eldest son was born at Guilford March 29th 1745 and was baptised at Holy Trinity Church upon April 10th in the same year. He was educated at the Guilford Loyal Grammar School but there is no definite information as to the duration and manner of his education. As a lad he was of a very venturesome daring spirit and it is said that one day his father coming down High Street was attracted by a group of boys standing on the pavement and staring most intently at Holy Trinity Church. Upon inquiring the cause of their interest he was greeted with the news that Young had Russell was climbing up the corner of the church tower with a bit of chalk to see if he could put a mark against the top. His father had the gratification of seeing this young scamp make a cross within a few inches of the top of a band of masonry keeping him from entirely achieving his purpose. Then he crept down again resting his toes on very small projections and on his arrival at the foot of the tower was received by his father who immediately by way of relief to mingled feelings of terror and thankfulness administered a sound thrashing up in the spot.

At about the age of thirteen he was much attracted by an etching by Wornahl in the window of a print shop in London. A friend who was with him procured and presented it to him and he copied it many times with great accuracy and from this circumstance can be traced his early reputations. At an early age his father placed him under the artistic training of Mr. Francis Cotes, an Academician of great talent who was a scholar of George Knapp and whose work has been compared to that of Poussin. From his young Russell derived very much valuable tuition. His religious convictions which all his life continued very strong appear to have commenced in September 30th 1764 when he was nineteen years of age. In his diary under date September 30th 1769 he thus writes: 'This day five years ago was the day in which I was pulled out of darkness into God's marvellous light under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Mullan at the Loc. where I went out of idleness and ridicule. The religious opinions so received tested the experience and test of a long life. I now regularly attended the ministrations of the leading preachers of the day and speak of Whitfield, Ireland Hill the Wesleys, Pomeroy and the Clintons.

The diary to which I have referred was com-

menced upon July 6th 1766 (when he was 21) and upon the title page of it is a drawing of a hill surmounted by three crosses (being a representation of Calvary) and in open fields and the words prelude in their precise phrasing: 'John Russell converted September 30th 1764 at 19 at about half an hour after seven in the evening.

This diary Russell continued to keep with but few breaks, until January 4th 1802 about four years previous to his death and from it I have been enabled to gather most of the particulars given in this paper. The book is now in the possession of Francis H. Well Esq. of Leatherhead a great grandson of its author and to his very special kindness I am indebted for permission to use the following extracts. As was so often the case with diaries written at about that period—and as was the case with the noted diary of Pepys—much of this invaluable document was written in shorthand which however has been translated by the Rev. S. H. Russell Vicar of Chalfont, Oxon, and a grandson of the artist. The notes consist mainly of expressions of religious feelings and experiences together with the mention of various sermons heard. But there are occasional historical allusions of special interest. We can construct the main details of his life from the entries which I have copied.

March 14th 1767 he took lodgings in town, believed to be in John Street Oxford Street.

October 1st 1767 he writes: 'I now had great encouragement in my business—and in the same year, on December 21st we had him at Lord Montagu's seat Cowdray House, Uxworth, copying the pictures. Here he remained until January 14th 1768.

On May 21st 1768 he writes: 'I have been much in the polite world (see) by people of fortune,' and in November, 'The world seems to shine on me. Certain religious scruples however enter into his feeling and on March 31st 1769 he writes: 'Pious jealousy in my business has given me more pleasure than I think it ought. He was at that time studying at the Royal Academy, and in that year exhibited the first of his long series of pictures at the Academy, Portraits of Paul I. squaring Nelson and Triton.

From this year down to 1806 Russell continued to show his pictures at the Academy and in 1790 he exhibited as many as twenty-two at one time, in all 20 of his works passed the Hanging Committee.

His records under date November 13th 1769 narrow escape of his life during been nearly killed in the street by a blow in the stomach from a man in

On December 20th his father consented to his marriage with Miss Hannah Faden and in the appears to

have induced to accept his own religious views, some what to the annoyance of her family. The marriage took place on February 5th 1770 before the Rev W. Roume in Mynlone Church. Russell went to reside at 7 Minton Street, Cavendish Square and his union with Miss Eden proved undoubtedly a happy one. A week after his marriage, he says, he was initiated into the society at Tottenham Court Road Chapel becoming we presume what is termed a communicating church member with his wife.

His own personal health was never very good. In August, 1769 he tells us that he was so out of health that his father came to town to see after him and took him back to Gaddford from August 2nd till August 18th.

On April 29th 1770 soon after his marriage he writes that he was 'greatly successful in business' and again June 1st 'Incredible success.' During that month he was ordered to ride in the park for his health.

On July 10th he was much affected at the news of the decease of his old master Francis Cotes R.A. and he attended his funeral. Cotes had attained an eminent position in crayon drawing and one of his finest works—portraits of Mr and Mrs. Leah Isaac—was in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, another portrait that of Admiral Lord Hawke is at Greenwich Hospital.

In October he is evidently still studying at the Royal Academy and writes that he makes 'great improvement' and in December is awarded a medal at the Royal Academy for a figure he had made during the preceding winter. During September, however, the incredible success of June had disappeared and he writes that he was 'much straitened in temporal circumstances.' October 17th records 'business slow' November 28th 'temporal things frown exceedingly.' During August he had made a journey to Brighton and was away four days having possibly gone either to execute some commission for a patron or to seek for some artistic employment. At this time he painted the pictures of the Biting Man and Woman that are now at Buckingham Palace.

On January 14th 1771 he records his first honours from the Royal Academy, but even here all was by no means easy sailing. But three months

pass and on April 18th he speaks of 'oppressive treatment at the Royal Academy,' and again August 14th receives a check from the Royal Academy for applying for votes, but he thought he tells us that the custom was so common that it could give no offence. It evidently did give offence however for on the 27th at the election he lost his A.R.A. ship by one vote!

In that month we hear that a nervous disorder which had troubled him for several years and which he thought cured had again attacked him and we venture to surmise that his disappointment at the Academy and difficulties in circumstances had much to do with the return of the disorder. Difficulties were however beginning to clear in April he says he was embarrassed but on June 10th records much temporal prosperity and in October 'externals seem to smile again.' In that month he is again studying at the Royal Academy and in November is much honoured at the Academy, through a performance completed in 1775 to merit 20th.

The tide had evidently not yet turned, prosperity was but temporary and in



JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.
(From a Pastel by himself. In the Possession of the Marquis of Gifford.)

1772 the old difficulties returned. On the last day of the year John Wesley paid him a visit and sat and prayed with him in his mental distress. But January 9th then is the pathetic entry 'I have no money to keep myself and family and this difficulty brings back the nervous disorder and he says he is low in soul and body and again in July all day in trial. During this time his work entitled 'Fleurets of Painting with Crayons' had evidently been in preparation. As a forerunner it was probably preceded by a shorter pamphlet on the same subject as the work itself was not issued till 1777 and on March 4th 1772 we find from the diary that he sends his pamphlet on crayon painting to press. He was then giving constant lessons in his favourite art. In the November following on the 3rd instant a Brighton picture was for our struggling artist when he was elected A.R.A. With characteristic religious simplicity he writes 'I pray God that He would prevent its being made instrumental to my soul's injury. Even with the coveted position well in his grasp circumstances were still difficult and the record continues in the minor key throughout the ensuing year.

The king continued till near three o'clock in the morning. Later on we told Sam my last writing the mobs have been violent asked I saw, in the first place the pulling-down and burning of the house of Justice Hyde near Leicester Field. The rioters afterwards set off to destroy Newgate which they burnt the next day. I saw the Kings Bench Prison burning from the top of a house in

this made all the difference in his life. Just before he had been burning money of every sort in prospect of business. But now things have changed. In 1784 'circumstances' he writes were much improved, his income was nearly £600 a year, but during this time of prosperity the diary reveals little else than religious disquisition.

He was away four months at Oxford and then



RURAL EMULSIONMENT

(From the *Autobiography* by John Russell R.A.)

the Strand. From my windows saw Mr Langshole's houses burning in Holland and others on fire and was resolved in my own house by the mob who rapped at the door for entry and forced me to illuminate like all the neighbours.

It is said that Russell's illumination consisted in his waving his painting lamp out of the window to and fro. The records that follow show that the fire however had now turned Descentomy is changed to joy and we find not one of the painful struggles for a bare subsistence. On January 7th 1781 the death of a cousin (Sharp) gave him a small freehold estate in Dorking and the income of

been and in 1787 he was full of business and in 1786 still blessed in temperance. And then for three years we are left in ignorance of his feelings. During this time however he became one of the select circle of Royal Academicians.

On July 19th 1789 he writes I have now been received as an Academician and being a painter and quittance able. In outward things the goodness of the Lord has been very great. Though long my family I have been able to support them with plenty. My income is above £1000 per annum and probably on the increase. At that time he was residing at 21 Newman Street Oxford Street, and he was

appointed portrait painter in cravens both to George III and to the Prince of Wales and as such Pussell was now at the zenith of his position. His religious convictions were at this time stronger than ever and his habit of discussing religious views with all his sitters often got him and his family into quarrels and strife. He was however sincerely unconcerned of any guilt of *outrageful* here. His religion was part of his life and so devoted to it was he that he had been known to sit up all night in church to avoid missing the early sacrament on the Sunday morning. Notwithstanding this he was by no means a dislikeful man in his latter years but extremely bright and genial enjoying a romp with his children on any other bit of fun. In 1789 he made a projected family tour in Yorkshire and again visited Hull in 1801 and 1802 making a large number of sketches and many portraits of the leading people of the district. At this period he saw how's full of business all the year. On September 1st 1801 he caught his forefinger in a steel trap and was much hurt and this brought to a temporary and somewhat abrupt close his artistic labours. He was at that time he says in a very low state of health and in the October of that year had nearly fainted in church.

The last entry in the diary is dated January 4th 1802 and merely records the information that he is starting on another journey in Yorkshire. In 1803 he was taken seriously ill with cholera and continued for a long time in a prostrate condition of fever, and eventually died at a house in Storey Street Hull, on April 20th or 21st 1803 in his sixty-fourth year. He was interred in Holy Trinity Church in that town in the middle aisle of the choir and a tablet was erected to his memory which however is now covered by the wooden floor of the choir stalls.

Miss Pussell survived him several years and died on November 6th 1816. His eldest son, John William was always a great trouble to him, he calls him a poor depraved youth. After a short apprenticeship to a Mr. Colon who could not keep him he went to France in the Willy World Company's affairs. Beyond a short letter from thence, nothing more was ever heard of him. The second, third, fourth and fifth children died in infancy. The eleventh child William (born November 20th 1782) was educated as an artist and early showed possession of the family talent. He exhibited eight pictures in the Royal Academy 1808-9. He afterwards took the profession took holy orders and became Rector of Shepperton where he remained for fifty years and died September 14th 1879. One of his children William Henry Pussell still resides at Haregate.

The Academicians other children were Henrietta,

John Samuel, Ann Mary and Thomas the latter of whom married Miss Henby and whose descendants are the present representatives of the family of the Academicians. They are Samuel John John, Hannah Ann and Thomas of Binstaple, whose son Herbert Russell Esq of Wandsworth owns the great picture of John and his Pigeons. (See p 73) Thomas was the artist's youngest son.

Russell's pictures have a relationship to those of Leighton and Oakes but have a more rapid and striking force about them. The coloring is occasionally florid but the details are always exquisitely treated the flesh work very delicate showing dainty modelling the picture of a beautiful life like. He had a happy knack of making his portraits interesting even to strangers who had never before the originals. He was hardly content with making heads only that were likenesses but studied the limbs and musc of his sitters and by delicate sympathetic treatment produced much expression from his pencil when delineating these minor details of the portrait. His style was apparently influenced by Sir Joshua Reynolds for whose person and character he bore a high respect and a touch of the reminiscence of that famous artist has been judiciously pointed out by a member of his family in the daydreams narrow slits and painted mouths of female heads representing faces of writers. This may be especially noticed in the Fortune teller now at Tottenham. In order to be a perfect artist Russell never overlooked the study of anatomy but as desquins was he of avoiding a jargonistic display of it that, in continuing younger artists his words often were. Learn anatomy thoroughly and then forget all about it.

To his credit it must be stated that from early religious conviction he steadfastly set his face against the institution of Show Smutty. He so thoroughly impressed his views upon his black footmen, Peter, that the man declared even to tell his master that the Prince Regent and a foreign ambassador wanted to inspect the works in his studio. Some and dust have unfortunately destroyed very many of his pictures but those that still remain are excellent examples of his beautiful art.

The picture reproduced as the front-piece is supposed to be the portrait of Miss Jane Loden the artist's wife's sister. The owner of this beautiful work is Henry Welch Esq of Wembley to whom I am indebted for permission to publish it. The owners of the pictures reproduced in pp 76 and 77 The Age of Elms and Rural Employment are unknown and I should be glad to have any information concerning them or any other pictures by John Russell, as I am preparing a list of his works.

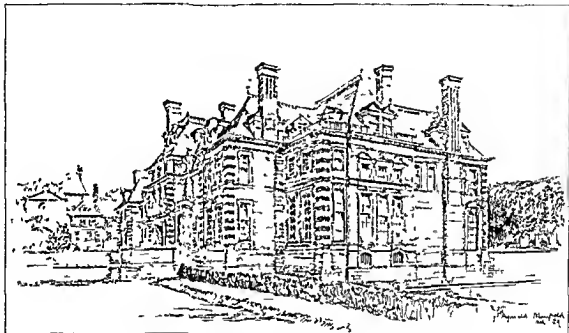
ARTISTIC HOMES.

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE. EXTERIOR.

by LIGNALD BLOMFIELD

THERE is no doubt that a considerable improvement in English house architecture has been made within the last twenty years. In an advanced stage of civilisation the average level of attainment

contemporary work for the finest instances of modern domestic architecture—which makes any attempt to criticise it a somewhat invasions of privacy. However, my business is less with criticism than with sug-



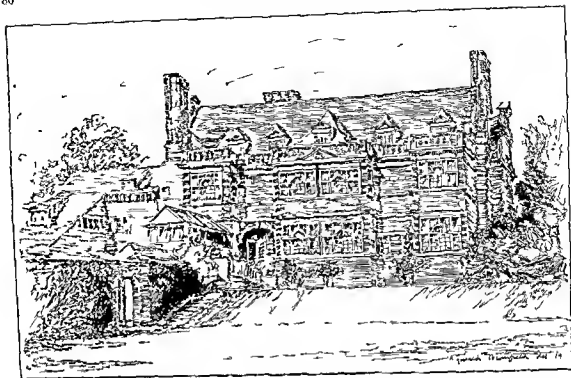
KESWILL PARK

(The late W. E. W. Neff (1. Architect) Down by Reg. off Bl. & field)

appears to remain more or less constant, though the particular details used vary according to the taste of the time. Thirty years ago a sort of Gothic was the fashion, since then various fads in the architecture of the eighteenth century and profigate attempts at the style of Louis Seize have succeeded each other with startling rapidity, but as for any skill in the manipulation of these details there is little to choose between the average level of one fashion and of another. With the best work, however, it is different. So far as we can appraise these things the best architecture of one period is distinctly better or worse than the best architecture of another, and the work done recently by the ablest English architects such as Mr Shaw or Mr Philip Webb, is certainly better than any that has been done for many generations in England. It is this very fact—the fact that one would have to look in

guesses as to the point of view from which house-building ought to be considered.

Charles Lamb did not a real service when he wrote his little essay on the sanity of genius. It has been the fashion with certain critics perhaps *lamb* *for*, and with certain architects who ought to know better to assume that an architect who considers architecture an art who takes what the public with delightful confusion of ideas call 'the æsthetic line,' is necessarily an unreasonable and impractical person, full of fads and croquetets, and negligent of the points that go to the real comfort of the house. This is an monstrous fad which simply inverts the facts of the case. The basis of architecture is good planning and sound construction. Now of all the architects that have practised in England for the last two generations it is precisely these men who are pre-eminently artists who have striven



HOUSE AT HARBOR

(J. G. Smith, Esq., Architect, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100)

for simple planning and in its construction. It is these men who have done away with the dirty ill-lit rooms and the dull unhomely rooms and who have put a new order upon the meaningless detail and wasteful construction of forty years ago. It is their example which has recalled attention to the simple principle that a house is built to be lived in and that as it is built in England and not in France, Germany or Italy it is probable that the English tradition is the safest guide to follow. The better the architect the more simple and logical it will be found and the fact that a straight forward plan is difficult to design accounts for its rarity in inferior work. Anyone can tack one room on to another and to them it is better than dealing with irregular passages. The problem is to get all this within the compass of a reasonable plan. The best house architects are strongest in their plans and at last the days are past when a distinguished architect could plan all his rooms criss-crossed and run his pointed windows into his things out of very consciousness of false mediocrity.

The first point to be considered is of course the plan. In the actual process of designing a house the plan must be separated from the elevation and even as the architect's mind keeps playing back and forth and forwards from the one to the other so that the building grows up in his mind as an organic

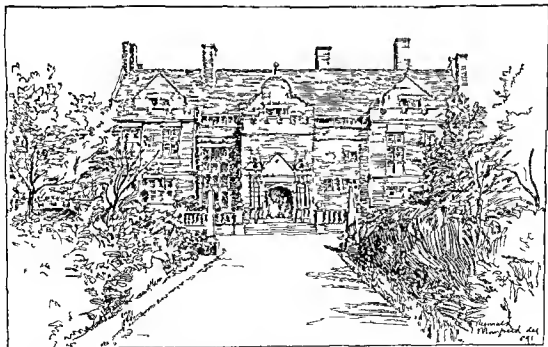
whole. To put it in other terms while he is at work on the plan he is constantly considering the effect of his plan on his elevation and vice versa. The results of this work are duly displayed in plan, elevation and section, and thus no doubt leads to the false impression in the lay mind that the plan and elevation can be considered apart and are not in necessary relation to each other.

As the plan is embodied in the elevation and section—that is in the actual walls of the building the two must be considered together in practice. With this provision there are one or two matters which more particularly concern the plan. The main points to aim at are simplicity and compactness of arrangement and plenty of light. A long crooked passage with constant changes of level may be very minute and admirably adapted to the habits of the Decemviri. But with the hurry of the modern household and the modernness of the domestic servant it means a host of dishes and distasteful crockery and general discomfort and ill temper. There has been a tendency lately to imitate the queer corner and the curious passage. I have a book before me sent out by a well known firm of furnishers in which there are half a dozen or more designs for single nooks and halls and passages which do not result from any necessity of the plan but are placed at random with no particular object but

that of looking queer. The red old ingle is quite delightful with its great emerald oak-leaf on across the opening fourteen feet wide or more, and its red brick floors and the old mazzell oak over the chimney piece and the little leafy lattice with its dainty cutwork, but how far away from this is the effectation of a modern ingle nook with its aggressive grate and mechanically stamped paper fire and fillings of 'art fabrics.' If you are going to have an ingle nook, at least keep it plain and solid and comfortable and have a bench before which you can stretch your legs and a fireplace big enough to burn a fire with a good look to go too with the passages, let them be wide enough for two people to pass and light enough to prevent their falling into each other's arms.

In country houses the position of the sitting room is usually determined by the aspect and in a house of any pretension there is sure to be a good sized hall and a magnificent staircase, but the hall is worth a sacrifice even in smaller houses. The first impression you form of a house is very often the list and your first impression is formed in the hall. It is not in the least necessary that it should be two storeys high. Some of the most charming little halls in seventeenth century and modern work are long low rooms sweet and homely to live in, places never haunted by the ghosts of insignificant dreariness. For a moderate house the

one storey hall is rather an advantage, because it practically gives another sitting room, and in quite small country houses such as those that are used say, for summer holidays why not return to the plan of the yeoman's house of the sixteenth century and earlier, when one great hall was the general living room and at one end were the kitchen and offices and the servants rooms and at the other the solar and the rooms of the master and his family? A house costing less than a thousand pounds could then have room enough for a billiard table or a dance such as would be quite impossible in the stuff, respectable house in the village built by the squire when he came of age. The reason for such a room would not be mere picturesque but its manifold uses its essential reasonableness and the same reasonableness would not be afraid of the plainest work of showing the rafters or the ceiling joists or of having the back of the fireplace with honest red brick. In town houses the question of plan is much more complicated because the area is limited but if there is a fair frontage a hall can easily be contrived and if the site is narrow and deep a good hall and staircase can be found at the back of the front room with a passage under the hall leading to the dining room beyond. If there is not depth enough it would be better to give up one of the ground floor rooms for a hall and a decent staircase anything would be better than the ordinary



MORDEN GRANGE BLACKHEATH

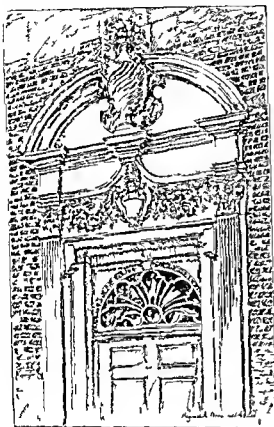
(John Lubbock Architect. Drawn by Evelyn Dunsford)

local plan of a passage opening on to the stair case with the dining room and study or one or two small little rooms at the side. In dealing with material architecture I shall have to return to the plan again and in particular to the plans of town houses but I may mention as an admirable arrangement for a rather large house the plan of a house in Hill End Square built about 1790 and once occupied by Lord Brough. Here you enter by

plan only. The approach to the house the forecourt the terrace to the gardens and the general design of the gardens themselves should all form parts of one consecutive scheme and till the landscape gardener arose in his might they always were so designed. The late George Devey and W. E. Nesfield revived this practice with conspicuous success as for instance at Hill Place near Twickenham and Combe Warren near Kingston by Devey (see p. 8) and the great house and gardens designed by Nesfield at Kinnaird Park (see p. 79). Serious design in the grounds and garden is quite as necessary for small houses as for large and is to the expense the numerous experiments in beds and embankments usually made by the master and his gardeners which to cost at least as much as the initial expense of a good design systematically carried out.

Given to a plan the design must follow more or less as a logical necessity at least the plan almost inevitably suggests one treatment rather than another. As to the actual style of the building reasonableness is the one condition necessary. Whatever our individual preference we live too late in the world to say dogmatically that one style is better than another. The important point is what use we make of our style whatever it is. In other words the important point is the strength of our own individuality. A generation or so ago there was much debate among architects as to styles and the contention was hot between them as to the relative merits of Gothic and Classic, but the beautiful work done by one or two men in a style that could not be labelled either one or the other because it was pure in its individuality, has shown the futility of all this sort of discussion.

Another delusion very much in vogue and often repeated in professional lectures was the possibility of a new style altogether something which should go clean away from anything that had ever been done before—something which as the phrase ran was to be a cut of the expensive of the time—some had one nightmare of criticism and terra cotta perhaps. In point of fact all architecture is modified by the exigencies of the time—it takes its character from individual necessities and most of all from the necessities of the architect but to ask nowadays for a new architect such as has never existed before is to ask for something grotesque and impossible much as it were to ask a poet to invent a new set of words. The excellent skill of modern engineering on the one hand and the art of inverted progressiveness the liberalisation which is afraid of being out of touch with the times on the other have thrust it of sight the principle that architecture is a traditional art and that though its grammar and language are determined by tradition there is as much scope for originality in the use of that language as there is



A HOUSE IN HILL END SQUARE

(R. Thomas Shaw, F.R.I.B.A. Architect. Engraving by R. E. Moffatt)

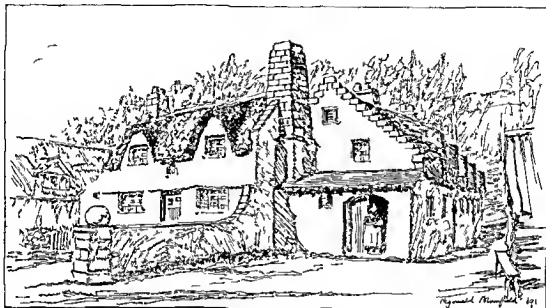
a wide passage and ran archway into a square hall which occupied the central third of the plan built from a skylight at the top of the house. A wide staircase runs under the arch and brings up on a level landing to each floor. On one side of the staircase a narrow passage with lights from the staircase communicates between the back and front rooms so that a room connects the stairs and escape-movement. His plan I water requires a good deal of room and would be suited to a small seat.

In houses with any ground about them the work of the designer should not be limited to the house.

for a poet in the use of modern English. Anyone who wishes to satisfy himself about the terrible results of a "new style" has only to look at Plate 36 in the second volume of Viollet le-Duc's *Lectures on Architecture*, where he will find a house front of white tiles with light blue borders held in position by thin strips of cast iron framing, and if he thinks that architecture he had better get an engineer to design him his house. This delusion is also passing away into the limbo where the battle of the styles

quint and picturesque, if he is not it will be *bizarre* and atrociously vulgar. In any case it is not architecture which is an art not of imitation but creation.

If then there is now no one style in which every one works as a matter of course and a totally new style is out of the question and a literal reproduction of old work is pedantic and a patchwork of multifarious details is not architecture how should one set to work with the elevation of a house? The answer is simple though most difficult to follow. The designer



COTTAGE AT PORTINGALL, PEMBROKESHIRE

(The late J. H. Macleod, Architect, Daresbury, and F. J. G. J.)

already peacefully reposes. But two other pitfalls now lie in wait for the novice—archaeology and sketch book architecture. Archaeological architecture is the more respectable son of the two. It is at least based on research and conscientious study, and when, as in the case of one of our most distinguished and scholarly architects, it is handled with full knowledge and a delicate taste the results are very beautiful. But such a case is an exception and in ordinary hands this kind of architecture is pedantic and tedious. Cupids and crockets and tracery are all very well in fifteenth century work, but not in the work of to-day. The flowers still grow in the hedge and one would exchange a whole hill full of tracery for a bough of roses finely designed and carved. Sketch book architecture has been the fashion for some little time. An architect goes to France, Holland, Germany, or wherever it may be, and fills his notebook with sketches of all sorts of detail which take his fancy, and mechanically reproduces them while in his next house front. If he is clever, the house may be

should think for himself instead of copying others and the house builder instead of darkening counsel with irrelevant suggestions might recollect that the business of a designer is to think for himself and that it is expressly for this that he is employed. The plan will determine the main grouping of the building and its treatment in detail will depend on the conditions of the site, the size, and intention of the house and on the fancy of the owner himself. For instance if the rooms are to be large and low, casement windows and lead glazing will probably be best. If they are to be high, you would have tall sash windows with pines and proportions such as are seen in *Windsor magnificent hall* in Hampton Court or in many an eighteenth century house in England. The one impossible form of glazing in architecture is plate glass—an invention which considerably artistically sinks with the discovery of aniline dyes, and the reason is that every plate glass window makes a cavernous link in the wall surface instead of carrying the eye across, and preserving the breadth of effect.

When the character of the window is determined then the details follow, such as pilasters and cornices or gables and large panes, and the ruling principle again shall be simplicity in the points to aim at simplicity and proportion. These were the essential characteristics of English domestic architecture throughout its long descent from Anglo-Saxon to

weatherboarding of many a roof will bear them down not to elaborate detail but rather to its absence and the singular happiness of their unaffected grouping. Buildings such as these show the beauty of simple material, harks at weather-tiles plain boarding or thatch and one of the most valuable results of the recent development of house-

architecture has been to show that all materials except iron and terra cotta are good if properly handled and that architecture is not dependent on purple and fine linen but will even be unkind to plaster white wash and thatch. Thatch more particularly if done with needs is warm durable and pleasant to look at the only difficulty is that skilled thatchers are becoming very hard to find. The illustration of a cottage on page 86 signed by the late Mr J. H. Michael shows how much may be done with these simple materials. There is no need to dwell on the possibilities of tiles and half timber work. When then used in England was reintroduced by Mr Shaw and the late W. E. Newfield something like a revolution occurred in house architecture. But since that date there have been so vulgarised by speculative builders and others that more than ordinary tact and self-restraint are necessary for their use. In regard to black work, if you want it to look its very worst use black painting and machine-moulded lutes. The latter never run true and owing to the difficulty of getting the template exact even if the original section was good the moulding is sure to have lost its refinement at every haul when the lutes are turned out of



PART OF BEACH AT COLLEGE, WINE OR
(John Evelyn Arch at Dover by Pen and Ink of the)

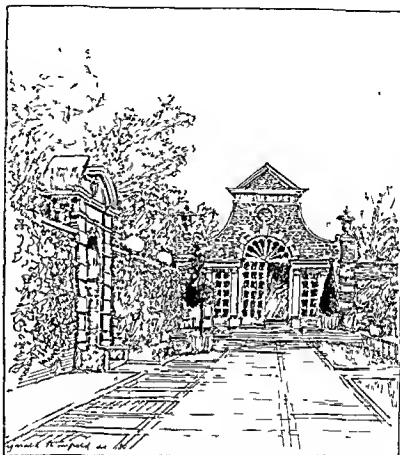
chimneys which make it a good and in some ways superior to the architecture of any other country in Europe. A mixture of stone, courses and pilasters will make a house look dignified and valuable unless they are handled with reserve and a clear sense of proportion. Best of all is any quality to be got out of heterogeneous details taken from other countries and so to say plastered on to the face of the building. Obviously picturesque is rather to be less than it and carefully being a new race to live with the buildings which are really picturesque and always beautiful seem to be sensibly accident. The great sweeping roof of a Sussex farm the high posts of a Kentish manor or the red tiled gables and

the nodd. As for black painting it is as bad as the use of blue Welsh slates or rather worse. For black painting is not cheaper than white and it is not only ugly itself but it destroys all the beauty of the lutes. And again there is no inherent beauty in a thin joint rather than in a thick. Some of the most beautiful brickwork I ever saw at Painsan was composed of thin lutes about an inch and a quarter thick with joints an inch wide. If the mortar is good wide joints make excellent work and where the wall space is large enough they give a texture never possible with thick jointed brickwork. Good workmanship is one thing and mechanical finish another, and provided the

walls are solidly and honestly built. The fibrous smoothness of much modern brickwork is a direct loss to the general effect of the building. The fine-ribbed brickwork, generally called ganged work, has simply been superinduced lately. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used for special features such as the entrance bay of a facade, and its richness was enhanced by the plain work on either side. But if the entire front from top to bottom is faced with ganged work, its value as a home material is gone. The same fault of exuberance is shown in carving the streets of London which have been rebuilt in the last few years abound in quite alarmingly carving. Instead of concentrating their carving on one special point of importance, and taking pains to ensure that the carving is good as far as it goes, the designers of these houses have spread their carving all over the front, and the impression that results is that of a confused mass of contradictory detail and a feeling that, for any reason one sees, the carving might just as well continue indefinitely up and down the street, till checked by the next advertisement board.

What is even worse than this is the recent fashion of covering large spaces of wall with an embroidery of tortoiseshell ornament, but only for a wedding cake. Tortoiseshell is delightful enough when used as a material for modelling, and worked upon by the artist himself as for instance in the Tintoretto figures or the plaques of the Della Robbia, but applied to architecture and more particularly in England it is simply repulsive to look upon, because it never acquires any texture from time, and its joints are seldom true and its finish is critically mechanical. It might possibly be used in great plain masses but its constant employment for the mechanical repetition of ornament is only another instance of the disastrous effect of common reason applied to art. It is quite possible to do a very fine piece of architecture without any carving at all. Some of the best designed houses

have absolutely none. As for instance, the house in Tinsdale's Inn Fields by Mr. Philip Webb is one of the most original and masterly house fronts in London. If, however, you are going to have carving the entrance doorway is worth dwelling on, or a great frieze high up on the building is a good place for the sculpture. The entrance doorway of a house in South Ken



CHARLES WALKER COMBE WARREN

(The late Mr. J. H. R. 1884. Architect. Drawn by Mr. J. H. R. 1884.)

single designed by Mr. Shaw (see p. 82) is a fine example of modern architectural carving. Figure work is best avoided unless you can afford a really good sculptor. But there are at this moment in England a dozen sculptors or more who understand how to handle the figure in architecture with a skill and knowledge hitherto unknown in England.

Here then in the elevation, we come back to the same principle of simplicity and self-restraint which was advocated for the plan. Any quantity of clever work of elaborate ornament of ambitious picturesque mass is turned out now a days, but this work has no enduring individuality, and it has not the rare quality of distinction.

TWO WINTER EXHIBITIONS

By FREDERICK WEDMORE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

VARIETY is this winter the characteristic of the show at the Institute—inequality is what strikes one the most at the British Artists in

still too formidable array of the superfluous and the effete of the mediocre of the drearily respectable. But we may pass them by. We will consider only such work—and of that indeed only a portion—



THE MERRY TINY

(From the Point of View by T. E. Hardy. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.)

South Street. Both bodies are tattered but they are of a different age. The Institute I understand within the last few years is not as yet linked with the survival of the fittest while the British Artists established law in 1870 I cannot calculate does not suffer particularly in a generation in which only a minority survive. Hence the representation in South Street of the works of the most modern

is witnessed either to an individual vision or to an accomplished technique.

And I must be suffered to say that there is something of the same in the fact that there is both in an artistic measure—in the contributions which the Society of British Artists makes to the picture of each passing season. I prefer the method of Mr. Wyke Baylis in oil to his method in water

colours, and I believe that his Interior of the Dining at Florence—his highest yet completest vision of that jewelled yet austere temple—is the best of such pictures as he sends to the present winters gathering. In Mr Wyke Bayless's handling there is a gradual but certain improvement—in his design to a great extent lost in manner in what he has not lost in individuality. This is the sympathetic artist the better enabled to do justice to the objects which have always been dignified thus it is he has become sorer of a place which shall be his own.

The poet is the wicker may be in a total misjudgment the unprofessional critic who has not firm about him the claims of a particular school will rise gradually together as we go along the sea as all we do and do things in still the Street. The King of the Sun by Mr Edwin Ellis the Sun down by Mr Nelson Dawson and the Study of Mr Charles Marshall. Mr Edwin Ellis has been wont to be too cautious and sensitive and indecisive is not his line on the present occasion committed to striking. His escape is not at all complete its execution it may be is arrested too soon. But at last there is unity at last there is spontaneity—he has had a pleasure in the drama of the heavens in the pursuit of the skies. Mr Nelson Dawson is much more subtle. Over the splendour blue of the known what looms of the Atlantic is of the day of the day there is diffused the warmth of some glowing sunset. Nothing happens in the picture but changes of colour and light. No craft moves on the waters but there is the interest of the unusual sea-trail of sea and sky. Very modest is Mr Charles Marshall in calling his work A Study. His model has so much character and calm is his type but her gesture is dramatic a marvellous piece of drawing, an unflinching piece of flesh painting—not in the very child rate but in an expressive and low strong. Mr Dudley Hardy Mr A. W. Woolton Mr Arnold Priestman Mr Nesbit Mr Frederick Tuke—these all in oil or in water-colour interest us with accomplished work. Each of these men in his different methods is of the newer school each—inless it be Mr Woolton who is not less graceful than the others and who is influenced more directly than they are by

the reticent masters of our elder art. Mr Camys Carronec wrote of Mr Hermoner that his art was experimental. The word describes precisely the often fascinating if rarely quite accomplished efforts of Mr Agassiz whose Rectory Garden in Cambridgehire attests yet again his unresting career or to see the world in ambiguity's way but his own.



CHURNIES

(See in the Picture by S. C. L. L. See in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Art 1893)

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

At the Institute of Painters in Oil there is a greater amount of technical excellence than at the English Artists and there is hardly any limit to the variety of material and method but neither at the one place nor at the other do we find ourselves in presence of any such canvas which will take hold upon the public mind—which all the world will remember. Sir James Linton's Teacher—there is a flexible bronze scarcely a Jew's yet warmed by sunlight is a pleasant thing any that an English summer can know—is after all but one more addition to the gallery of beauties warm and healthily and superbly habited, which the President of the

Just but I as friendly as I can be to him. In all I have seen I have never seen a more beautiful scene than as I know to be in the world. I have seen many very beautiful scenes, but none so very beautiful as this.



THE KINGDOMS OF THE SEA

(From the Picture by J. H. P. in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists)

It is a picture of a seascape, showing a large ship at sea. The ship is a three-masted sailing ship, and it is surrounded by many smaller boats. The sea is very rough, and the sky is very dark. The picture is very beautiful, and it is a very good example of the work of the Royal Society of British Artists.



T. LATE

(From the Picture by W. H. P. in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists)



FIRE FANCIES.

(From the Painting by Arthur Hacker. In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Engraved by Jonnard)

like Sir James Linton is seen really best in water colour does but add one or two strong things in the familiar manner to that which it has given us already. Mr Alfred Stiles is still painting and thus through no failure of power but merely because he has contented himself with a contribution too insignificant and ill considered. An artist of distinction of refinement is not equal to the small representation well or ill represented. Mr David

Autman in some limited acre of an orchard in France. He is very refined and delicate. So too is Mr Alfred East in yet another picture of a tongue of mist wind watered by a stream of the Midlands—hell and willow reeds of the foreground autumnal trees and a square church tower of the middle distance veiled very lightly in those morning mists which we gather up while we look. (See p. 93) Very rich and pleasant to the eye is Mr Charles Hayes



STRUGGLING LIGHT

(The Picture by Mr. Stiles is in the East of the 1st to 10th of 10. A. L. 100. 17)

Murray to—his picture is no varied and oftentimes capricious—himself to the offering of an unimportant canvas. Happily Mr Alfred East and Mr Alexander Harris have well which is not far from their best. Mr Anson's calls his picture 'Hunting Sixes'. The picture is fine and may be treated freely or may be drawn exactly as it is, what is of greater interest is that in this charming instance of his reticent and simple art Mr Anson has given us the abstract and brief chronicle of the country of the Downs with its low sweeping hillsides its scooped valleys the soothing rhythm of its long lines. Mr Alexander Harris in a picture which I believe already in the Ching de Mers paints the 'Misty

in "A. M. M. M. which is this far among the pleasantest of his achievements. But it is time to speak of the future painters.

Mr Haynes Williams paints gracefully after his recent fashion an incident in a life of one seventy years ago. When man has lived to worship and a woman knows her self a human free play has been accorded to the instincts of both. Mr Watson Nicol in his chief work misses a great deal of colour and tells a story with a lack of health and of subtlety. But in 'Assets Nil'—a rooster with empty pockets and an unpaid reckoning—is in the main humorous. It may be so Mr Tom Grahame says as the motto of his picture that two leads are better than one. We will in any case



A DEVI 3 RV

(From A. De
by Alfred
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BOOK EDGE DECORATION

By S. T. PRIDEAUX

Of the minor details of bookbinding there is no one that used to merit with more attention and that is now more neglected than the ornamentation of the edges. I propose to give a short account in

this paper of the different ways by which luxury was given to the edges of books in former times and to describe the processes so that those who care for such things and do not dislike the burden of the extra expense may receive what it is really most a list merit—it is not a little more to us a wall for what is comparatively so small a matter.

The old modes of edge-decoration were nearly always gilded—this is to say the edges were mostly gilded before or after the application of the ornament—and may be roughly divided into three classes—first what is now known under the various names of gilt margins, gilt edges, tell or gilded edges, and gilt binding corners.

The old modes of edge-decoration were nearly always gilded—this is to say the edges were mostly gilded before or after the application of the ornament—and may be roughly divided into three classes—first what is now known under the various names of gilt margins, gilt edges, tell or gilded edges, and gilt binding corners.

(From a Volume of the British Museum)

It is printed or colored edges and third gilt binding corners. Each of the two first classes includes different varieties of the same process.

The first had its rise in France in the reign of Louis XII. and was reserved for important works mostly intended for the king. Ornaments arms and the devices of the sovereign were many times on the edges and this refinement of book luxury was then known as *aujour et sir tendes* though its more modern title is *esdres et tendes*. Nearly all the books in the original binding of the sixteenth century are so ornamented. According to M. Croiset the most important book known to be so decorated is *Le Livre de l'Esprit et de la Parole* published by

François Tisserand and printed at Paris by Gilles de Ceneourt about 1507. It is an octavo volume bound with the arms and emblems of Louis XII. and the conventional floral designs on the edges is entirely worked by hand. It is in the Bibliothèque Mazarine.

Our own national library possesses many specimens of this kind of work and if there are none of equal importance to the above there are many of charming beauty and of a style especially appropriate to the limitations of the subject. Of such the illustrations on this and the opposite page may be taken as typical. The books are all in the British Museum. It is they are not of great importance the titles are not even legible.

The process by which designs of this class are executed is very simple though the complete designs for an unscrubbed specimen like those shown in



(From a Volume of the British Museum)

the illustrations requires the workman to be an artist. After the edge is gilt in the ordinary way a coat of size is lightly passed over it. When dry the edge is slightly rubbed with palm oil to make the gold

where and then covered with gold leaf of a different colour to the first used. The tools for the various designs are then slightly warmed and impressed upon the edge. A still more delicate way is to take up the gold cut in small pieces from the cushion on the

tools so as to avoid using the already added surface. The gold that has not been touched by the tools is then lightly rubbed off and there remains an effective pattern of one colour and gold upon the other. Of course there is no necessity to use the two kinds of gold in many of the designs here reproduced the tools have been worked straight on to the original gilded edge. A further variety may be seen when the design looks dull upon a bright ground. This is achieved by working the tools on the edge when the gold leaf has been flattened on and in turn milled. The impressions being slightly sunk the

edge may be hammered afterwards without touching them and they will consequently remain dull.

In France book edges are still treated somewhat after this manner and the *coûture des tranches* forms a separate trade. But the decoration strange to say, is almost entirely confined to books of devo-

tion and is carried out mostly in a stereotyped fashion that deprives it of any attractive-ness and without any of the characteristics and appropriateness of the

sign that characterise the best examples of the historic period. The patterns are traced by means of slots worked with fine punches and a light hammer. Although layers of fine linings in France are very numerous and the prices they pay their masters of the art are often those of a picture or a gem the taste for these decorated edges seems to be altogether a thing of the past. It is a pity that it should be

so for edge gilding is carried out to great perfection and inasmuch as any form of painting under gold requires great dexterity in the operation of gilding the French would no doubt achieve an it success in all modes of edge decoration. One has only to compare a book gilded in London with one done by a good Paris workman to see that what is but a rough handicraft here is a fine art over there.

The next class of edge ornament is rather later than the earliest specimens of the first and comprises different modes of painting and colouring the edges underneath the gold with or without the combination of tooling. Such work is very difficult of reproduction a good deal of the charm of it lies in the painted parts and these being worn with age are least easily visible

in their integrity. As examples however of the results attained reproductions are given on the next page from two folios in the British Museum. The first and German bindings of the sixteenth century the first entitled *De Maria Virgine* Cusinus Ingelstadi 1577, from the library of Albert V. Duke of Bavaria

the other *Das Stat Auralery Verwerde Te formale* Frankfurt am Main 1666. The edges are fairly well preserved and the figures of the Virgin and Child which

are painted on the one and the arms of Nuremberg on the other, are clearly seen. The latter is the best planned and executed design the details of the painted arms are most delicately tooled and the rest of the design is thrown up by means of the ground or fill being milled down by a small punch very carefully worked.

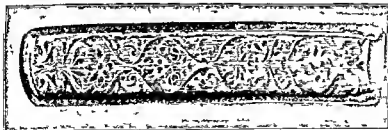
Another German binding of the same date,



(From a Volume in the British Museum)



(From a Volume in the British Museum)



(From a Volume in the British Museum)

Atque ipsa Praeclara Matthea Teopoz 1775 in the South Kensington Museum has a quaint and well disposed printing of the Day of Judgment on the fore edge which is not gilded. Percent reels of



EDGE OF DE MARTA
VIRGINE (14)
(In the British Museum)

this Museum is very numerous. A beautiful pearl embossed book from the same collection is to be found in one of the papers on embossed bindings. This book is a New Testament in Dutch 1794—has an etching of numerous figures in the fore edge carried out in the most delicate water colours in such a manner as to defy reproduction. This again is one of the few specimens executed neither under nor over gold. Perhaps on the whole some of the finest specimens of this class in the seven folio volumes in the South Kensington Museum which comprise the complete works of Giulio. They are dated from 1721-1781 and are bound in brown calf elaborately toolled. The volumes being very thick the edges offer considerable scope for ornament. The only part painted is the shell of Saxony in the centre of each fore edge.

The remainder of the space being filled up with complicated arabesques and Penwork ornaments.

While on this subject I may mention that in the year 1870 there was offered to the trustees of the British Museum a set of one hundred and seventy volumes formerly belonging to Olorico Pallone of Belluno and at that time in the possession of Signor Foyolle of Venice a relative of Count Pallone. These books were remarkable for being bound by Cene Vecellio a nephew of the great Titian and author of *Costumes Ancient and Modern of Different Parts of the World* with discourses on the same published at Venice in 1590 and again in 1598. In this discourse which treats of the dress of a gentleman of Cavalieri Pallone Vecellio mentions with great enthusiasm the Cavalieri Pallone one of the chief families of the little town and their charming villa of Caltellina. Cesare Vecellio was not only a friend and favourite at this villa and hence his lush and pen ornamented a considerable portion of its fine

library. Twenty out of these hundred and seventy volumes clad in vellum wrappers have these wrappers enriched by designs in pen and ink or washed in with Indian ink by Vecellio. Over one hundred and forty are remarkable for their fore edges being printed by the same hand. Most of these are of the second half of the fifteenth or first part of the sixteenth century clad in black leather or creamy pigskin rough with deeply stamped devices on bosses of brass and fastened with rings or strings. Such books were commonly placed with their links to the wall and then fore edges exposed and the latter being thick presented a fine field for the pencil of Vecellio. The late Sir Stirling Maxwell thus described some of these edges. Vecellio has generally contented himself with a single figure grandly designed and boldly coloured. Sometimes in the red robes of the cardinal sometimes in the samite of the hermit appears in various attitudes on the fore edge of the partly edition of his works printed by Erben at Basle in 1517. An

instance *D. Coste Di Venetia* 1491 has that gentleman in his study with a view of Hippocrene I presume by the sea shore in the background to hang very like Venice. Galens *Opera* Basel 1529 is decorated with a doctor in his smock robes and hat truncated with a name *Diet Venetia* 1491 of course has the well known figure in red with the cup of old Flaminio. The *Delectation of Calpurn* Lugdunum 1778 has a vase with a tall flower of many blossoms. *Itobius*, Basel 1572 shows the heads of three emperors and *Stetius* Basel 1577 the same number of gold medals on a light blue ground. Though the trustees of the museum did not purchase this fine Venetian library it is still in this country and it is by the courtesy of its present owner that I have been enabled to give this account of it.



EDGE OF DER STADT NÜRNBERG
VERMUTLICH FÜRHEIMUNG (1565).
(In the British Museum)

In the present day, little is done in the direction of painted edges. Gilding on marbled or plain coloured edges appears to be the only way in which this *luxe des lures* is carried out. The edges are for this purpose first marbled, the colours being used



LANDSCAPE ON EDGE OF "THE SEASONS" (1850).

rather sparingly when dry slightly rubbed with very fine sandpaper to take off the roughness of the colour and then burnished with an agate. The size is then lightly applied the gold-leaf put on at once and finished off as in ordinary edge gilding. When dry the marble appears through the gold. An in-variant form of this process appears in what the French call "*Double sur tranche Double*." This consists of first gilding the edge slightly burnishing to fix the gold, and then mulling in the ordinary way. When the colours are dry a further burnishing is all that is necessary.

The last class deals with landscape representations on the fore-edge—a mode of decoration of which there are no known English examples before the latter half of the eighteenth century. It is effected in the following manner.—When the edges are well scraped and burnished they are fanned out, and in this position confined between two boards and tied



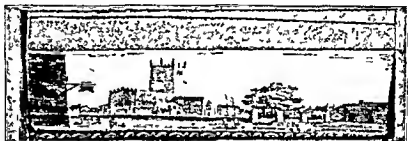
LANDSCAPE ON EDGE OF "FLORE DOMESTICA" (1851).

tightly on each side. A subject is then painted on the inner rather water-colours or some sort of stain or coloured ink free from body colour. When perfectly dry the boards are untied and the leaves take their proper position. The book is then put in the press and thence forth once the gold being finished by the burnisher without polishing. Another coating of gold is then applied and it is finished in the usual way. The first coating of gold protects the colours, and

the second, penetrating the first, unifies the whole, so that it is completely identified with the leaves. When the volume is closed the picture is not seen for the gold but when the leaves are drawn out in the process of opening it at once becomes apparent. The

only thing necessary for the success of this mode of decoration is that the objects should always be drawn a little short, so that they attain their full height by the spreading of the leaves. The man whose name is especially identified with this work is Edwards of Halifax and his books are pretty frequently met with Mr. Tooley's seven or eight volumes in his private collection and Mr. Trevelyan of Holborn has had several excellent specimens in his hands during the past year.

The first example which is reproduced is from a



EAST RETFORD CHURCH ON THE EDGE OF A PRAYER BOOK.

copy of *The Seasons* by Thomson published with engravings from designs by Westall R.A. London 1824. I have kindly lent by Mr. Hampson of Oxford Street as was also that at the bottom of the page a large active copy of *Flora Domestica* London, 1827. Both of these are by Edwards of Halifax. The other is a view of East Retford Church painted on a Prayer Book bound by C. Kalthorpe in the possession of Mr. Holborn. A recent specimen of this kind of work may be seen on the British Museum copy of Mr. Lefferts Kensington Picturesque and Historical (1887) the fore-edge having twelve small views painted on it by Mr. Tucker junior. This is by far the most attractive

form of edge-decoration with the exception perhaps of a really well planned and executed design of the first class. It needs of course an artist to make the water-colour drawing and for the book also to be printed on rather than paper but with these two conditions it can be a wholly satisfactory form of ornament. The modern fashion of printing books on paper like cardboard is utterly destructive of any of the three classes of decoration treated in this paper.

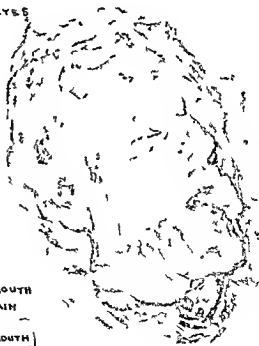
DIVES



HOLD WITH YOU THAT ART SHOULD PLEASE
 CARE NOT TO BE SHOCKED
 WITH SHAPES OF TERROR OR DISEASE
 ROUGH SKETCHED OR
 RUDELY BLOCKED

THE FASHION NOW BUT YET I PRIZE
 BEYOND ALL PRETTY THINGS
 MORE THAN A WOOD NYMPH'S LAUGHING EYES
 OR CUP DISJUNCT WINGS

THIS PLASTER CAST
 SO GRIM AND WHITE
 THIS 'HEAD' WITHOUT A NAME
 WITH FACE DEPAVED
 BY SIN AND FRIGHT
 AND TWISTED LIKE
 THE FLAME



IT BURNS IN SEE THE OPEN MOUTH
 THE EYELIDS SEALED WITH PAIN
 ALL BLIND WITH FIRE
 AND DUMB WITH DROUTH
 THE POOR SOUL GASPS IN VAIN

IT CAME ONE WINT'RY NIGHT THE DANCE
WAS DROPPED AND ALL DREW NEAR
TO SEE THE PRESENT SENT FROM FRANCE
TO MARK THE GLAD NEW YEAR

A RARE GIFT FROM A SCHOLAR RARE
WHAT EAGER MOUTHS AND EYES
SURROUND ME AS I SHAKE WITH CARE

THE SAWDUST FROM THE PRIZE

AND THEN—WHAT THEN IS ALTOGETHER
TIGHT AS I TURN THE HEAD
THEIR BREATH

AND SHOW THEM SOMETHING WORSE
THAN DEATH
THE TORMENT OF ONE DEAD

THEN—SILENCE—
NOT A WORD GOES
ROUND

THAT MUTE RING CHARGED WITH
FEELING

TILL WITH SLOW STEADY VIBRATION
A LITTLE GIRL DRAWS NEAR

A SMALL STONE FROM HER MOUTH SLIPS
AS FROM A DEEP THROAT

BETWEEN TONGUE AND LIPS

SHE DROPS A SUGAR PLUM

COSMO MONNHOUSE

(Drawn by W. Hatherell, K.I.)

DIVER



HOLD WITH YOU THAT ART SHOULD PLEASE
I CARE NOT TO BE SHOCKED
WITH SHAPES OF TERROR OR DISEASE
ROUGH SKETCHED OR
RUDELY BLOCKED

THE FASHION NOW BUT YET I PRIZE
BEYOND ALL PRETTY THINGS
MORE THAN A WOOD NYMPH'S LAUGHING EYES
OR CUPID'S JEWELL'D WINGS

THIS PLASTER CAST
SO GRIM AND WHITE
THIS 'HEAD' WITHOUT A NAME
WITH FACE DEPALED
BY SIN AND FRIGHT
AND TWISTED LIKE
THE FLAME



IT BURNS IN SEE THE OPEN MOUTH
THE EYE LIDS SEALED WITH PAIN
ALL BLIND WITH FEAR
AND DUMB WITH DROUTH
THE POOR SOUL GASPS IN VAIN

IT CAME ONE WINTRY NIGHT THE DANCE
WAS DROPPED AND ALL DREW NEAR
TO SEE THE PRESENT SENT FROM FRANCE
TO MARK THE GLAD NEW YEAR

A RARE GIFT FROM A SCURVY RARE
WHAT LACER MOUTHS AND EYES
SURROUND ME AS I SHAKE WITH CARE
[THE SANDUST FROM THE PRIZE]

AND THEN—WHAT THEN—[ALL DRAW
THEIR BREATH
TIGHT AS I TURN THE HEAD
AND SHOW THEM SOMETHING WORSE]
[THAN DEATH
THE TORMENT OF ONE DEAD]

THEN—SILENCE

NOT A WORD GOES
[ROUND]

THAT MUVE RING CHARGED WITH
[FEARS]

TILL WITH SLOW STEPS WILLOW BY
[SOUND]

A LITTLE GIRL DRAWS
[NEAR]

A SMALL SIGH FROM HER MOUTH—LIPS
[AS FROM A LITTLE GIRL]

BETWEEN TWO LIPS
[SHE DROPS A SWEET SIGH]

SHE DROPS A SWEET SIGH

COSY MONKHOUSE



LOAD NEAR A RIVER
(From the *Life of C. J.*)

THE DULWICH GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

By WALTER ARNISTON.

THE no gallery in the world can afford Cuyper to be studied so well as at Dulwich. The national collection can boast not more than eight fine Cuyper's two of which the large *Wagoner* (No. 63) and the small *Coat in a Lake* (No. 624) perhaps excel in quality the best of the Dulwich pictures. But all the pictures in *Taafelberg* and *Spring* belong to one period of the master. They are all in what may be called his decorative manner. Thus had two pictures. At first he worked after a fashion borrowed apparently from Weverman. There is nothing but intrinsic evidence to connect the two men but it seems to me impossible to deny that the painter of those earlier scenes which are signed A. C. and are connected by such an unbroken chain of development with the superb horse pictures also exhibited at Dulwich, Pottermann and elsewhere must have been familiar with the work of Weverman. The handling of the latter is very different from that of Cuyper but in general arrangement in the choice of colour in the use of a dark ground and in many details besides the two men often come

very near together. Cuyper was about the same age as Weverman but—keeping in view I think the tradition that he was an imitator and certain peculiarities of his style throughout life—it is not unreasonable to think that he began the serious study of art at a later date. Many things signed A. C. and given to Cuyper are probably by Adriaan Cuyper, a little known portrait painter of Amsterdam. But the great majority and especially those in which horses, poultry and still life play the chief part are undoubtedly by Cuyper. The A. C. pictures are painted in a pale ochre ground in large planes and with great freedom of handling. Two of the finest are in the Rotterdam Museum—the *Stall* and the *Dark Game*—but in quality none exceed the picture numbered 114 at Dulwich. This is one of those horses of Allart Cuyper which as Langens tells us "lept Germanically into the night."

Dress and jewelry with the touch of art.

* See Dr. Frohman's Catalogue of the Rijks Museum Amsterdam of 1899, p. 98.

† *Nederlandsche Boeken* 1. 2 p. 211.

freshly in this Wouwerman manner, and equivated by the natural freshness of those pictures of the Mees and its neighbourhood which Jan Van Goyen was multiplying so fast about the year 1645. Cuypp seems to have turned to the latter for a new style. His first attempts in it are a little grey and pallid more quiet than Van Goyen and more timid in the handling, tending, as a rule, to a somewhat chilly yellow, but seldom ill composed and always full of light and atmosphere. Of this manner there are three capital examples at Dulwich numbered respectively 9, 76 and 192. Dr. Richter considers these pictures to belong to Cuypp's earliest style, but I quibble the sequence given above. It seems to me inmost likely to suppose that the master would begin in a simple light and airy style, signing his pictures A. Cuypp, would then dress into an artificial elaborate and complex style, and into the signature A. C. and would finally revert to a development of his early manner and to the use of his early signature. His third period is represented at Dulwich by four pictures of great importance, and of first rate quality, and by

one the Cattle Near a River, numbered 8, which must once have been equally fine. It is now disfigured by excoriation and by the repainting of some reckless hand, probably that of Sir Francis Poyntons himself. The P. and N. a. river, reproduced on page 100 and the Cattle and Figures Near a River, are, so far as my experience goes, inferior only to the Angerstein picture and to the great cattle piece in the Louvre (104) among the larger works of Cuypp, while the small Evening Near a River has an intimate charm approaching that of the Cattle in a Field in the Peck collection. It closely repeats the motive of a superb little picture which passed some ten or twelve years ago from the possession of Mr. Foster of Clewer into that of Lord Alphonse de Rothschild. Finally a third Schied numbered 1 seems to me to be genuine work of Cuypp's A. C. period and not a school piece, as the Catlogue calls it while No. 21 Cows and Sheep seems to be also authentic. A picture very like it is in the possession of M. Richelieu Kinn of Paris.



JACOB AND LABAN

(From the Peck Collection. Reproduced by C. Carter)

A small picture, numbered 120, and bearing the false signature of 'Pantus Potter,' is a first-rate example of Gerard Comphazien, a painter whose works are not so very rare, although it is but thirty years since the French critic Binger first asserted his existence. A good Comphazien was in the possession of Mr. Theodore Galtier, by whom it was long lent to the Petrus Museum. Another, of excellent quality, belongs to Mme. Van Vollenhoven Van Linnep in Amsterdam. The Blyks Museum has a portrait of Comphazien by himself; there is an excellent 'Lain Horse-Interior' in the Brussels Gallery.

Jansz van Harmhouse belongs to the Hertford House collection; the Rotterdam Museum has one; the Hermitage two; the Museum at Kiel one; the Simonis Museum at Antwerp has one of unusual size, the subject, 'Olives in a Still,' and the Copenhagen Gallery one which requires authentication. I daily others pass in less frequented collections for the works of Paul Potter. Another rare man who may be spoken of here is Abraham Broussin. Parisian was one of the latest pupils of Rembrandt. A student of his that in his drawings he comes nearer to the truth and vigour of his master than any other Dutch painter is. It is not by vigour and breadth, however, that this picture at Dulwich is distinguished. In general aspect it has more affinity to modern English art than to the art of Rembrandt and fails in exactly that lack of form—in its technical sense—for which the English school has been so often blamed. Broussin's pictures are very scarce. A portrait in landscape with a beautiful distance, in the Petrus Museum is supposed to be his masterpiece. The Dulwich picture, which is assigned his much affinity with the work of Jan Sibrecht, a painter of Antwerp who came to England about 1680 and died here in 1703. Still clinging to those painters who dealt with landscapes and animals I may next turn to the collection of Wouwermans. But first perhaps it may be well to note that No. 209, the picture traditionally known as 'Le Mûle' and No. 200, 'Le Sour,' are two of the best productions of the Dutch master of the Percheron, the second being to my mind the more perfect, and that Willem Bouwman, perhaps best pupil, is present in two pleasing works. According to the catalogue, the gallery has nine pictures by Philips Wouwerman and two by his brother Peter. To the latter I should be inclined to give at least a share in some of the pictures attributed to Philips. But the whole question of the three Wouwermans has yet to be straightened out. Philips died at the age of fifty-nine and about eight hundred pictures are ascribed to him; he is lived to be ten years older, and yet his acknowledged *œuvre* would probably not be found to reach a total of one hundred. Jan died at thirty-

seven but he must have painted in my more pictures than the few which bear his name. It is probable that a large number of works ascribed to Philips were produced by his brothers under his own name. The best of those here by Philips himself are the four which hang on the left of the second room. These are: 'A Halt of Travellers' (144) and 'A Halt of Three Cavaliers at a Wayside Inn' (125) dating from his first maturity; 'A Country Girl with a Farmer' (137) and 'The Halt of a Hunting Party' (173) belonging to his period of fullest bloom—the period when he used the complex monogram bringing in every letter of his Christian name, which rarely appears on his earlier works.

The catalogue incomprehensibly dismisses four pictures ascribed to the Boths with the declaration that they are painted in the style of Rubens by his pupils or imitators. If the word Rubens is a mistake for Both then it is all right for the pictures in question are as certainly in that master's general style as they are without the taint of his own execution. One of them, the little upright landscape, numbered 202, unites the characteristics of Both and Cuyper in a curious fashion. I know pictures by the same hand which bear the name—and apparently the signature—of Cuyper. The 'Mountain Path' numbered 36, is one of the best pictures of J. M. Both.

The King of the Dutch school—possibly the King of Art—is present at Dulwich in what I may call semi-state. The small male portrait dated 1672, the year of the 'Lesson in Anatomy,' is in capital condition and of the finest quality. The figures 'Girl at a Window' which used to be known as 'Rembrandt's Mad servant,' is dated 1644, the year of the 'Burgomaster Pincus with his Wife,' of Buckingham Palace and of the Berlin 'Pohl' and 'Toll and his Wife,' and of the Hermitage 'Holy Family.' The 'Jacob's Dream' which has been taken rightly enough from the master and degraded to the condition of a school piece shows certain affinities with the work of Gerrit Honth.

Second Dons' 'Lily Playing on the Virginals' (106), 'Adrian van Ostades' 'Boys Making Merry' (190) and 'Van der Woude' 'Conversing' (107), and the 'Old Woman Sitting' (8) which used to be ascribed to Don, are among the gems of the collection. The last named is rather a puzzle. At present it is ascribed plumbly to J. de Heilman whose hand may have done most of it. To me the hand seems, however, the work of Mevius. The 'Olivier van der Werf' now hopelessly and deservedly *denied*, is present in what used to be thought a masterpiece—the 'Judgment of Paris,' and 'In Victory' in one of those variations on Rembrandt's own 'Isaac Blessing Jacob,' which seem to have been exacted from so many of his pupils.

On the sixteen pictures ascribed to Nicholas Poussin I don't prize too well. More than half are by his scholars who do not display the defects rather than the powers of the master. It is not to them that the picture connoisseur will turn for things that justify the fame of France but to the Claude and the Watteau. *The Church* is a good picture (p. 101) but the traces on our right have

well shown. Le Brun was three years older than M. Le Brun and would have been between thirty-five and forty when the picture was painted. In comparison it entirely agrees with his work to which on the other hand it has little resemblance either in colour or handling.

As for the English pictures the doubts about these papers make it impossible that they should be



BALL UNDER A COLONNAD.

(From the *Salon de la Nation*—Engraved by C. Coeur.)

suffered from clumsy restoration. The Watteau engraving in this paper is superb—as fine almost as the first Champaigne at Edinburgh and in more excellent condition. Several so-called copies exist. One was at Westminster Abbey another in the last picture collection at St. Petersburg, a third with different faces I was used to be at Florence. The second Watteau, “*Le Peintre et le Modèle*” reminds me a little of his scholar Laurent. The portrait of M. Le Brun given to the school of Le Brun on the strength of the plot in the French Museum I value as so far resisted all attempts to do away its true

discovery at any length and indeed little that a new one will be said about Sir Joshua’s “*Mrs. Sedgwick*” is the French Museum’s “*Portrait of Sir Joshua*” “*Sisters Julia and Mrs. Moody*.” One or two of the twenty-two pictures which represent Sir Francis Baring’s series seem to hint that it is not a collection he made but a better one by an artist but it cannot be denied that the aspect of the collection is a whole is very much to be desired by the museum’s liberality with which it is only I think Nicholas Poussin’s little picture which is supposed to be that of the other Tintoretts are represented.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

THE illustrations on this and the opposite page have been selected from among the Greek antiquities presented to the Nottingham Art Museum by Lord Savile and discovered by him in his excavations on the shores of Lake Neimi in the years 1885-6. This lake is situated in the Alban Mountains at the foot of Monte Cavo about eighteen miles south-east of Rome and is called the

Mare of Diana. It was on the north shore that Lord Savile—then Sir John Savile Lumley—an ambassador at Rome—discovered the site of the Great Temple of Diana Nemorensis—the Achæmonian temple of Elysium.

During the excavations a great number of objects in small terra cotta, glass



ITALIAN TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT NEIMI

and gold were found principally of the Hellenic Greek period dating from about 500 B.C. to 100 B.C. and consisting of votive offerings, personal ornaments, domestic and sacred furniture, as well as architectural details and decorative sculpture, inscriptions, and coins. One of the most important pieces of sculpture in the collection is the portrait bust and statue of a Roman lady—Emilia of Iulia. It is six feet high of white marble, and is in perfect preservation—very rare state for any antique bust to be in. The head is that of a young woman with thin fair and regular nose. The hair is treated in a very unusual manner—twisted as if into the crown and raised to the summit of the head and are fastened with beads. On the pedestal or stand is represented in low relief the flanks of the statue as shown, and on the base is inscribed—

EMILIA C. I. AVIA
PATRONA DOCTI

(Found in the thermae of Augustus at Iuliae,
Patroness of Docti.)

From which it appears that this bust was erected by Doctus probably in

freedom to his patroness. It is a remarkable piece of work of the early Imperial period about 20 A.D., and is considered to be unsurpassed amongst existing portrait sculptures.



GREEK TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT NEIMI

The terra cottas form the greater portion of the objects found at Neimi and are very valuable and instructive. The three heads illustrated on this page are fine examples of Greek modelling. The one at the bottom of the page—which probably represents Venus—has all the characteristics of the best period of Greek art and is a beautiful example of refined treatment in modelling the freshness of which is preserved the other two heads—one representing a Vestal Virgin and the other a woman—are evidently of the same period and are as refined in treatment.

Very few specimens of glass were discovered but the other illustrations show three very interesting examples. The vase at the bottom of page 105 is quite perfect in preservation, and is of dark Hellenic with white and yellow glass, the other vase, which is not perfect is similar in design. The mask is curious and very archaic in design, probably Etruscan, it is of blue



ETRUSCAN GLASS MASK
FOUND AT NEIMI

green and yellow glass—the face being green, the mouth and the eyes nose and mouth are marked out with yellow.

There are many examples in Lord Savile's gift to Nottingham to which if space would allow attention might profitably be called, but it is gratifying to know that the unity of this valuable collection, as coming from one site has been preserved by the gallery being set apart for it. The various objects have been classified arranged and described by Mr. G. Harry Wallis F.S.A. the Curator of the Museum who has also compiled a useful catalogue, with notes to which Lord Savile has contributed a very interesting account of his discoveries at Neimi.



ITALIAN TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT NEIMI

The late Mr J. H. Henslow whose death was recently announced was one of the veterans among our landscape painters. Although considered in his later years as a Birmingham artist he originally resided in London when from the then artistic



GREEK GLASS VASE FOUND
AT NEMI

resort of Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square he contributed to the principal exhibitions. From 1829 when he first appeared at the Royal Academy with four pictures to 1865 he had according to Mr Graves one hundred and eleven works in the principal Metropolitan exhibitions—namely thirty-eight at the Royal Academy

and forty-six at the British Institution and twenty-seven at the Society of British Artists. More recently he exhibited chiefly at Birmingham where he died at Green Lanes at the age of eighty-four.

Mr Cinq Purlon (Luke C. P.) and a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects who has just been appointed in succession to the late Mr George Wallis Keeper of the Art Collections of the South Kensington Museum is a gentleman exceptionally well qualified for the office his nomination to which by Viscount Cranbrook reflects the very highest credit on the Government. Mr C. Purlon Clarke after having received his general education in France entered the Art Schools at



GREEK GLASS VASE FOUND
AT NEMI

South Kensington as a student of architecture in 1862 in which subject he highly distinguished himself—taking a National Medal for Architectural Design in 1865 and with it winning an appointment under Her Majesty's Office of Works where he was especially employed in making a set of drawings of the Houses of Parliament from actual measurements and in assisting Dr John Henry in carrying out the scheme for a warming and ventilating them. Mr Clarke was next attached to the staff of the late General Henry Scott Pakenham the architect to the South Kensington Museum, and here he had the great good fortune to act as immediate assistant to Mr James William

Orrant an archaeologist and architect and the designer of portions of the South Kensington Museum of the

galleries surrounding the Royal Horticultural Gardens and of the Petalio Green Museum. In 1870 Mr Clarke was selected by Mr Wadd to proceed to Italy for the purpose of reproducing some of the ancient Greek pictures of that country for the South Kensington Museum. He executed this mission in the face of great physical and financial difficulties with the most remarkable success due partly to his complete knowledge of French and Italian but chiefly to his transparent straightforwardness and truth of character. Returning to England in 1872 he was at once sent by Her Majesty's Government to Persia to erect and decorate the new designs by Mr James Wild, the leading of the British Legation at Teheran. To this duty was added the task of preparing plans for the British Consular buildings in various parts of that country and in this way Mr Clarke visited nearly all the principal cities of Persia on one of these journeys he accompanied Major the Hon George Napier on a military

expedition in the Tahrir through Kurdistan almost to Baghdad. Here again, Mr Clarke who



PORTRAIT BUST AND STYLIS OF A
ROMAN LADY FOUND AT NEMI



THE LATE J. H. BENSON

From a photograph by Harold Eder & Co. (London)

had quickly mastered the Persian language which he still reads and speaks fluently distinguished himself by his intuitive talent in dealing with the people of the country on account of which he was specially brought to the notice of the Ministry of Government by telegram to

textile fabrics he returned with in two years now form one of the most attractive features of the national collection in the Museum in this mission was splendid and so economically achieved that Her Majesty conferred on him the high honour of the Companion



C. PURDON CLARKE C.B.E.

(From a photograph by A. J. M. (London))

the Indian Minister then at Tehran. In London in 1876 he was at the same time sent to the East and this time to travel through Greece, Turkey and Syria to make purchases of Oriental art treasures for the South Kensington Museum. He had scarcely returned with the collection when he was charged by the Government of India with the arrangement of the Indian section of the Exhibition of 1884. In 1877 and the year following he executed for the Government of the Indian presents of the Prince of Wales was for Mr. Clark the collection of the Indian section of the Exhibition of 1884. In the following year he was sent to India to make purchases for the South Kensington Museum of the Indian section of the Exhibition of 1884. In the following year he was sent to India to make purchases for the South Kensington Museum of the Indian section of the Exhibition of 1884.



DEPOSITS FROM THE CHINA

(By Turpin. Recently acquired by the National Gallery)

In 1888, he was appointed Keeper of the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum and in 1889 again departed to India to make further purchases for it and it was during this visit that he designed the beautiful architectural palace of the Maharajah of Mysore. But a more scholarly work was the plan he designed for the Indian section of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 for which he received three gold medals from the International Jury. On every ground therefore we have to congratulate the South Kensington authorities and the Government and the public on Mr. Clark's new appointment.

On pages of the Art Notes for December the three new acquisitions of the National Gallery, here I should have described. The Day

to a from the Cross by Tie-
polo the Last of the Italians
and the *betenore* of Mengs
the Head of the Mal and
vaguely ascended the French
school and The Fortune
Teller by Pietro Longhi the
contemporary of Hogarth.

Last month we recorded
the rumour that Prince Bor-
ghese of Tuscany had intended
to dispose of his collection
the Italian laws and rescripts
notwithstanding. Since then
the Prince is said to have
spurred his Caesar Longhi
to lay him out of the country
and to have that to Baron
Alphonse de Rothschild for
no less a sum than £24,000
offering the Italian Govern-
ment in its place in only
pieces by Lett and Cavattoni
by Lorenzo de' Medici and
"Malone by the Card and a St. Stephen by
Francis. So far so good and it is to be hoped that
Baron Rothschild is satisfied with his bargain. But
the strange thing about the matter is that for many



HEAD OF MADONNA.

(The Madonna by Perugino acquired by the National Gallery)

years both the identity of the
arch villain Porga and the
authenticity of Raphael have
been wholly regulated by
the greater number of the best
judges. One argument against
the ascription is that Caesar
Longhi died in 1610, whereas
the statue of the Virgin dates
from the sixteenth century.

The picture
was acquired with its pre-
tensions to be Bionzio. Never-
theless the picture—which is
not in very good condition—
is a beautiful one and has
been described by the latest
literature of the life of Caesar
Longhi as a masterpiece of
one of the most perfect
pictures which exist in the
world. But it is not difficult
to suppose that it really does
represent the second Car-

dinal and it seems to be a very magnificent one. The
Prince of Medici. To reach the ex-
pression it is necessary to remember the character of
the man is portrayed by Macmillan. The statue is



THE FORTUNE TELLER.

(The Fortune Teller by Baccio Bandinelli acquired by the National Gallery)



CAESAR BORGIA.

(The portrait of Caesar Borgia by Raphael acquired by Baron Alphonse de Rothschild)



THE VASE DESIGNED BY M. SOLON AND MANUFACTURED FOR MESSRS. PHILLIPS.

grateful man is which marked the invisible and to man the impalpable bit of our Paganism which when sensuality varied through immortality of time could no longer stimulate his satiated mind and in a more powerful and durable excitement in the intense thirst of empire and re-

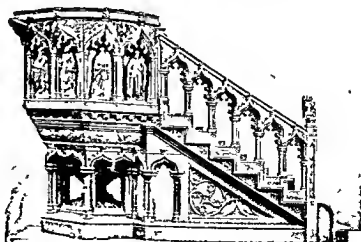
venge, and who fill at last amidst the tumults of conquest and regrets

of a people of whom his genius had formed a master and might have been the salvation. Mr. Justin McCarthy has asked in speaking of this picture "Is it not inevitable that the imagination of the painter when painting this picture may have been positively attracted by the contrast between the man's physical beauty and his moral guilt and may unconsciously heightened the contrast by making the truth and passion of his face doubly the superb brilliancy of the eyes burn more brightly than might have been seen in mortal life?" Our hero is said by contemporary historians to have been "fair and beautiful"—*deus in corpore*

bellus—and to have attracted women 'as a magnet attracts iron.'

The vase reproduced on this page, designed and manufactured for Messrs. Phillips of Oxford Street, may perhaps be looked upon as the masterpiece of M. Solon, the eminent artist whose name has for many years been connected with Minton's and on whose life work an article was published in this Magazine in 1890. This vase stands thirty six inches high, and as the moulds have been destroyed is practically unique. Besides which, owing to the difficulties encountered in producing such a work, the artist will never again attempt anything of similar proportions. For two years the mould had to be kept in a moist state to enable M. Solon to work upon it and the whole time occupied in bringing it to completion was two years and a half, so it is not surprising that the vase is valued at 1500 guineas. It is made entirely of coloured clays, paint being altogether excluded from this kind of work.

The pulpit shown in our last illustration and recently erected to the memory of the late Dean Goulburn in the choir of Norwich Cathedral was designed by Mr. J. D. Seddon and executed by Mr. Heus of Exeter. It is hexagonal in plan and stands seven feet nine inches in height. In the main niches of the body of the pulpit are figures carved in high relief of the four Evangelists—St. Matthew holding a T square, the emblem of his original vocation as a carpenter, St. Mark and St. Luke, each with pen and scroll, and St. John leaning on a book in one hand and holding with the rising evil spirit in the other. Next is St. Paul with the sword and staves of St. James the Less as Bishop and St. Stephen and Peter, with their appropriate emblems occupy the remaining niches.



PULPIT OF CARVED OAK RECENTLY ERECTED IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

(Designed by J. D. Seddon. Executed by Messrs. Heus of Exeter.)

ART IN DECEMBER

A PLAINT FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

We have received the following startling letter from one who is well qualified to speak on the subject from his inner knowledge of facts and his position alike—

"A young art student in whom I am interested has lately tried for a scholarship at the Royal Academy. He successfully passed the first test, being one of the eleven selected for probationship. Under the new rules, of which we have heard so much, these probationers are required to make two life drawings and an original composition at Burlington House before being finally accepted as students. Knowing that his work was good, I was much disappointed to learn that he had failed to pass the second test, but this feeling was changed to utter astonishment on learning that not one of the eleven had succeeded! I know that the work of several of them had been seen and approved by some of the Academicians.

Should any of these unfortunate students have the courage to try again, they will have to send up not only specimens of life work, but also an antique drawing similar to the one already accepted. This means another three months' work, with the chance of being again rejected at the end!

"The Academy does not indicate in which of the three tests the probationer has failed, and hence he may go on spending most of his time in practicing that which is satisfactory instead of working up his weak point. Students who are sufficiently advanced to draw thoroughly well from life and antique, and who can also make first rate sketches, are probably also making money, and are hardly likely to care to try for a chance of a studentship at the Royal Academy. Surely there must be something wrong with rules that result in an inequality to find a single student in all England worth teaching!"

Something very wrong indeed! The new rules were adopted to check the flow of incapable students into the lower and to fill the upper classes, but when the only result is the immediate emptying of the schools—the absolute rejection of every candidate—the sudden inability to find any merit where a good deal was found before, only one conclusion can be drawn. The result may be annoying to the Academy, but it is death to the student, and a distinct check to the art of the country.

ARTISTS ARRESTED WHILE SKETCHING.

The arrest of artists while in the exercise of their profession similar in circumstances to Mr Pennell's recent experience in Percheffe, is no new thing—not even to Mr Pennell. It is only a little more than four years ago since he, in company with Mr Hamerton, was pounced upon while sketching at Pontaultier during a harmless little artistic pilgrimage, but, it must be admitted, sufficiently close to the neighbouring fortifications to arouse the suspicion of the argus-eyed *gendarmes*. The adventure of Hogarth at Calus when after the Peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, he went to that town to make sketches of the

Gate for his famous picture, and was incontinently locked up—the experience resulting in his "*O, the Roast Beef of Old England*"—will occur to everyone. But less is known of Wilkie's arrest on the self-same spot when, in 1811, he presumed, with permission, to stand and sketch "*Hogarth's Gate*." Instead, however of being expelled like Hogarth he received the major's expressions of courteous regret and went on his way rejoicing. In 1890, or thereabouts, Andrea Bocchi, who at Loretto was struck with the beauty of the fortifications, determined to make a background of them for one of his pictures, and proceeded with a sketch for that purpose, but he was seized for a spy by the 'officers of justice,' and was actually sentenced to the galleys and was only saved, we are told, by the intervention of Signor Pandini. In the same way Brauer, the beloved of Rubens was arrested as a spy at Antwerp, and was imprisoned along with the Duke D'Arenberg until the great Fleming procured his freedom. Martin Ryckaert, too, the landscape painter of Antwerp, on his return from Rome, was seized by the military guards while sketching the Castle of Namur, which he desired to introduce into one of his pictures. He was accounted a spy until he succeeded in establishing his identity, when the governor, with a few words of advice, set him free. The moral is clear enough if artists defy the military or civil regulations of the countries they visit they must be prepared for suspicion and arrest in precisely the same way as men otherwise gifted.

THE LAST OIL PORTRAIT OF MR GLADSTONE

Mr Percy Rickard has favoured us with the following interesting and amusing narrative of how he came to paint the portrait of Mr Gladstone. We readily print it as, apart from the entertaining illustration it offers of the trials and troubles of a portrait painter it is a valuable complement to Mr Wemyss Reid's article on "Mr Gladstone and his Portraits," which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in 1889. Writing from 6, Arnside Road, Birkenhead, Mr Rickard says—

"The Birmingham *Gladstonian Liberal* in 1880 (1888), upon the breaking up of the party in that city were proposed a portrait of their great leader, if they would form themselves into a new club. Lord Cavan in making this offer, stipulated that it should be either an original picture by one of the younger artists or a copy of the noted painter. By Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, which he executed at Haverham in 1879. The committee were obliged to relinquish the first project, finding it impossible to obtain from Mr Gladstone the promise to give the necessary sittings. They then asked me to undertake the copy and Sir Charles Tennant to whom the picture belongs, kindly let me have it in my studio for a month for that purpose. Even this was a most interesting task in itself, but still more it fired me with a desire to resort to personal contact with the subject, and of such sittings as would enable me to make an original study of the noble head. No possible opportunity of realising my wish, however, occurred for four or five months after the copy had been finished and handed over to the Birmingham Club.

Some time later, however, I found myself one wintry day approaching Hawarden Castle, armed with an influential letter of introduction to Mrs. Gladstone. She told me definitely that her husband had determined to give no more definite sittings, but if I could wait till they returned to town I should be allowed to sit with him in his library and make my sketches and do what was possible without disturbing him. I gladly accepted this opportunity thus kindly given of making at least a small picture of the great leader. In May 1890 the first appointment was made for half-past ten. When I arrived at the stroke of the clock I found Mr. Gladstone just sitting down at his large writing-table, in which were piles of books and papers of all descriptions awaiting his attention, and Mrs. Gladstone already seated in a chair at her writing-desk on the opposite side of the room.

They both came forward to welcome me, and then each of us sat with some ink-bottle or blotting-paper. I was allowed to sit at the spot where I was to wait and work, and I was very deep in plans of sketching the already familiar head and features. Mr. Gladstone was reading, and for the first few minutes the opportunity was good, but when the volume was laid down and he resumed his writing, his head was bent forward and I was over the paper as before and he threw himself into his work as though there were no sketching at all—nothing worthy of it then except the third and last time when he was engaged. So I waited as often I have seldom seen and as I can imagine my chairman as half an hour after half-hour passed and the only view I could obtain was the shuttling of the hand of the hand of the clock of the spectacles, and a tiny light of the nose in the returning perspective. But again there was a gleam of hope, as a visitor from Western Australia was announced. Immediately, books and papers were laid aside and Mr. Gladstone's mind was turned full upon the new subject. From the rapturous question of his answer I could tell it, not only was the topic of the country vividly before his eyes, but all the present and past conditions of the colony. Now was my opportunity to watch up to as much as possible of this face, so full of animation, the eye so bright the mouth so thin and compressed. Every line seemed in motion, even the eyelids, as nothing but close over the eyes, making them still more interesting in their extraordinary brilliancy, as sometimes raised high upholding the forehead where they were so often lowered, that at particular expressions had passed into another phase, on the rest of the face thus giving that peculiar aspect which *Punch* is so fond of exaggerating.

It is a much of a high movement that can be transferred to paper in a quarter of an hour, but I strive to grasp the spirit of the man. As soon as the interview had closed the writing was resumed and the portrait was left with the journey of the great head again. No wonder that I went most readily, feeling that the task was almost a hopeless one. Mr. Gladstone, however, was most kind, noticed my embarrassment and presenting the difficulties I was labouring under, he most fully arranged for me to come on another time when there would be several possible interviews during the morning. At 11 o'clock I finished the chair and time in the same position of the sketch. I was able to get for me what I wanted, as Mr. Gladstone generally received me seated at the writing table. I then listened to part of my lecture on a large canvas in my own studio from the facts which I had been able thus together, and I am about a fortnight I was ready to take the rough picture down to St. James's Square on my third visit.

"Of course even now the actual times when I could work upon the large canvas were few and far between, and I was often tempted to be satisfied with an aspect of the face taken when he was looking down at a book or engaged on writing a letter, but I felt that it would not be satisfactory with the eyes either hidden behind the spectacles or gazing down upon a printed page. Therefore, though it was much the more difficult work, I determined to carry out the original plan. Thus I did by quickly blocking in the main facts and then when two o'clock came, I hurried off to my studio and worked as long as the recollection remained clear in my mind, and anxious to connect and complete the whole. The seven opportunities which I thus had to gather with what I could glean whilst the great politician was making one or two speeches enabled me to produce the picture which was lately in the New Gallery, and from that my mezzotint engraving, which is now completed, was duly scried.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS

The winter exhibition at McLean's Gallery differs little from its predecessors. British pictures of the old fashioned, crystal set hanging side by side with such foreign pictures as are pretty rather than artistic. The majority are naked *bits* to amuse the collector rather than serious works to interest the critic. What, for instance, may be said in praise of 'Signor VERONESE's' 'Indecency,' with its purple dress colouring, its smooth, waxy surface, its painful realisation of detail, and its cheap sentiment? By this time the time is wasted of Mr. GODFREY's imitation of Mr. Louis Tadeusz's style. Such work as HERR VON FELD'S 'Wander of the Nomads, Damascus' is too painfully elaborate to be interesting. Here and there, however, the glare is mitigated by quiet, unpretentious canvases. HERR VON FELD'S 'Going to Pasture' is a pleasant example of the Pontine school. Though the sky in M. VERMOREL'S 'Gleaners Returning' is somewhat lurid, the picture is well painted and composed. 'Summer Evening' by CLAUDE LORAIN, is a strong effective piece of brushwork, though a little hard in tone.

In electing to paint the Pyriera, with its sunlit waves and its vivid effect of colour, Mr. LOEWEN displayed an admirable courage. But, as he himself confesses, sunshine grows tiring, and the painter prays for the clouds of his native land. In fact, until a new method is invented the brilliance of the south will hardly be caught upon canvas. CLAUDE MONET, with his amazing clearness and his rare faculty of suggestion, has not succeeded, and though Mr. LOEWEN has conscientiously observed and intelligently expressed the lights and shadows of the Pyriera while exaggerating its colour, his pictures in spite of their truth, are not faithful. His method being sound rather than original, he has attempted to record too much on his canvas, and the most that can be said of his exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms is that it is an admirable and praiseworthy failure.

Apparently unhampered by the fact that religious art is scarcely the most popular form of pictorial design in the present day, Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has applied his time, talent, and the particular sentiment of which his former works have proved him capable, in deducing the return of a wandering group from Calvary. Having assembled a hill and reached the terrace leading to the house of St. John that disjunct, with the mother of Christ, her sister, Mary Magdalene, and the wife of Cleophas, are represented making their way from the Crucifixion at Golgotha. Below the spectator is the great city of Jerusalem, and

although, the time is not far past noon, the scene is partially veiled by clouds of supernatural darkness. In the distance on the right we have a glimpse of Calvary, with its three crosses and a winding road below is crowded with a throng of citizens and soldiers. Such is the scene the artist presents to us with telling force. In the mourning group, of which the mother forms the central point of interest, Mr Schmalz has expended some of his best strength in the study of individual character, but we should consider it to be a leading feature of this grand composition that the figures—while the faces have Semitic type—are so modernised as to make the story as applicable to the present day as it was to the time when the event happened. The face of Mary Magdalene is certainly a remarkable conception of etherealised beauty, and is in singular contrast to the agonised Mother at her side. Mr Schmalz—like another earnest painter of the present day, Mr Holman Hunt—has no idea of spending his labour in 'art manufacture' and he has long and seriously studied the scene he represents upon the spot where the great tragedy occurred. The result of his skilled labour is before us. A picture of such a kind as "The Return from Calvary," it will be acknowledged, is rarely seen in modern times.

Again and for the ninth time in succession, Mr Mendoza's pleasant little gallery in King Street St James's has opened with a fairly representative collection of drawings and paintings in monochrome. The designs are of all classes, including an important and really beautiful series of 'Illustrations to Shakespeare's *Othello*, by Mr DICKSON, R.A. (executed for the "International Exhibitions"), dramatic incidents of floor and field, landscapes, head studies, and those comic essays in art tending to enliven exhibitions generally. A chalk drawing challenging adverse comment by its over strong colouring, the head of "A Barchaute," by Mr ARTHUR WASSE, is nevertheless a powerful conception of a dark-eyed, handsome, merry looking fellow of the jovial god. A study comely alike for sweet feeling and careful workmanship is the view of "Mount Baker and the Government House, Victoria, British Columbia," by Mme DEL'ADONNETTE, and "Moonlight near Rotterdam" is one of the somewhat weird effects in which the artist Mr JAMES WEBB, delights. Illustrations of dramatic or tragic incident are certainly numerous in the exhibition. We may mention as an example the attack on the Overland Mail by Indians, "Incident on the Lake of Buffalo Bill," picturing that scoundrel hero, Captain Cody, firing his revolver from the carriage window, whilst the frightened horses gallop at wild speed by STANLEY BERKELEY. Other exhibitors whose contributions will well repay inspection are Messrs E T COMPTON, R. BLAVIS WALLER, VICTOR COLE, J SHAW CROMPTON, and J MACWHITTAKER, A.R.A., E W CHARLTON, Miss E M BAKERELL, and J C DOLLMAN.

Mr R THORPE WAITE an exhibition of whose water colour drawings has been held at Messrs. Downeswells, is influenced by the best traditions of the old Water Colour Society. Those who admire the style of the British school will find Mr Waite's work luminous, atmospheric, and inspired by a pleasant sentiment. Of course, it has the defects of its qualities, now and again it lacks breadth, and is sometimes rather hot in colour. But the best of the drawings are harmonious in tone, and agreeable enough to look upon.

The drawings of the Medway and Chatham by Mr G C KEER, which have been exhibited at Mr Dantthornes

Gallery, are small alike in size and handling. They display a certain observation, but the painter, not being able to separate the essential from the superfluous, constantly weakens his effect by a futile precision. Such a work as "Medway Light Barge," for instance, his most ambitious effort, is so literal a transcript of the scene as to be quite ineffective.

The British Water Colour Exhibition at the Japanese Gallery calls only for the briefest comment. The most notable works there exhibited have been seen and discussed before. Those whose acquaintance with the medium is slight may take the opportunity of studying examples of such painters as Sir J D HUNT, Mrs J E CHRISTIE, CLAUDE HAYES, AVERST INGRAM, and others, but the collection has neither character nor coherence, and is in no respect noteworthy.

At the Hanover Gallery there is a small but interesting collection of foreign pictures including several examples of the *romanticos*, who are now so popular in England. The best are by DAUBIGNY and ISABRY. Of the Corbors there is not one that is excellent and we have scant admiration for such imitators of that great master as M OILBERT MUCER.

At the same gallery may be seen "The Last of the Buffalo" and other works by Mr ALBERT BIERSTADT. These ambitious canvases have no point of contact with art. Their energy is as admirable as the information they convey is useful, but Mr Bierstadt has sought to paint the unpaintable and to sacrifice the considerations of dignity and colour to theatrical effect. His style, too, is wholly undistinguished, and, though the untravelled may learn as much from his canvases as from a coloured photograph, the critic turns away from them with relief.

REVIEWS

With the third volume of "The History of Hampton Court Palace," Mr ERNEST LAW consummates the excellent work upon which he has been engaged for several years past. We have rarely met with a book of the kind so admirably carried out in all respects. Research, knowledge, and taste combined with the power of being at all times interesting—even when dealing with builders' estimates and "quantities"—have produced a work alike entertaining and valuable. The illustrations are adequate and profuse, and the book full of facts, gossip, scandal, and all necessary references. It is, in short, the production of a scholar, a faithful historian, and a man of taste and wit. The first two volumes were reviewed in two columns when they appeared. The present one—dealing with Orange and Guelph times, with a good deal of their inner history brought up to the present day—proceeds on the same lines but it is, from the artistic point of view, more interesting. The rebuilding of the palace and its improvements, adornments, decorations, and paintings are dwelt upon with fairness and supported with documentary evidence. We observe that Mr Law is enabled by his discovery among old Treasury papers to contradict the statement of the late Mr George Wallis in this Magazine to the effect that to Huntington Shaw we entirely owe the magnificent iron screens or gates, which are universally recognised as the finest examples of hammers and chisels' newwork in the world. May for our patriotic self-gratulation Mr Law establish the fact that although these superb gates (which cost nearly £2,000) were unquestionably executed by Shaw, the design

is of Jean Tyon, who published it in his "Nouveau Livre des Dessins" in 1773. We are sorry, yet hardly surprised—seeing that the author is naturally an enthusiast—to find Mr. Law pleading so strenuously for the return of the English Cartoons to Hampton Court. We all know the arguments used by those who desire to see the execution of this act fully. But the chief counter argument may be found in the excellent index of this book, where, under the heading of "Frieze," is a record which ought to be sufficiently suggestive to those who would have the priceless treasures removed from the specially constructed safety gallery in South Kensington. In all other respects Mr. Law shows good taste as well as good judgment, and not only gives his readers details as to the work of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir James Thornhill, Grinling Gibbons, Verelst, Cibber, Laguerre, and others, but quotes the estimates and the prices paid from the Treasury papers and other documents in the Record Office.

Professor FREDERICK BROWN'S *The Fine Arts* (Murray), which belongs to a series of University Extension Manuals, is as concise as it is intelligent. Its intention being strictly practical it is happily not overlaid with the metaphysics and sentiment which professors are wont to deem essential to the study of art. By its size and scope it is confined to certain limitations, but the reader who follows the argument closely will turn to longer treatises with a useful stock of general principles. Professor Brown does not affect the contempt of some of his colleagues for modern criticism, and is emboldened to quote the opinions of prominent Alfred Stevens and Whistler with approval, for which, as well as for his lucid exposition of many sides of a great subject, he claims our gratitude.

Mr. TILFOURD ELLIS *Olympus* (Gresell and Co.) is based upon Dr. Dutschke's "Das Olymp." It is a short and lucid study of a great subject, and though scarcely intended for the use of scholars, may be referred to safely by those who have lost faith in their old friend Leconte. The illustrations are apposite and serviceable, though we fancy we have met some of them elsewhere. The value of the book would have been increased, but more attention had been paid to the representation of the gods in works of art.

The designs of Mr. WALTER CRANE are always interesting. He is perhaps at his best in such combinations of the classical, the mediæval, and the natural as he gave us in "Flora's Feast: A Masque of Flowers." He has just produced a companion volume in the same vein—"Queen Summer: or the Turney of the Lily and the Rose" (Cassell & Co.) in which we have a vision of brave knights and dainty ladies, with a background of lovely flowers. The very critical may find the second book hardly an advance upon the first. If so, it is probably because Mr. Crane has spoiled them by the perfection of his first book. Without going into the relative merits of the two books, it is enough to say that "Queen Summer" is full of that dreaminess which characterized the "Masque of Flowers," which it is fuller and richer in colour. It is a book that is certain to have a large circle of admirers, and to give much pleasure to all who can appreciate Mr. Crane's charming decorative designs.

We are accustomed to seeing what are known as Christmas books illustrated by chromo lithography in colour, but it is something of a new departure to have standard works so illustrated. Messrs. Kepp and Company the colour printers, have, however, illustrated "The School for Scandal" (Simpkin and Co.) with a series

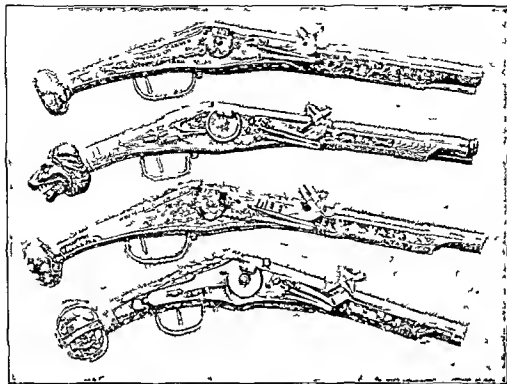
of pictures designed by Mr. LUCIUS ROSSI, and have printed them on the pages with the text in colours. The reproductions are admirable, but it is a very doubtful mode of illustrating printed books. If the only surface of the picture does not stick to the opposite page, it is incongruous to have the only patch on the page, and the incongruity is felt more when the text is in ordinary letterpress than when, as in most Christmas books, text and pictures are all reproduced by the same process of lithography.

"The Foundation of Manchester by the Romans"—the earliest of the series of frescoes executed by Mr. FORD Madox Brown for the Town Hall of Manchester—has recently been etched by Mr. G. W. HURLEY, of 3, Queen Anne's Terrace, Albert Bridge Road, by whom also it is published. The plate is a large one, and is a carefully studied reproduction of the peculiar mannerisms of the artist in whom the reproduction has given great satisfaction.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of HENRI JOHANNES BOSCHON, who born at the Hague in 1817, nearly, if not quite reached the front rank of contemporary artists by his pictures of town scenes and interiors—such as his "Flemish Monks Singing a Te Deum," "Large Protestant Church at Amsterdam," "Youth of England II"—and received numerous medals, and was a Knight of the Orders of the Lion, the Crown of Oak, and of Leopold, of the Hon. LIEUT. Wm. FIELD, R.N.A., whose claim to eminence has not in his pictures, which were very good in their own way, but in his fine artistic sense and profound archaeological knowledge, which enabled him to arrange correctly some of the finest settings ever seen on the English stage, of Mr. R. COLLIER WATKINS, secretary and trustee of the Royal Hibernian Academy, who has on but three occasions been seen in the Royal Academy of London, when he contributed landscapes, of M. NARCESE BENOIST, a pupil of Renouir, who, born in 1819, devoted himself principally to the representation of Eastern scenes, gaining a third class medal in 1859, a first class in 1864, and admission to the Legion of Honour in 1870, of M. LAVASTRE, one of the leading scene painters of France, and a highly able decorator as well, at the age of fifty six, of SIGMUND VINCENT VETZ, the popular Italian sculptor, who was born in 1822, and at first found employment as a quarrier. After a period of severe hardship he made his mark, and by means of his "Prayer," his "Spartacus," "France and Italy" (presented to the Empress Eugénie by the ladies of Milan in 1879), he established a reputation, which has been sustained by the numerous but very unequal statues which now decorate Turin. Of these the most original is doubtless the monument erected to the memory of "The Victims of the Gothard Tunnel."

We have also to record the death of Mr. SAMUEL HAYDON, sculptor, a talented pupil of E. H. Bailey, R.A., and, at the early age of forty seven, of Mr. CHARLES ROBERTSON, the well known water colour painter. One of the most recently elected into the inner circle of the Royal Water Colour Society, he was one of its most active members, and will be a severe loss not only to that Society, but also to the Painter Etchers—not so much in their exhibitions as in the matter of organization. As a painter he was still making marked progress, but as an etcher he was, perhaps, artistically speaking, more sincere, being simpler in his means and broader in his effects.



EARLY SAXON PISTOLS (SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

THE ORNAMENTATION OF EARLY FIREARMS

By W. O. CREVELL.

As a weapon of war the hand-gun has been in use since the latter half of the fourteenth century but the position of knights to the introduction of firearms will account for the lack of ornamentation in cannon, guns and pistols at a time when the arms and armor were highly decorated. It was not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that with the invention of a wheel-lock in Germany the gun became a sporting weapon and attained popularity. Efforts were then made tastefully to furnish and decorate such firearms as were destined for use by the followers of the chase.

The shift of the sporting cross-bow was the model form which the latter of the early sporting gun was designed and the ornamentation chiefly consisted of carved scrolls or tracery and inlay-work—designs cut out of horn, bone, metal or fancy woods inlaid in the butt and flange of the gun. The barrels, thick with ivory were usually octagonal but occasionally elaborately fluted and encased into the resemblance of a column with Corinthian capitals and figures in full relief. Such in Flemish Prussia which in the fifteenth century was famed for its

arrows and cross-bows commenced early in the following century to manufacture the hand-gun winning an enviable reputation for this weapon although individual manufacturers of Suhl have never enjoyed the distinction accorded some of the Dresden rifle-makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The sporting guns and rifles made in Saxony had barrels of great weight permitting elaborate carving, fluting and turning of the metal whilst barrels made in the neighborhood of Treves were more accurately executed and finished in a simple in design than those of German manufacture owing less to the carver and turner than to the smith for their beauty. The Saxon smiths rivaled the famous Italian families of Cannara and Lorenzini in the production of accurately made gun barrels. These are by no means the best which in 1722 were considered to be without equal although they doubtless owed more to their perfect fitting than to the elegance of their exterior.

The maker of the barrel rarely mounted it and the makers or gun-makers depended upon the jewellers, carvers, chisellers and kindred artists for

the ornamentation of the weapon. With single barrelled guns the makers in their method of ornamentation invariably treated the barrel as a column more frequently following the Corinthian than the Doric order. With the adoption of small shot for general use lighter guns were demanded with deep flutings and curved capitals were introduced for the

Spanish form—a term retained by gunmakers to denote a model which is still manufactured on model form. In this style the breech end one-third of the length of the barrel is occupied among the flutings of a column there is a funnel hill and the barrel is cylindrical or slightly taper to the muzzle where another hill is with a finishing caput.

In the mounting of the barrel the ornamentation and shaping of the stock and furniture differ at various and different times but characteristic style. In many spring-locks spring-locks and with legal license provided the only for the embellishments of the interior the chamber and the barrel. It was in the fitness of things that a representation of Diana the goddess of the chase should have been particularly popular. A variety of goddesses Vulcan the fire god Venus Mars Neptune and other deities the symbols of strength all with myths were particularly appropriate allegories for certain descriptions of forms. From subjects such as these to the goddesses Diana and in meters of the old Germanic gods was necessary step than followed a number of representations of angels and figures of saints and monks and the grotesque and fantastic.

With various ornaments frequently and the Saxon and makers in particular were a charming mixture of classical to sporting and mythological subjects the artists of Southern Europe had quickly passed to a little later several of the most noted military muskets of the production of remarkably rich examples of art workmanship. The ornamentation in many respects was excessive the composition over elaborate and in detail but from the very wealth of ornamentation and elegance. With at least a representation in the richness or otherwise of the present style of decoration it is well to state that the

deeply sunken hollows necessary to the interrupted ornamentation in high relief detracted in some measure from the practical utility of the weapon. The barrel may be engraved or inscribed from breech to muzzle without materially affecting the efficiency of the arm and this was much practised.

The Italian makers however by shallow scallops and grooves or by turning ornamented spiral leads produced barrels such as gently proportioned that neither adding nor engraving added much to their beauty. This latter style of ornamentation passed through several stages lingering for a long time in modifications of the Spanish form and surviving even the flint lock of the present century in the shape of a water but which is even now retained in all high class breech loaders. The decoration of the barrel was revolutionised by the introduction from the East of the Damascus barrel in which the grain of the metal itself forms a more or less perfect ornamental design. There are many varieties of the Damascus figured metal all greatly to be preferred to plain iron or steel and in consequence this metal is almost exclusively used. The manufacture of gun barrels and the preparation of this metal has been common in Europe since the commencement of this century, and is chiefly carried on at Birmingham, Bage, St Etienne, Posen, Suhl and Ulm.

The gun makers of the medieval and later periods usually dated all the weapons made by them a practice particularly commendable. In the Thesaur Muséum is a rifle inscribed "Ao 1739 M^{re} noble Duc d'Orléans" the date of its manufacture, it was presented in 1740 to the King, Stanislas by the Voysvod of Calix. It was the production of Volhynian workmen and bears a distinct in the native dialect. It is upon the barrel. It also bears the date in capital letters. The ornamentation consists of mixed floral and scroll designs the mountings are chiefly of iron whilst the stock is varnished in a peacock blue tint.

The style of decoration on firearms made for private use seems to have been less happy in the last than in the preceding century. In all the rococo style fresh motives and in addition to the devices

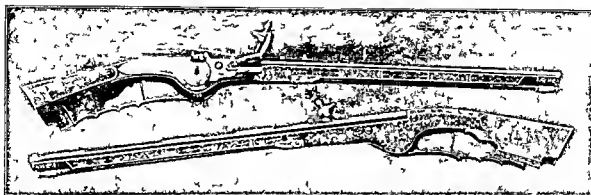


SAXON HALBERD WITH DOUBLE PISTOL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

commonly made use of in Germany the French makers frequently inserted medallion portraits of the donor and presentee in the barrels and stock. The carving of the stock was carried from 1815 relief to pierced work and the formation of the butt

and Muns carved in full relief are representative for in which is surmounted by a crown. On the barrel is engraved in capitals L O

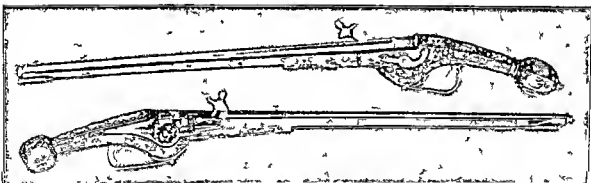
Spitzm. figures readily lend themselves to a solution in form of carved stools and of pierced



SAXON PISTOLS (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

figures with full relief. There is a fine specimen of workmanship upon an Italian wheel lock arquebus of the sixteenth century now in the Musée des Invalides Paris. The butt is wholly composed of a group carved in full relief represent

ing the soldier to figure it a single human figure. The butt is carved in full relief. The barrel is engraved in capitals L O Spitzm. figures readily lend themselves to a solution in form of carved stools and of pierced



SAXON PISTOLS WITH SPANISH BARRELS (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

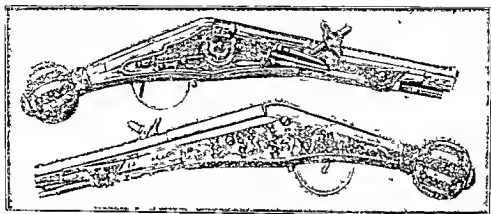
ing a woodland nymph seated on a goat and holding by the ear a satyr whose limbs are tied behind his back. On each side of the breech is a child with cornucopia almost fallen in the oak foliage which with its stout stems forms an ingenious frame to the group and constitutes a skeleton stock. The mechanism of this gun is arranged upon the exterior narrow steel bristles holding the wheel and lock mechanism to the pierced plates metal filigree forms the barrel and the engraving of all the metal parts is bordered with acanthus and trellis of oak sprays leaves and acorns. A companion arm but more finely executed is of the same workmanship and date and the subject mythological Jupiter

the Germans engraved portraits upon metal bone or mother of pearl were let into the wood of the stock or affixed to the barrel or furniture. Some of these engraved figures show great skill in execution but in many the faces are now hardly distinguishable. It was the material in which they were cut. Not infrequently full length figures in sport, or military costumes and even elaborate sporting scenes were represented on larger plates which were used as covers for the trays (blows in the butt to contain cartridges etc.) or as butt plates screwing into the extremity of the stock to protect the ends of the wood. Figures of animal and man as well as grotesque masks cut out of mother of pearl or ivory and

linked roughly with the graver were particularly common in the sixteenth century, being let into all parts of the woodwork of the gun in great profusion.

The length to which it is possible to carry figure

The stock or butt of the ordinary sporting gun has always been of fine hard wood, unless an extraordinarily fine weapon had to be produced in which case cherry or olive wood was chosen. The German

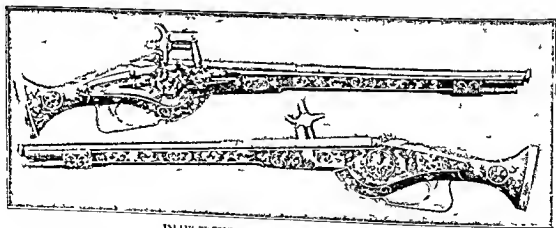


SAXON PISTOLS (FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

workmen in upon a market temptations and put it in clients extending over long historical periods. Very carefully examining both the metal and wooden surface it was found possible to accomplish very much in this direction: the boldest and most ever rich was to portray an event, the chief events of Biblical and profane history. On one side of the

workmen have utilised buckhorn for the stocks of exceptionally fine rifles, whilst plated straws, leather, and *papier mâché* have been occasionally substituted for wood.

The rimrod with English makers always a comparatively plain stick received much attention from the Continental artists. The tip was often of



ITALIAN PISTOLS (SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

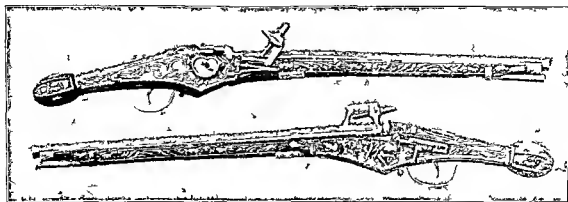
gun are to be seen his subjects and designs of the sixteenth century in sword work. On the other illustrations of the "Hall" &c. N. with tracing the plenary subjects the artist imagined to crowd in noble portraits—presumably those of the donors. On another gun events of less importance are portrayed. The horns are of Tuscan workmanship and until recently formed a part of one of the most curious collections of foreign weapons in England.

cost steel finely chased and the plumpness of the rod was further relieved by rings of horn and ivory alternately. The steel rimrod invented in the seventeenth century was richly engraved, always furnished with an ornamental tip, and sometimes turned spirally throughout its whole length to resemble a twisted cable.

The more simple style of decoration now prevailing is generally accredited to Louis and is said

to have originated in the latter half of the last century. About that time the style of ornament

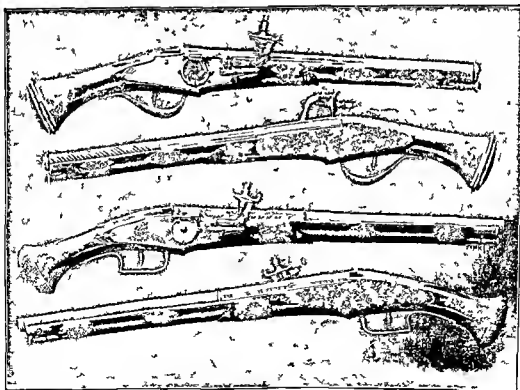
guns forced the richly decorated Continental arms from the European market.



PISTOLS WITH CHASED BARRELS AND CARVED BUTTS

tion became more simple, and engraving was mainly left upon the decoration of all the metal parts of the gun whilst figures, leaf patterns and sporting scenes or secular and religious legends were chosen in preference to the grotesque and mythical

The French gun makers up to the close of the last century did not place as much value on beauty or firing as the English gun makers. Their guns were generally heavy and inferior to those made abroad. The collec-



PISTOLS BY LEFEBVRE, ITALIAN (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

logical subjects formerly in favour. It is probable that the rapidly increasing quantity of English

guns in the Tower of London includes the magnificent collection of Henry VIII, does it not number any

English made firearms conspicuous for beauty, hardness or marked originality.

With this century, however, English guns, by reason of their practical superiority as sporting weapons over those made upon the Continent earned for them selves an enviable reputation. The English gun makers were rather painstaking mechanics than artists and depended chiefly upon simple engraved designs for the decoration of their guns and as this style agreed with the popular taste they did not seek the aid of art workmen.

The work of the decorator then as now was in art apart from gun making and at the present time if a richly wrought ornamental firearm be required no great difficulty would be experienced in its speedy production.

The inlaying and setting of precious stones about the mountings of firearms seems to be essentially an Asiatic form of decoration. In Russia the gun manufacture commenced with Peter the Great and the fixing of precious stones metal studs and ornamental bosses was almost the first decorative work of the Muscovites. The stocks they inlaid with dyed woods and bone whilst heavy metal flukes adorned the breech end of the barrel.

The Scotch of the eighteenth century had a particular leaning towards heavy pistols with metal

butts, and these were frequently set with precious stones and adorned with florid scrolls. A specimen highly typical of this once popular weapon is to be found in the Turin Museum. The barrel is inlaid with silver and has broad electro silver bands upon and around the iron stock, it is studded with gems of various colours and the butt is capped with a heavy ball set with topaz and carnelian. On the breech end of the barrel is 'Nemo me impune lacessit.' It is a flint lock pistol of Edinburgh manufacture.

A splendid specimen of art work was made in Paris some years ago by Fr. Devisme. The arm chosen was a percussion ducking pistol and the decoration both in design and execution surpassed any production of the older gun makers. The style adopted was Gothic the barrel being octagonal and the raised parts ornamented with finely etched lines and engraved designs. The lock is covered with figures in full relief the hammer representing a giant amongst the thirty or more small figures on the plate. The stock is tipped with silver figures in full relief and capped with a large and beautifully chased ornament in which some fifty horsemen are depicted. The rest of the furniture as well as the stock itself is tastefully fashioned.

"AUTUMN TWILIGHT" A DECORATIVE PANEL

PAINTED BY ALBERT LYNCH.

MR—or should we say Monsieur?—Albert Lynch is an artist whose work, through the medium of the press has achieved an equal popularity with the art public in France America and England. Born at Luna in Peru of American parents he went to Paris to study art and placed himself successively under M. Ferner and M. Lehmann. His tender and dreamy sense of the pretty and the beautiful speedily placed him in the front rank of the illustrators of the day and secured for him a wide circle of admirers for his water colours and for his fever paintings in oil. Attached in a sense to the house of Boussod Valadon and Co. he has produced many of his best and most bewitching designs for them being favourably known besides for his frequent contributions to the *Levee Illustrée* to *Art and Letters* as well as his illustrations to 'Picre et Jein' by Guy de Maupassant, *La Dame aux Camélias*, by Alexandre Dumas the

Younger, and to Octave Uzanne's *Française du Siècle*.

In 'Autumn Twilight,' the original of which was exhibited at the Salon of last year, Mr. Lynch has struck the same note of sweet and dreamy grace that is distinctive of most of his best work. Not even the face and figure are there, he is more particularly fond of reproducing. Glancing more broadly at his work than is possible in regarding the picture before us however charming it may be we find that his love of French *chic* and daintiness he wedded to and tempered by, his American sobriety of feeling while his delicacy of tone his judicious use of light and shade his invention and tenderness combine to form the artist. Power is not his, hardly would we credit him with the qualities of the born colourist but in his own domain he has few rivals and is always welcome by reason of his elegance and refinement.

M. H. S.

We must not forget that the artist is colour man sell in makes more than two or three of his own colours and consequently is himself often the victim of a hallucination or of bad work on the part of those from whom he buys his pigments. That artists colourmen do as a matter of fact publish information as to the durability of pigments and warn their customers is greatly to their credit as there is no particular reason why they should do so.

Turning now to the guardian angel of both parties—the scientific chemist he is in the position of a lost guardian angel, his advice and warnings are seldom listened to his experiments in colours seldom studied. This is in itself disheartening but is nothing to what he suffers in other directions. There is probably no manufacture so full of trade secrets as the preparation of colours with one exception and that is the preparation of varnishes. Every stage in the process is jealously guarded. The receipts published in the books are very useful for examination purposes but are of no value in practice and consequently the position of science cannot get into touch with information as to the history of the material he is working on. This secretiveness in the colour and varnish trade makes scientific progress impossible each time being engaged in jealously guarding its own secrets. To such a point is this carried that if one writes to a firm of varnish makers to know if they make their copal varnish of copal they will at dishonest say yes, but if he next say that they can give no information. Thus the chemist finds that he is almost as helpless as the artist because analysis will not help him very far and he cannot get a solid basis for his experimental work.

What then is to be done in order that we may make some advance towards accurate knowledge?

In the first place we must apply to practice the knowledge that we do possess. For instance I have before me at this moment a list of colours called by a well known artist colourman. Of the hundred and forty one colours in this list I can say with satisfaction that forty seven are fugitive, thirty six are permanent and the rest are either fairly permanent or among the doubtful colours. Evidently, then the artist should be protected by not being supplied with the fugitive colours leaving to future scientists the further purification of the list. A great deal also is known as to the best way to prepare oils and varnishes the dangers of bad driers and so on all of which should be applied for his benefit.

In the next place the artist must know what he is doing. Now this can only be done by manufacturing for him the artificial pigments selecting and analysing carefully the natural pigments and

preparing for him his oils and varnishes, and this must be done by some one whose business it is to do it from a scientific point of view with the object of obtaining the best result and not merely of making for the trade.

These results then can only be obtained by the artists having their own laboratory for the manufacture of colours with a scientific chemist at the head of it whose business it should be to make colours for them to advise them and to carry out experiments with a view to further improvement. This laboratory should be under the control of some permanent body such as the Royal Academy and should on the manufacturing side compete at the current price in the open market with the other painters. The experimental department should however be endowed.

It may be objected that as the making of colours is involved in obscurity the chemist at the head will not know how to do it. A colour chemist however who knows his business will soon find out how to make the artificial colours as well or better than those in the trade. There is no trade secret which he cannot find out for himself in three months so that after some little experimenting and blundering for even or two the artists could be supplied with their own pigments oils and varnishes. It would be the business of the scientific department to watch the making of the colours to conduct experiments with the view of further improvement, and to keep in touch with the artists with a view to keeping a register of all pictures painted with these colours and varnishes. These pictures would become year by year of more and more value as supplying reliable information as to the permanence of the various materials used. It should be the aim of such a laboratory to make all the artificial pigments on the premises. This could not be done quite at first but a very large number might be made and the list could gradually be extended.

There should be no trade secrets in this laboratory every detail of the processes being published for the benefit of the Arts and Sciences. It is a mistake to suppose that such a laboratory would be very expensive either to start or to keep up. A very small establishment would be sufficient at first and this would very quickly pay its way. The profits on artists' colours are very large, and it would obviously be to the advantage of artists to use these colours as other things being equal their pictures would perhaps command a higher price as being less likely to deteriorate. In this way, and in this way alone we may hope to take advantage of what is known already, and to make steady progress, and I hope the day is not far distant when the artists will recognize and become their own colour makers.

CURRENT ART

By J. ROSE STAFF

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society is the "J.W.S." is affectionately called

possess a charm peculiarly their own—a certain and final freshness, grace and spontaneity which is never so plentiful in the winter display of Studies and Sketches. It may be an old virtuosity—we are so accustomed to hear visiting foreigners praise Dutch pictures in general and find British water-colours in particular—but we all like to credit the merits of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours as distinctly and essentially English. The Royal Institute and the other Society have both a following of their own but without entering on a controversy and I may modestly submit that whilst the Piccadilly exhibition one seems to me unaccountably free oneself up to critical tension and self-complacency the *je ne sais quoi* to proceed to judgment with almost off-hand civility elegantly smiling aspect of the walls in Pall Mall East tends to beguile the visitor into simple delight in the manifestations of a happy art and the critical spirit coaxes from the finger tip like the *Amor* of a nurse and Sir Lucius O'Toole.

Studies and Sketches" is little more than a display of sketch studies or sketches are ever seen outside the staff box of a painter's studio. The majority of the winter drawings are a copy of a small show but many of smaller size and conceived to be for an elaborated stage. Again it is

it is an inebriated compliment to the skill of sketch which is a thing it tries to develop so important a part of the



(From the Picture by F. W. M. in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

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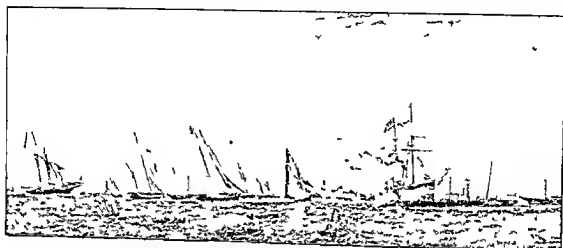
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sketch of the actual position of the vessels as they were despatched in the Thames the hasty drawing of the centre emphasises. The best examples of yacht portraiture are those of the *hull* *Isaac* old fishbone schooner *Saltie* and the late Lord Althel's yacht

is successfully employed in his late work. The same artist's *Burnt Pasture* *Kynance* is vigorous and vigorous in gold and blue.

Sir John Gilbert's *Palmer* a large drawing of the hull and mast of a wooden vessel and



START FOR THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB RACE GREAT BRITAIN JULY 1890

(Painted by the artist for the P. & S. C. B. R. D. At the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

steam yacht *Lord* flying his broad pennant. In the finished picture the artist will be no doubt able to verify many things. Not being gifted with prophecy and not being permitted to a list facts to aid a frequent circumstance Sir Oswald has only imitated the *Geresta* the beautiful cutter one of the two or three of that great flotilla to complete the dreamy course and thus reward the late Sir Richard Sutton for his patriotic struggles to re-impose the American Cup by putting this splendid trophy in her keel.

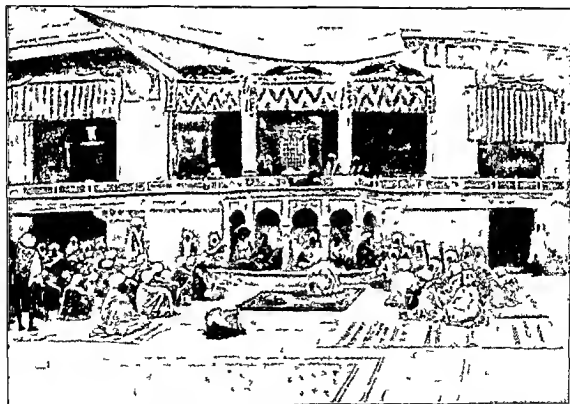
Mr George Chusen seems inclined to rest awhile on his *Girl at the Gate*. *Illness* is characteristic of his present desire to paint *present* lives and submit to *Bastien* *Leprie* influence. *Mr S. P. Jackson* whose *unruffled* purple and green Cornish shores are so beautiful and so woefully like apertures to find the *Thames* equally monotonous and less attractive. *Mr Tom Lloyd's* pretty sentimentality pleasant colour and smooth lines paint technique are more felicitously exercised on graceful old world lovers strolling by the riverside as in *Early Spring* time. *Mr on Michael* *Miss E. F. Brewnall's* *Ped Fishermen* in last year was such a masterly little thing the incarnation of regal pique malice the time is disappointing to find his *Dragon's Cave* without mystery and with little meaning. *Fully hung* and low down his pastel *Hunstanton* a luminous forshore study merits especial attention because of its admirable dexterity a quality so difficult to obtain with this medium that I fancy it will rarely

be met in our *garden* mother's style gives us a beautiful harmony of white black and old time tints and like the *President's* *Spencer* *Dunlinton* *Visit* *Mr some* *Georgina* displays the flowing grace and authority of this great and veteran draughtsman. *Mr F. I. Hughes* *Idylls* with the *Paeries* is a fine example of his special quality the untroubled purity his skilful technique enables him to preserve despite the minute finish. The beautiful girl sits wrapt in a wakening fantasy in the bay if in old fishnet is the thin white flimsy when the light though the very air is luminous and radiance sweeps along the delicately revolved fingers. *Mr Hughes* preserves in his work that thing most difficult—in elegant simplicity. But I do not heartily wish he would discard the delicacy of his compositions a little less.

On to king it most figure subjects in water colour it impressively forces itself upon one that they might have been achieved with half the labor more effectively made. *Mr J. Henry Hunchill's* work forms a rare exception. His art obviously best expressed itself in water colour. His *La Coquette* has been chosen as a very legitimate example of the artist at his best (See p. 117). The *Sybil's* maiden with her rich southern colouring her black silk beaded dress and her silken skirts so fitted as to display the dainty ankles with charming sweetness is drawn with wonderful variety no attempt is made to modify the fulness of the characteristic waist but length and grace of composition are

obtained from the cunning perching of the gay little flint on the back of the tall chair. It is painted with dexterity, directness and distinction full of spontaneity, excellent in colour but just a little bluish in the shadows. Mr H. G. Glendon again is far happier in water than oils and more luminous in the tavern parlour than in the Empire and Louis XIV. salon. The reproduction in my opinion represents one of the very best of his works. Doubtful Customers. The balance of the composition, the freedom of the drawing and humour in the face of the dubious oil host in the rollicking gentry of the highwaymen and in the unbusinessed illumination of the yodels nearest the fire speak for themselves. What must escape any monochromatic version is the general glow of the warm room, the mellow fire and reflected light and the pleasant notes which the rich contents and melody of the glass repeat.

Dutch and Breton street groups whilst the sunny red and yellows of Oriental life greatly enhance their decorative value. Mr Allans style shows signs of approximating the dash of his fellow Scotch Associate Mr Arthur Melville. Of the splendid group of landscape painters who follow the broad and virile traditions of David Cox and De Wint and which includes Messrs Wharperis, Weedon, Orrock, Aumonier and Bernard Evans few indeed do finer work than Mr Thorne Waite. With him as with Cox it is one of his lesser merits that his curbs, animals and figures occur in his landscapes exactly where the aesthetic and literary require merits of the composition demand and so naturally that they could not be elsewhere. His October, which graces the article with its breadth of treatment and fullness of tone (p. 120) seems quite different from the palette of De Wint and is a splendid example of a

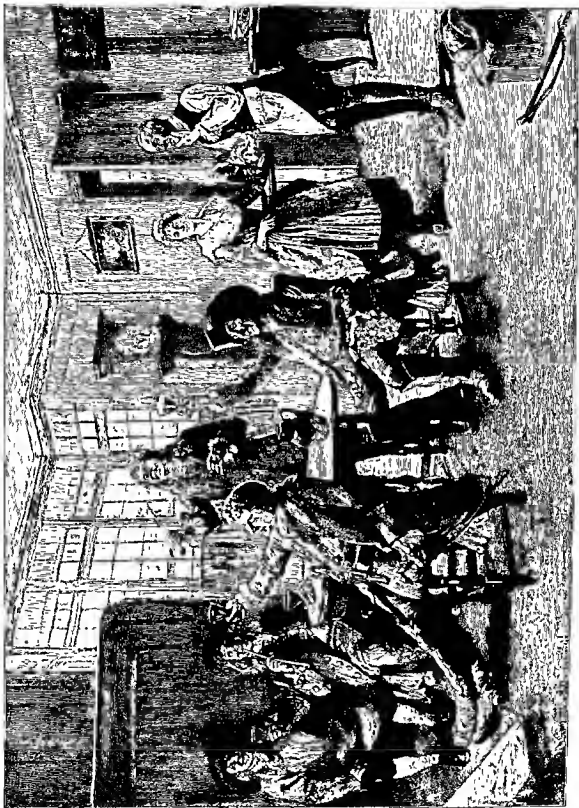


SERVICE IN A SIKH TEMPLE

(From the Picture by R. W. Allan, R.W.S. In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

Mr Herbert W. Allan has gained much in warmth and depth of colour by going to India for his subjects and his *Service in a Sikh Temple* and *Street in Delhi* are both characterised by that brilliancy of treatment and spiciness of effect which marked his vivid and manly if a little hard

true English scene of a true English landscape and of art not to be found beyond the Channel. Its fault I may suggest lies in its redundancy of incident—part burning ploughing and rainbow. Mr Thorne Waite is before all things the painter of the open field. I would particularly call attention



DOUBTFUL CUSTOMERS

(From the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1914, 7, 107. Reprinted by J. M. Johnson.)

ARTISTIC HOMES

HOUSE ARCHITECTURE INTERIOR

BY REGINALD EDWARDS

IN one of his essays Paul Gauguin has drawn a remarkable illustration of the dilettantism of the age from the interior of a modern drawing room. It is five o'clock and the lamps cast a soft half

light upon a painted by Gustave Moreau with a beauty almost painful in its charming charm. On the tables and in cabinets is *bric à brac* of every age, the queer work from Yedo, bronzes of the Renaissance

since the willows of the eighteenth century, everything that can attest the luxurious culture, the skilled selectiveness of an age that has cultivated its own capacity for creation. The picture has more attraction for the literary man than for the artist for it points to a fact of modern civilisation which cuts at the root of any possibility of a permanent tradition of art and the fact as Gauguin puts it, is just this: that the only faith of universal acceptance is that of social usage and that directly you break below its surface you come on a chaos of creeds and formulas, a very whirlpool of contradictory opinion. Whereas before the general upset which has been the work of this century, there was common ground of belief—our modern society came on its feet as an *avant garde* de romans, and *avant garde* de romans, and *avant garde* de romans, and *avant garde* de romans—there now prevails such complete uncertainty that you and your neighbour hardly speak the same language. In such a condition of things the chances of a national art or of any future but that of artistic bankruptcy, are exceedingly small. In testimony the collectors' mania, as in the whole, one of the most serious obstacles that exists to the growth of art and especially of architecture. It is not interested in the workmanship of art but only in its results. It sets up a false standard of excellence in preferring utility and costliness to beauty. It is based on no exact knowledge of art but on a curious medley of ideas dependent partly on fashion but mainly on the interests of the big dealers, and so far as the house is concerned it turns it into a museum instead of a place where families lived in and loved as a home.

The first point then to remember in the internal architecture of your house is that dilettantism is not art but rather its poison, in other words, that



MR. ALMA TADEMAS HOUSE, THE ANTIQUE
(D. A. D. 1711, 1712, 1713)

light through their tinted shades on rare and curious embossed. Over a chair lies a stole that once belonged in solemn service on the divan a piece of mellowed from the furthest East. Rooms with the strange imagery of another world. On the walls are pictures by masters the most diverse. Venice by Fra Bartolomeo next to a stern almost savage peasant by Millet in a room, scene by J. de Witt, luminous with the dancing light of spring, and over the piano perhaps a water colour of Galatia and the

sense and it is truly remarkable that people of common sense should put up with the silly inches the gnomonick mirrors and the machine pressed carving of the committal mantelpiece and idly suppose that they make their rooms attractive by enduring such absurdities. That not unfamiliar person the commercial architect the man who does not design but arranges the designs being a good deal to answer for it.

The hall and the main staircase usually give the best opportunity of getting a more architectural quality out of the interior of a house. One can at my late escape here from the fair plain walls with a door and a fireplace of the ordinary room and get a glimpse of some play of light and shade in and out of the staircase perhaps of some bold colonnade to carry a gallery or of an ample fireplace such is would recall the brave hospitality of another age. Halls can be generally classified as those which contain staircases in the hall which do not

the staircase are open to the objection that they cannot be used as living rooms but they may have their own peculiar beauty if the wall (the space that is in the middle of the stairs) is kept sufficiently large to admit of plenty of light and to allow full justice to the perspective of the flights of stairs and the repeated tiers of landings one above another. In some of the eighteenth century houses at Westminster there are excellent examples of small staircase halls. Or again the courtyard of an old inn where the rooms on each floor open on to landings with balustrades running all in and the court would be a suggestive motive to work upon. On a larger scale such halls might be made most impressive. There is a tremendous drawing by Piranesi, made in the days when his madness was closing in on him, which shows an infinite

ascent of stairs flight over flight in never ending succession to the top of which no man might ever reach. The idea of this was a nightmare which tormented Piranesi and is hardly a model to be closely followed but like most of Piranesi's extraordinary fancies it contains the vision of a great intellectual idea. As to the details of these landings and

balustrades the simpler they are the better and plain square balusters are better than a long repetition of all designed balusters and on the whole the hand rail is much better returned as was commonly done in the eighteenth century is better to handle than the hand rail which runs full tilt into a newel. And again a novel staircase if you really want to get its full quality, requires solid timbers and plenty of space. There is honest pleasure to be got out of a great oak newel seven inches square, with a fine cannon ball terminal and sturdy balusters and a hand rail wide enough for the children to slide down comfortably, but minute things with intricately carved newel squares and the



HALL MANTEL IN MR. VIGAN'S HOUSE

(See also the Architect's Drawing for all the Hall)

whole thing becomes ridiculous and even offensive from the want of its intention.

Of halls which do not contain staircases there are broadly speaking two kinds—one storey halls and two storey halls—and here again the plan and general proportions of the hall will determine the treatment. Say for instance that you have a long low hall rather more than one and a half the width in length such as one finds in some seventeenth century manor houses, great high panels might dwarf it but if you cover two thirds of the wall or so with paneling below, and have above it a fine bold frieze of plaster or tapestry or even plain embroidery of worsted on canvas or a well designed stenciled you get the full benefit of the length of the hall without hanging the ceiling down on your head. In the

Dream of John Ball. Mr Morris has drawn a beautiful picture of such a hall as this. The walls were well run, high enough with oak panes to about six feet from the floor and about three feet of plaster above that was wrought in a pattern of a vine stem running all round the room freely and readily done but with (as it seemed to my unused eyes) wonderful skill and spirit. On the head of the great chimney a large rose was wrought in the plaster and brightly painted in the proper colours. The dining hall at Hardwick is an instance of a similar treatment carried out on a most lovely scale for here the frieze is from eight to ten feet high and the walls below are covered with magnificent tapestries. If you can get genuine old stamped leather

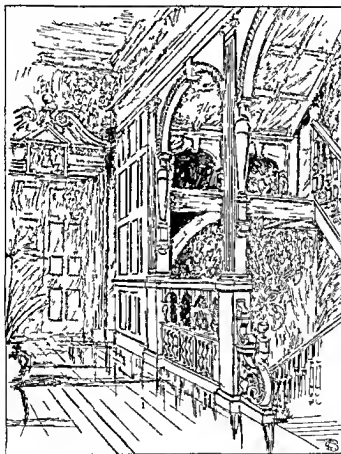
by all means use this for the walls but the stamped leather paper of modern commerce is a very poor affair—it has no resemblance to the leather which it professes to be either in substance or texture and it is generally used in a somewhat mean and derisive manner for it is pasted up as if it were one vast skin of any length from three feet to three hundred.

Two storey halls rather deep—that is high from floor to ceiling—require a different treatment. Here you might use the tall and simple dwelling common in the sixteenth century and domed ceilings with great ribs or circles of foliage such as Mr Jones would have used. No 18, Queens Gate, South Kensington—Mr Vivian's house—designed by Mr Shaw contains a beautiful hall in two storeys the staircase which is reached from a broad passage off the hall brings up on to a landing on the first floor with a balcony overlooking the hall. The whole

of it is top lighted from a domed ceiling. (See p 125) If your hall is paneled and you intend to have pictures in it, the pictures ought to be framed into the paneling to get them full decorative value in relation to the other parts of the hall and do not let the picture framemakers persuade you that gilt mouldings or any other such gorgeousness are essential to the picture. The only effect they have is to isolate the picture from the wall instead of helping it to fall into its place with the other decorations.

Besides the various forms of hall described above there is the long corridor which is neither hall nor passage and may be made very charming if it is properly lighted and has sufficient width and a bay here and there in which you can spend five minutes

over the prints and china. The ceiling might be covel and moulded with plaster or have a long barrel roof of timber such as may be seen in the churches of some of the almshouses in Holland. At one end you might have a wide open fireplace and at the other a flight of stairs going up again to another landing. Such a corridor as this might also be used upstairs as a no-doubtation of the Elizabethan gallery and in any case it is pleasant to have good broad landings to the upper floor and even little waste spaces forming passages rooms where the child himself can be placed with its china and of pot



STAIRCASE, MR. RILEY'S HOUSE, ABERNETHY COURT

(T. G. Jackson Arch. et. Drawn by Henry and H. J. M.)

rooms and pictures more valuable than pictures than their painting, and when the Indian girl in the corner can smile faintly at the quaint fancy of the East Japanese on the old Dutch clock. All this gives a sense of rest and kindness to the house as if each corner of it were not grail'd up for some

unalterable purpose and as if the house were some thing more than a mere place in which to eat and drink and sleep.

After all, it depends on the view a man takes of his house how he will set to work to decorate it. If it is to be a place of great entertainment where the dinner service is of gold and the servants in powder, homeliness and simplicity will find themselves lost and marble columns and mahogany doors and gilt and sumptuous silks and the like will find their opportunity and they may look very splendid if the taste that distributes them is sufficiently austere.



5 A BERKELEY SQUARE.

(View from West of Arch. Sect. Drawn by Reg. and El. 1871)

But most people do not eat their dinner off silver and gold and one would imagine that here is in the other case the architecture the beautifying of the interior should be in scale so to say, with their manner of life. For instance there is not much comfort and homeliness in marble walls. They are very expensive and horribly cold and it does not follow that because they look superb in a palace it hence they will look equally well in a modern London house. Marble floors are beautiful enough but you may have a beautiful floor of stone or brick if you are not afraid of it and all these things wood brick stone or marble are only materials to produce a certain result not the result itself and then ultimate beauty depends very much more on the handling than on the materials themselves. Even such beautiful materials as the marbles used in hotels and restaurants are made repulsive by the man who uses them by his indifference to their structural qualities and his

course insensibility to the delicate gradations of their colour.

House architecture is a very large subject much too large to be dealt with adequately in a magazine article or indeed anywhere else for the matter of that for no amount of description or advice can convey exactly how the thing is to be done how the house is to be designed and how its details are to be executed. A technical treatise can state how bricks are bonded together and how timbers are jointed and what amount of strains they will bear but all this is machinery though indispensable

knowledge. It is the stage beyond this that defies analysis when you come to the individual case and the individual treatment of it—when a problem of particular conditions is presented which has to be solved in some particular way when in a word you reach the personal equation. It is this which makes architecture an art at all the fact that it requires serious and comprehensive thought that any work worthy of the name of architecture must have involved a fresh effort of imagination that its design must have been conceived of as a whole, that the idea of the whole which gradually grew together in the designer's brain should have reached and left its mark upon the very humblest detail of the finished work. And, if this is a right conception of architecture, much of what now does duty for it is cut out of the running at once. There is a

story of an architect who asked another in all sincerity what set of details he used, he might as well have asked a landscape painter whether he copied his trees from Constable or Crook. This is not architecture, it would be a much easier affair if it was for all that that would be necessary for an architect would be a choice assortment of eras, historically arranged and labelled and the client could then choose between fourteenth, fifteenth or sixteenth century details or he could have an order from Inigo Jones with a pediment by Gibbs. It is a curious fact that however fastidious the taste and exact the archaeological knowledge which controls such building its results never in the last resemble the old work which they profess to copy, and the inference is only reasonable that one faculty which must have existed in the old work is lacking in the new—and that is the faculty of design. This work, however at least has knowledge and taste behind it the real mischief lies in

what is largely labelled in the shops as "art work," such for instance, as rickety screens or tables, painted red or green or white, or whatever the fashion of the colour may be.

This sort of work is much in demand because it is cheap and fills up a good deal of room for the money, but even as an investment it is bad because when the fashion changes it is hardly worth the selling. Wherever else fashion may be important it has nothing whatever to do with the beauty of any art. A few years ago there was a sudden rage for Chippendale and Sheraton furniture, but as soon as the public at large

took up this fad the people who had found it out thought they must find out something else, and the fashion was set for Louis Seize—that is in pre-

cisely the opposite direction so far as design is concerned. Only one conclusion from this is possible, and it is that these people and those who follow them are quite indifferent to any art in the matter and are ready to follow blindly the leading of the dealers in old furniture and bric-a-brac. In a less degree the case has been the same with architecture and

the fashion has been in the wrong direction. It has gone for fineness, triviality and pattern as was naturally to be expected of the fashion. No lasting improvement in architecture or any other art is possible so long as they are supposed to be a matter

of fashion so long as the designer is told to copy an empty shell and not allowed to think out an idea with a life and embodiment of its own. One might almost say that if

this view is allowed to prevail the *raison d'être* of art in modern life has gone. To return to my original text we have now no common notions for which art is the only possible expression—such for instance, as existed in medieval times or in any early stage of civilisation—but we have on the other hand a very intense individualism which must express itself somehow, and the old forms are not entirely sufficient for

this: they are set to school to fit all the intricate subtlety of modern thought and feeling. That architecture in its way is as capable of expressing this

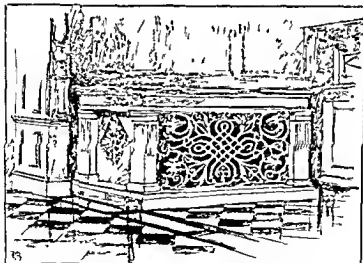
feeling as any other art is quite certain, but it must be given a far clearer and stilled and more possible conditions. The public hold the matter in their own hands. It is for them to test architecture as a serious art and to set a higher value on it, and on its independence and individuality in design than on its mimicry of its cleverness in hitting off the fashion. Then

work simple work even savage barbaric work anything is better than fashionable work. "Parfois on ne m'embrasse pas d'acheter l'art au prix du choquant du fantaisie et du l'entre. La barbarie n'est pas un mal que la l'entraîne."



CHIMNEYPIECE FLETC, DEVONSHIRE.

(R. Vernon's Shop. R.D. Architects. Drawn by Reynolds Blundell.)



COAL CASE IN MARBLE AND WROUGHT IRON. MR. AILEY'S HOUSE.

(T. C. Jackson Architect. Drawn by Reynolds Blundell.)

JOHN LINNELL

By ALFRED T. STORR

DURING the past season no fewer than thirty landscapes by the late John Linnell were senting each period of his art were sold by an

with the younger men to the very last. How much this means will be seen when it is remembered that the veteran painter died when he was on the verge of ninety and that his last picture in the Royal Academy was exhibited within a year or two of his death. The latter event occurred in January 1882. How many men in his own profession had come and gone between then and the time when as a boy of fifteen he sent his first two pictures to the Royal Academy and had the pleasure of seeing them hung.

It would be interesting to be able to see them now and compare them with his later works to see in how far they contained promise of his future achievements. They were small landscapes in oil. 'A Scene from Nature' and

'A View near Reading.' William Henry Hunt exhibited three similar studies the same year one of his also being 'A Study near Reading' which was doubtless painted from nature at the same time as Linnell's. The two were much together in those days having been fellow students under John Varley the well known water colour painter, and one of the founders of the old Water Colour Society the sum of whose teaching to them was—Go to nature for everything. Both accepted the precept—one of them at least with all the enthusiasm of his great hearted master, and more than his insight.

It is not the custom to write the lives of men who in a sense have faded, and so we may not get a 'Life' of John Varley, and yet one cannot help thinking that it would be worth while. More might be learned from a life like that of Varley, with its shortcomings

and weaknesses but with its manifold noble and lovable qualities also than from many a more famous and successful career. Poor Varley! He reminds one of nothing so much as Oliver Goldsmith. Like in his goodness of heart and his weakness of will did he resemble the kindly creator of Dr. Parnose and his son Moses. He was never tired of helping other men and throwing business in their way. Thus he assisted many on the way to fortune while as to himself with all his genius for art for invention and for astroligical prediction he was never out of difficulty and hot-water. And yet notwithstanding his troubles—and they were



JOHN LINNELL AS A YOUNG MAN
(From a Sketch by Himself)

in it Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sale rooms. That is an unusually large number even for so prolific a producer as this famous painter whose years of active labour exceeded seventy, and they were years of such unintermitting energy that an Art Union man who knew him well in speaking recently of his old friend threw up his hands in amazement as he exclaimed "Never was there such a man." His industry was perfectly astounding.

Never can it be denied—even by those who do not accord to him the highest rank among landscape painters—that his art displays qualities of the rarest kind for that in his calculated pictures he had his own

many and grievous—he could console himself with the thought that but for them he should have lusted with joy!

Put Varley was not Linnell's only teacher. Benjamin West had previously taken him in hand (having admired his sketches), given him hints and suggestions and permitted him to visit his studio and watch him paint. Even before that he had probably seen the Morland. His father, a furniture-maker being also something of a dealer and from time to time having Morland's pictures for sale. From these, at the age of ten his father set him to make copies and so passable were they that he found customers for them.

This copying, however, soon became an irksome drudgery to the youth and he hailed his bondage under Varley as the first dawn of freedom. It meant excursions along the river reaches of the Thames and into the adjacent country with Hunt sketching and observing that nature to which Varley had directed his attention and of which he never again lost sight but deepened his perception and his love year by year. It meant also companionship with Mulready—companionship in sketching, joint companionship as Academy students—when as he says he became at last emancipated and finally companionship in studio work and original effort. Mulready was only his senior by a few years but those few years gave him all the advantages of a mastership which was of great benefit to Linnell—so great indeed that almost to the day of his death he confessed that as regards art he owed more to Mulready than to any other living person.

Mulready had married a sister of Varley and when Linnell first called to see the latter (on the invitation of William Varley who saw him one day at Christie's asking a copy of one of Girtin's pictures) Mulready was living in the same house with him, thus they met and admired each other's work and talents and became fast and enduring friends.

Not less important to him in a way was Linnell's association with another remarkable man of that time—William Blake poet painter and mystic—the man who in this nineteenth century (for though half his life belongs to the eighteenth he is still of the nineteenth century) has exemplified more than any other the truth of the saying that genius is a madness near ally. This connection however took place later when Linnell's reputation as a painter—as a portrait painter at least—had become established and there could no longer be any question

of master and pupil. But there was a similarity of thought especially in the spiritual direction between the two men, and so receptive a mind as that of the younger man could not be in almost constant communion with such a singular and striking genius as that of Blake without being influenced, and that he was influenced to some extent none I think will



JOHN LINNELL, AGED 68
(from the *Portfolio* by H. Wallis)

venture to do any after seeing such a picture as Linnell's *Abraham* or perusing some of his poetry for Linnell also developed the poetic as well as the artistic faculty.

The story of Linnell's connection as friend and patron with Blake forms perhaps the brightest chapter in the career of one whose distinguishing characteristic was not profuseness of liberality but rather the reverse as regards monetary matters. Though others crowded about Blake and called him

Master looking upon his slightest word as oracular or inspired yet it was to Linnell's kindness alone that he owed the comfort and freedom in the care of his later years. Nor is it the less, but rather the more, to his credit that he extended this help not in charity but as an encouragement to work suggesting to him the engraving of his illustrations to the Book

of life as well as the making of the designs for the illustration of the *Divine Comedy* and paying himself richly.

To his spiritual gifts and esthetic powers gave



IN WINDSOR FOREST

(From a Sketch by John Ruskin)

fully Lamell united a long-headedness and a long nose that such as it would be hard to parallel in any other artist ancient or modern. Hence he was a most successful man and died leaving a huge sum of money. Not even Turner, probably, made money by the sale of his pictures, though did Lamell. But in order to win his success he went through a mountain of labour—delays in which he would kill a half-dozen ordinary men. Lamell's way of taking notes was to turn to either sort of work, from painting to engraving, from painting portraits to painting landscapes, or from both to making the family tree, or the family beer, and it shows that absolute mastery of the man that he was almost equally good in all departments. Those who are in a position to judge speak with well-nigh equal enthusiasm of his tree and his pictures.

Was it because I and Fred that John Lamell was never elected into the Academy? I confess I am at a loss to decide. I have not a word to put the matter fairly in my life of the artist. But I am

—Life of John Lamell. (Dent and Sons)

puzzled. Possibly, some Academicians who know me may enlighten me one of these days—if indeed the matter is not equally a mystery to all. When he was at the age at which men are usually considered

to be in the sun and yellow leaf Lamell was solicited to allow himself to be elected a member. But then he had become a sort of hermit on his mount (at Red Hill Surrey where he had purchased himself an estate) and had taken to the study of Hebrew and Greek and to exegetical labours in connection therewith and cared no more for honours and titles—a mistake as he disparaged them. He sought only the quiet which precludes all misunderstanding. He therefore refused. His letter declining the proffered honour has a parallel in the English language—that of Dr Johnson to Lord Chesterfield rejecting his patronage on the completion of his Dictionary.

Of the published result of Lamell's study of the Scriptures there is no place to speak. Those studies

however, according to his own statement had an important bearing on his art, they had certainly upon the least important of his artistic works—his biblical pictures. But it was his belief that he owed to his ardent pursuit of the truth as contained



IN WINDSOR FOREST

(From a Sketch by John Ruskin)

in the Scriptures the power he attained of perceiving and putting the truth of nature in his landscapes. In that as it may it is curious to note that the commencement of his success as a landscape painter

dates almost from the time when as a man of fifty he took to his studies in Holy Writ.

Up to that time he had been chiefly noted as a portrait painter in which department he had attained to a mastery almost equal to the little Dutch masters in that line as his portraits of William Mulheady P.A. Sir Augustus W. Colclough V.A. Sir Robert Peel Bart. the Bishop of Chester William Bray of Shrewsbury and a number of others abundantly testify. He had previously done some exquisite landscapes—landscapes that in their fidelity to nature and their carefulness and even minuteness of finish showed so affinity to Dutch art—landscapes which were often sold for a mere pittance compared with the prices which they have since reached in the sale room. For example, *The Great Rivers* sold in the first instance for 100 guineas but which afterwards fetched 1000 guineas at a sale in 1814 which originally drew £1100 was knocked down at the Mart for £670 guineas. *The Windmill* sold at the Houlds worth sale for 800 guineas.

These are in the artist's early or so-called Dutch manner. Later he developed a portrait style somewhat different with a more mutual colouring and deeper insight. One of the best specimens of this period is perhaps *The Hill of Farnham* (an Isle of Wight subject) finished in 1814 for Mr Joseph



SAMUEL LINNELL.

(From the *Portrait of John Linnell*.)

Gillott and sold at the recent Pollock sale for 2000 guineas Mr Samuel Montagu M.P. being its present fortunate holder. Other famous pictures of this second or middle period are *The Timber Wagon* in the collection of the late Mr David Rice Woodmill.

The Sea Coast and *Birley Harvest* all of which were included in the posthumous exhibition of the artist's works at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1833.

Shortly after painting these pictures Linnell's style began gradually to manifest still further changes. His pictures now became marked by less attention to minuteness of drawing by a bolder and grander style and by being imbued in some respects with a deeper strain of poetry and sentiment. The change is chiefly one of handling. His painting is "looser" there is a freer use of harmonious colouring with a vaguer and more graceful effect. But though the change was thus expressed in treatment its source was primarily spiritual.

Soon after his fare as a landscape painter had become established Linnell relinquished portrait painting, and took up his abode at Red Hill where he had built himself a house on the edge of Farnham Wood and where for the remainder of his days he spent his life. During his time between landscape painting and the Hill of Farnham he referred to in regard to such curiously enough to



JOHN LINNELL.

(From a *Self-Portrait* by John Linnell.)

considered his labours
 of greater merit than
 anything else he had
 done. Some loved sig-
 nifying him a religious
 man, he might in re-
 turn be styled a Quiet
 man. In early manhood
 he led and the Injuri-
 to a man in later
 he became a Thymoth
 Father but did not
 long stay with the sect
 for long even then the
 poorest men or at least
 the much under the
 influence of what he
 called the common
 system. He had led
 the lights of young the
 Quakers but a million
 just fell in with all
 that a community

partly when it is
initially sequen-
tial, the work

up in himself and up in the simple truth of the
hill he lived more a life of study and quiet
meditation. At the same time, dwelling amid the
scenery that appealed so powerfully to his imagination
he came out with little to trouble him (for he never
saw pictures of the good) prices to fix as he could.

I have been
 thinking of
 the little
 things that
 are so often
 overlooked
 in the great
 world of
 the future.
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The pictures in which the highest qualities of this period are exemplified are almost too numerous to mention. Amongst the best known are "The Day of Wrath," "Carrying What," "The Harvest-Sunset," "The Storm in May," "The Forest-



AT SHOREHAM
(Per a M (A L) J. L. L. a H.)

truthful modelling in his clouds. Innell was perhaps, greater in this respect than in anything else. In this his art had its ennobling point.

It is worth noting in conclusion that Lowell always acknowledged his indebtedness to the Old

Mistakes especially those of the Virginitium and Florentine schools Up to a late period of life he was in the habit of keeping himself in touch with them by occasionally copying their mistakes, but he never seems, however, to have consciously imitated it.

useful practice for young students to go to Italy for the purpose of studying the Old Masters, thinking that in the midst of wonderful art, not that they are likely to become bewildered and to sacrifice their individuality and originality in the endeavour to imitate what they admire.



CLAY'S FARM NORTH END HAMPSHIRE (THE ARTIST'S HOME)
(From a sketch by John L. Smith)

Food (sold recently at
Christie's for £1 260)
'Parks, Woods and
Forests' &c

NOTABLE ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

By AN ARTIST

Of illustrated books recently published, the following demand more than a mere note: there would not be room else to show the character of the illustrations, which are in each case so important a feature.

For the sake of his reputation as a wordslayer at the shrine of Beauty it is to be regretted that Mr Oscar Wilde has told us that he "values immensely" the design of the cover for his new book of fairy tales*. It may reasonably be supposed that the cover of a book should in itself be attractive, even if it be ugly for it must be admitted that there is sometimes an extraordinary attractiveness and fascination about ugliness, but Mr Wilde's cover is not ugly enough to be fascinating though it would be difficult to find a design for a similar purpose so devoid of charm.

No more need have been said about this cover had not Mr Wilde attempted to defend it, and by description and argument, even tried to make us like it against our better judgment. A critic wrote that a portion of the design on the left hand side of the cover reminded him of "an Indian club with a house-painter's lurch on the top of it," while a portion on the right suggested to him the idea of a chimney just hit with a sponge in it.

As a matter of fact, the one is intended to be a back view of a peacock, and the other to be some sort of fountain, but they certainly are more like the objects mentioned by the critic. In the *Spectator* of December 15th Mr Wilde attempts to show that it does not matter what the details of a design suggest—peacocks, jumbies, splashing fountains of gold water or Indian clubs and chimney-pot hits—it is a matter of indifference, and has nothing to do with the aesthetic quality and value of the design, and this would have been true had Mr Wilde been speaking of fancies used in

repetition to produce a pattern. Almost any form may be used for this purpose, and a good result obtained, but the peacock and the fountain or the club and chimney-pot hit, are objects separate from the pattern on the cover. They are independent figures standing by themselves and are emphasized by being in gold. Under such circumstances it matters very considerably what the form may be, though if the form be beautiful the object it represents may be a matter of indifference.

But clever as Mr Wilde may be it will puzzle him to discover a single beautiful line or form about this dispirited portion of his design.

The drawings by Mr Ricketts which embellish but hardly illustrate the stories, have a good deal of that interest which attaches to his work generally. For such small illustrations they are *petit* drawn in rather too coarse a line. But Mr Ricketts evidently admires and follows the old German and Indian line drawings and there is no doubt about their admirable simplicity. But the coarser lines of the old engravings were due to the necessary coarseness of the execution and materials and not of the idea.

The work had to obey the limits of tools and thus

working within imposed limits produces what we understand as style. We do not care to discuss the question whether a modern artist should impose on himself limits imposed by the old masters, but not necessary to a living artist depicts such matters for himself. Personally we prefer Mr Ricketts when he works with a finer line. But whatever the thickness of his line his pen work is always interesting and never commonplace.

As to the drawings by Mr Shannon we cannot say anything because we cannot see anything. We can only suppose that Mr Wilde is ashamed of them but having committed them felt bound to use them. They are printed on separate pages but



THE FINDERMAN AND HIS SOUL

(From "The House of Concremation," Design by C. R. Ricketts.)

* "The House of Concremation." By Oscar Wilde. (Good Methuen and Co. London.)

in so faint a tone that it is a simple affection to have printed them at all. If it is purposely done to



"A DISGUISED SURPRISE."

(From "Crainford" Drawn by H. J. Thos. and J.)

prevent the coming of imitation in the artist's work, it is perfectly senseless.

"Crainford" is a little "Crainford" the look over which our fathers and mothers smiled and wept is little more than a name to the younger generation. It was a happy thought of Misses. Mr. Millin to put the book into the hands of Mr. Hugh Thompson for illustration and this new edition should give it a new life. Everyone who has read either the charming circles of the quaint society so sympathetically depicted in "Crainford" has a real affection for its members and it is curious to note how everyone seems to have known the delightful people and usually lost it to the story for him or herself upon that way or village lived in or known in early life. Mr. Thompson's illustrations are a pleasing addition to the book. It is a very difficult matter to do the relative merit of different works. But if it is one of the best work Mr. Thompson has produced. His certainly did no thing better than "Crainford" his "Year of Waken II" but "Crainford" is more so. The reproductions are of a high quality in their reproduction of the author's character is also better than the people.

"The Book" by Mrs. J. J. (From an article in the "Book")

of the story the ladies are more ladylike, and the pretty people are prettier. We give a couple of examples of the illustrations not the best ones by any means—when all are so good it is difficult to find a best—but simply to show the quality of the rendering in the artist's work.

As with all stories of which the period is not definitely settled by the author, there will be diversity of feeling as to just what time is intended and consequently what costumes were in vogue. Is the costume too late or should it be later? There will certainly be a division of opinion on this subject among the wise ones on the question of costume. This is certain. Mr. Thompson has not confined it really to one period. The costume is very mixed and does not properly belong to any one definite time. But then the artist may plead justification. The dresses did not change with the fashion in Crainford but lingered on so that the last got the first tight scanty petticoat in wear in England was seen in Crainford, and seen without a smile. Costume in the villages must certainly have been mixed. But the least attractive feature of this new edition is the delightful sympathetic prefaced by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

Cats have never been a favorite subject with the painter. Dogs and horses, even lions and tigers have had their artistic devotees and many of them



"MR. JARVIS ON ONE SIDE AND MY LADY MRS. HOGGINS ON THE OTHER."

(From "Crainford" Drawn by H. J. Thos. and J.)

but poor puss has been left very much out in the cold. This has been no doubt owing to the diffi-

made him a baronet, but he feared to slight the minority of the great Sir Joshua.

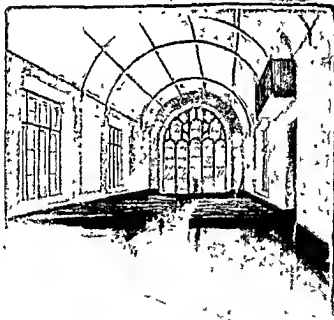
Natural beauties have very little to do with the formation of the artistic genius of those born in their midst. Leggy London produces more than her share of great artists. Turner's eyes opened in the dingy light of Maiden Lane and Hogarth in the parish of St. Martins, and of living artists to mention only two of many Mr. J. C. Hook R.A. was born in Clerkenwell and Mr. Holman Hunt in Wood Street, Ch. up side. On the other hand the stupendous grandeur of the Alps whose every grip yawns with tradition has given the Swiss only the sudden cuckoo with difficulty restrained in its box. But the beautiful neighbourhood of Plymouth a centre of tranquil pastoral beauty with its fair valleys of the Tavy the Tamar, and the Plym and the broad smiling surface of the sheltered Sound, has been not unfruitful in painters. Launceston Haydon was Plymouth born and, later, the useful Solomon Hart, Professor of Painting at Burlington House. Reynolds was not only a Devonian but

owed most of his fortune, in art and in the world to Devon as will be shown.

Sir Joshua was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds who was headmaster of the Plympton Grammar School—not incumbent of the living—and it was in his father's school Sir Joshua obtained his education. The school-house was a not unimportant structure, for Plympton—a quiet little spot

four miles from Plymouth—has seen busier days. Under the school house was a play yard, supported by pillars and a drawing of this colonnade proves Reynolds's early study of perspective and helped to decide his father, who was aided by a knowledge of

the excellent living which Thomas Hudson a Devonshire portrait painter of the day was making in London to allow his son to become a painter. In this Thomas Hudson it was—his sister pushing and denying herself to find £60 half the premium the first having to be worked out—that in 1740 Reynolds was apprenticed. In two years Reynolds was home again



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PLYMPTON

(Engraved by G. F. H.)

Maybe the master was jealous of the pupil, maybe Joshua refused to carry a cane through the rainy streets angered him. For two years Reynolds lived at the Dock as Devonport was then most often called and painted all the local notables. But even now we have moved so rapidly it was Dick Edgumbe

of the Devonian Mount Edgumbe family, who when Joshua was but thirteen got him to paint his first portrait of Thomas Smart of Miker, and it was a Lord Mount Edgumbe who gave him his eventful introduction to Captain Keppel and extended patronage.

to live in London in his earlier and madder days. In 1746 Samuel Jernolds, with patient and profound religious man, passing such on forty pounds a year," as Joshua's friend subsequently put it, summoned his son home to hear his last words.

Twelve months afterwards Joshua had settled

Venetian Titians, which inspired his colour that Sir Joshua had been knighted five years earlier—he became Mayor of Plympton. When asked to send his portrait to the Life Gallery, he wrote "Vae non oppidi natalis diei Plympton comitatu Devon prefectus, justitiam morum Censor on the back of it. When George III congratulated him on his majority, Sir Joshua bluntly told the king it was the honour he valued most of all—an uncourtier-like remark he did something to modify by adding, except that counsel on in his own Majesty. To the Mayor and Corporation of Plympton Sir Joshua presented his portrait painted by himself, but the worthy provincial or the successors finding to their astonishment people existed unwary enough to give money for the lot of curves converted it into cash.

In 1755 Jernolds took up his permanent residence in London. Five years later the great portrait painter of lovely children and beautiful women of Kitty Fisher, Mrs. Johnson, Fanny Kemble, Johnson, Steane, Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Mrs. Siddons—portraits which as Chesneau rightly says are before all things pictures added early lustre to his fame by joining the beautiful sisters Gunning. The coach with the four seats was painted on the panels the six sitters a day and £6,000 a year quickly followed. In 1762 Jernolds exhibited at the Incorporated Society of Artists, but that the first regular exhibiting body was soon rent in twain over the question—just as trouble some to day—of the Hanging Committee.

Sir Joshua appears to have discreetly refused to take sides, but when the main body of the "junt" as then opponents called them developed into the Royal Academy in 1768, indeed it was said by the promise of knighthood he threw in his lot with the new institution and became its first President in Dalton's Auction Rooms, Pall Mall. Four months before Sir Joshua's death Sir Godfrey Kneller, last of the foreign court painters died. Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law and executor of St. Paul's, had succeeded him. Hogarth, Father of the English school was then six and twenty. The cool Hogarth finished burst instantly into golden flower for Reynolds worked side by side with Gainsborough and Romney and Wilson and Turner was a painter of seventeen when



THE TOWN HALL, PLYMPTON

(Drawn by G. F. H. P.)

against him, and I was greatly interested by the councils of a Jacobite artist, one William Cundy, son of a pupil of Van Dyck, to whom are due some of his riches, of colour and some of his unfortunate selectness of judgment—which may even Walpole in his disavowal for the permanent use of the masters' work. It was at Devonport that the young painter accepted the hospitality of the only frequently glorious vessel bearing a name ever to be honoured in our naval history for his long-cherished-of paradise of Italy. It was while studying the Roman influences which at first disappointed him the Michelangelo which it was rather less effective in chiefly to adorn the Correggios which gave him his grace and the

Sir Joshua died. But British art passed through a turbulent youth: a glance at the old paintings will show—especially those by 1 best Strange who accused Moore of practically stealing the Masters and other properties from the St. Martin Lane Academy. Strange himself was tall he was tall enough to be allowed speech having described the subject of our future as a "She-bow Defending her Young" and mother as "Neptune Attending his Tridents."

Reynolds was before all things a man of intellect. He himself thought that had he been a doctor he could have attained to the same fame as that he had won as painter. After intellect came a magnificent colour sense and a power of reproducing what was best in many Italian oil masters. It has been alleged that in his celebrated "Addresses" he was aided because in days when orthography was a matter of private judgment his spelling was various and because with Johnson, Sterne, Colman, and Burke to select from the temptation to employ a ghost was great. But we find too much of Pegasus in these lectures to believe that. They were smooth so intelligent so polished so intensely modern that Sir Frederick Leighton might almost as well deliver any one of them to-day as his own. But in the manner of delivery there would indeed be a difference. Sir Joshua had injured his upper lip in Minerva's contrived darkness in Florence and almost disastrously availed the orator. In 1790 the result of a double quartet about the election of Parnassus his *prolog* Sir Joshua resigned

both the presidency and his chair. There were such calks and the Academy were so very illiberal, but he exhibited—for the first time—that year, and at the Kings desire reassumed office.

Of all his Addresses the fourth tells us most of his theory. Here in characteristic sentences Apollonius was low time and of man appearance none of these defects ought to appear in a picture of which he is here.

The great end of art is to steal the image with it. The painter therefore is to make no ostentation of the means by which this is done. What would he have said of the masterly dexterity the man well as technique of today? And then

It is the manner style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him (the historical painter) the clothing is neither woolen nor linen nor silk satin or velvet—it is drapery, it is nothing more.

His last address concludes thus: "I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michel Angelo. Then Burke stepping up gave Reynolds his

hand as he descended from the rostrum exclaiming—

The angel ended in my ears
So charming left a voice that he will be
Though he is still speaking and still fixes to his ear

Of no English master can it so truly be said as of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he long dead his left wrist so sympathetically tentative to our eye that we pause as we admire and feel that its creator must be still a living fellow man. I J S



TOUR OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAULS.

(Drawn by J. A. E. the Down J.)

have been admirably executed by Messrs Elkington but their artistic merit of design is very unequal. The upper compartment of the brass records the T. Hamilton origin of the artist—to which medal his name bears witness—the lower one shows him at work up in a bust, while in the middle the legend suggested by the Queen is inscribed: "Died at his work." The lower part of this panel it must be said is designed as a petril in the quite lacking in the dignity which should distinguish it. It is not thus that a brass should be designed. The tablet is superior in a richly decorative manner the arms of the deceased baronet. The brasses it shall be added are elaborately engraved and well enamelled in heraldic colours.

A remarkable instance of the goldsmiths and jewellers arts is the Loving Cup recently presented to the Cardiff municipal by the Marquis of Bute on the expiration of his term of the magistracy of that town. The figures of

this important work were modelled by Mr Birnie Lindsay of Edinburgh and the whole was carried out by Messrs. Creighton and Co. of George Street in the same city. The cup stands thirty-two inches high; it is silver gilt, decorated with gilt shields and profusely jewelled with diamonds, sapphires, amethysts, rubies and other stones. The dominating figure represents Cardiff wearing a mural crown in diamonds, the hands face and feet being in flesh colour, the right foot resting on a block of coal and the left hand grasping a mallet. Seated at her feet among enamelled water lilies is Silenus, the nymph of the Severn, the flesh portions also coloured. The three figures in the base personify the rivers Taff, Lly and Rhymney, each of them holding an emblematic urn for river gods, out of which flows a stream of water in rock crystal. Around the stem of the cup coils

the Red Dragon of Wales, studded with carbuncles, the claws are set with diamonds and the eyes are



PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO LIEUTENANT HAMILTON & C.

(By C. B. Birch A.R.A.)



MEMORIAL BRASS TO SIR J. EDGAR BOEHM & C. IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PALLS

(Designed & Executed by Messrs. Elkington)



LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO CARDIFF BY THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

(Designed & Executed by Messrs. Creighton and Co. Ltd. & Co.)

of emeralds. The cup in style Italian is well seen
 lions on one side a shield displaying the Cardiff
 arms those of the Marquis of Bute being enwreathed



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW

(P. Prof. Herts. or P.A. Presently presented to
 St. Dunstons & Herts. coll.)

upon the other. The
 handles are
 modelled in
 the Floren-
 tine style
 with two
 caryatides
 from which
 are hanging
 large drop
 amethysts.
 It is rare
 that so am-
 bitious a
 work is pro-
 duced and
 it is inter-
 esting to
 learn that
 none but
 Edinburgh
 hands have
 touched the
 cup from
 beginning
 to the end

The Matthew Arnold unveiled in the Poets' Corner
 in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of Mr. A.
 Bruce Joy and is strikingly successful both artistic-
 ally and in point of resemblance. We would point
 out that our reproduction has not been made from
 the last direct int. from the original clay when it
 had not yet quite
 reached comple-
 tion. But what
 it loses in finish
 the sketch gains
 greatly in robust-
 ness and in point
 of fact shows the
 artist at his best.

In these days
 when the wedding
 of art and spirit
 usually brings
 forth an abomi-
 nation of common-
 place design or
 idea it is refresh-
 ing to turn to
 the spirited silver
 group by Mr.
 Adrian Jones which has been so much discussed as
 the Odechy Testimonial.

To the death of the late Mr. Robertson L.W.S.
 we refer to our last number.



MATTHEW ARNOLD

(By A. Bruce Joy for the coll.
 Westminster Abbey)

in respect to design, modelling and execution.

Through the courtesy of the authorities of St.
 Bartholomew's Hospital and of the artist we are
 enabled to reproduce the portrait of Sir Sydney
 Waterlow which a few weeks since was presented
 to the aforesaid institution in memory of the many

and long con-
 tinued services
 rendered to it by
 the distinguished
 sitter. The pic-
 ture which was
 officially un-
 veiled by the
 Prince of Wales
 with a certain
 amount of cere-
 mony is the work
 of Professor Her-
 bert P.A. and



THE LATE CHAR. ROBERT
 B.N. P.W.S.

must be counted among his happiest like-
 nesses and his most vigorous paintings.

Another memorial—dedicated to its
 purpose with still more official formality,
 and certainly with much more impressive
 surroundings—was the marble bust of the



THE OAKLEY TESTIMONIAL

(P.A. & J. Co.)

ART IN JANUARY

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S ADDRESS.

Last Prize-day, being Gold Medal year and, more over, solemn by reason of its being the anniversary of the establishment of the Royal Academy, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON resumed the series of his discourses, which tradition exacts shall be delivered every two years. It must be admitted that it is on such occasions as these that the "Admirable Crichton" of the Academy appears at his best. His learning and research, his command of language and expression, his clearness of insight into his subject, and his lucidity of demonstration to his youthful audience are embellished and not veiled by that rather high flown literary quality which sometimes sounds a little strained when embroidered on to after-dinner oratory. Continuing the cycle of his historical "inquiries" into the art of Europe, he came to that of France, and seeking there its highest form of expression, found it in its architecture. To that, therefore, he addressed himself, seeking first to discover the influences—topographical, atmospheric, political, and communal—which go to make up that extraordinary but delightful psychological compound known as the French mind. It was remarkable to find a painter so thoroughly imbued with his somewhat foreign subject, evidently charmed with that novelty he charged the French with over fondness for, but yet with a thorough knowledge of it in all its logical development. He traced the growth of Gothic, and the absorption of Italian Renaissance, into the art life of the people, and only stopped with a withering reference to the Rococo which disfigures to this day so many a 'home of taste' in England and on the Continent alike. We might venture to doubt the accuracy of one or two of his dates, and the nationality of an architect he branded as an Italian, but with the whole substance of the paper none could be otherwise than charmed and impressed, more particularly with his eloquent appeal to the student to regard the Gothic order with the reverence due to it, but not to seek to apply its medieval beauties to the architecture of to-day, nor to fancy that because it was the outcome of the demands of one age, it can therefore comply with the requirements and stern necessities of another.

• THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS, 1901

Having referred to the President's address, we must turn for a moment to the students' work, of the most important of which we shall next month publish reproductions. To Mr PERCIVAL were awarded the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for the historical painting ('Victory'), but a Mention was adjudged to Mr MOIRA for a more painter-like picture, though less satisfactory as a school piece. The Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£20) were won by Mr F. I. MACKENZIE. The Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) in Sculpture ("Jacob Wrestling with the Angel") were gained by Mr PAUL BAIHAEL MONTFORD, a young man of extraordinary promise of whom we propose to give some account in our next number. He achieved on this occasion the unprecedented feat of securing no fewer than six important prizes

in two departments of art—(1) the Sculpture Studentship already referred to, (2) the First Arrivage Prize and Bronze Medal for a design in monochrome for a figure picture, (3) a design for the decoration of a public building, (4) a set of three models from life (second prize), (5) a model of a design (1st), and (6) the Landseer Scholarship in Sculpture. Total, two medals and £240 in money. The Silver Medal and Prize for a cartoon of a draped figure were carried off by Mr HORWITZ, the same for six drawings from the life, by Mr G. S. WATSON, the same for three models from life by Mr LUTCHESON who also won the First Prize for the model of "Joy." The Architectural Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship were awarded to Mr A. H. HART. Altogether forty-two prizes (to the money value of £1,200) were won by twenty-two students—fifteen male and seven female.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.

In the course of the proceedings in 'Oshorne & Harcourt's' the action for slander recently heard, Mr Justice DUNNAN expressed his disapproval, with curious anxiety, of the growing practice indulged in by members of the Junior Bar of making sketches of parties and witnesses in *court d'elles*. The skill and practice of Mr LOCKWOOD Q.C., "Stuff Governorman," of the late Vice-Chancellor's Bench and others in this direction have for some time been matters of common repute in legal circles so that the 'innuendo' to which the judge's remarks were addressed have a sufficient precedent for their offence. It will be noted, however, that Mr Justice DUNNAN refused equally to members of the Bar so that it would appear that non-legal sketchers of forensic life, amusee or otherwise are not included in the judicial anathema.

With respect to the action of the Parisian police against the obscenity of certain 'artistic' journals to which we referred a couple of months ago we have now to record that the manager and acting editor of the *Cervin Français* have both been fined and sent to goal whilst the dangerous man of the offending picture only escaped through a legal loophole. Nine convictions in as many months must shortly have a healthy effect upon those who while willing to kneel for gain before the altar of the Goddess Lubricity, have no mind to let office slip as a sacrifice.

AN 'ESTHETIC' SOCIETY OF THE ROSY + CROSS.

The foundation in Paris of an order styling itself 'La Rose + Croix du Temple' may in spite of its more childish features, have considerable effect in the rising school of art of that city. The attempt to establish a society of art the Rosierians have doubtless some arguments for the emblems which live to play at Jesuitry and mysticism and grail-like, to 'have a secret.' Like the Pre-Phœbe Brotherhood, the Society aims at artistic reform. As the Brotherhood was a protest against the mania, conventions, and generalisations of the day and bravely broke in carrying out its tenets of "sincerity," so the new

Powerful exist to proclaim by the work of their hand against the triumph of her work and the excess of realism. To them technique or excellence of execution is no longer paramount, religious fervour and the "Beautiful" are what they care for. Portraits of all famous persons will be rigidly excluded from their exhibitions, and only the legends of religion and of life are eligible. It will be the Apotheosis of the Pretty—a demonstration against the Fallen Archangel Courtesan. This position would be a perfectly reasonable one to take up if the votaries of the new cult were unaffectedly earnest and sincere. But when we find that only five out of all the rules and regulations are at first made public and when the moving spirits style themselves Sir (the President) and the Trinity, Sir, Lady and Samas we naturally stop to inquire what this masquerade may mean. We are far from desiring to pry into the secrets that amuse them. Indeed we should not have referred to them were it not for the eminent artists who are said to be among the chosen few of the elect. When we find Messrs. CHARLES CAZIN, KINOFF, BLANCHÉ, O. MEYER, and that richly gifted artist LUC OLIVIER MASON allied together with several others to suppress so far as they are concerned the portraits of all but hand some persons, all pictures of religious ugliness and still life in all forms (together with pictures however beautiful and religious from a female hand) we may be sure that something must come of it. If they will but determine a standard of the Beautiful in the service of which they are mysteriously linked, they will have established their claim to immortality. We are fanatics, they declare. To infuse into contemporary art and especially into æsthetic culture the theocratic essence is the new law along which we advance. To overthrow the fetish of fine execution to stamp out the dictationism of methods, to subordinate the Arts to Art—that is to say to return to aiming at the ideal as the sole end of artistic effort whether architectural, pictorial or plastic—that is our cult. An interesting regulation of the new society is that a new member must have two supporters, who, if he does aught in his artistic career contrary to this search after and devotion to the ideal will be forthwith turned out along with him. An exhibition is to be held by the Society in the Galerie Durand Rue on the 10th of March of this year, when the world will see how much importance belongs to the new movement, and how far, if at all, it can stem the flow of the present tide.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

From an artistic point of view the New Gallery series of historical exhibitions, which now concludes with that illustrating the first three quarters of her Majesty's gracious reign, is interesting chiefly because of the magnificent display it has given us of the work of the great portrait painters. What Holbein and Sir A. More were to the Tudor period Sir Anthony Vandeyck, Rubens, and Sir Peter Lely to the Stuart, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, Hoppner, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Sir Henry Raeburn and Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Georgian that to our own are Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Sir John Millais, Mr. Ouseley, Mr. Herkomer and the late Frank Holl. The Watts portraits in themselves form a most important exhibition—each one a picture, by a master, each a revelation of character by a profound student of men. Amongst them we find Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Anthony Panizza and Carlyle. His Matthew Arnold and Rossetti stand for Romance and Intellect in poetry. His portrait of Mrs.

John Cameron shows the Pre-Raphaelite influence and Mrs. Panizza might almost have been painted by Rossetti. Sir John Millais is ably represented by his scrupulous Cardinal Newman, by John Bright, and Berconfield, for which last the final sittings were robbed him by death. A little portrait of the late Charles Keene by Sir George F. Reid is a great work, as has been recognised by the readers of this Magazine. Mr. WATKINS' famous Carlyle is in his long. The painted records of the private life, of semi-public and state history of the reigning family mostly teach us that a period of commonplace taste in fashion and furniture finds its too faithful mirror in art.

An interesting collection of bronzes has been drawing considerable attention to the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street. Many of these are very modern Russian little groups of figures representing various phases of monk and Tatar life wrought with affectionate detail and full of an odd veracity which makes them exceedingly instructive to the student of comparative national customs and manners. At the same time it must be admitted that these are hardly the qualities we most desire in statuary, however minute. It is before all things, the art of noble reticence not of insistent detail and these little things with all their fascination of vivid realism and spontaneity, their comic and pathetic touches such as are conveyed in the ribbed eloquence of some of the Romanians the Cossack troopers' busts, and their educational value as to the make of Muscovite farm carts, highwaymen's firearms, market women's costumes, and other interesting matters, strike us only as they struck us two years or more ago at Messrs. Pellmar and Ivey's—that is to say, as being a glorified form of the skull which gives us those quaint little figures carved by the Swiss in wood, and not as approximating in artistic feeling the dwarf bronzes and wares of Japan. But the Goupil Gallery offers other attractions. There are reproductions in miniature of some of the masterpieces of FREMIET, especially his "Jeanne d'Arc." Fremiet's megalithic statues have a wonderful grace and feeling of élan about them, but he has rather a passion for making the heavy warrior approximate the modern thoroughbred and he lacks the massive romance of Marcochet. Puerile Baryes are dotted about—little horse boys, tigers, and leopards of a few inches stature, which absolutely leave nothing to be told of the undisciplined dignity, nature, and tragically puissant muscularity of these mighty cats. Mr. J. M. Swan's "Young Himalayan Tiger" shows how nearly the great English animaler gets to the French master whom he worships. "The Sultan," by Sir FERDINAND LIGON, and evidences of Mr. HANO THORNTON and Mr. OSWOLD GORD, all demonstrate the light we have to rejoice in the renaissance—or is it nascent—of English sculpture.

Mr. A. W. WEDON would probably describe himself as of the Coxon school, but his new development in the direction of golden brown colouring as displayed in his County of Kent drawings at the Society of Arts Galleries shows the strong influence of De Wint. Some of these drawings are very beautiful especially "Richborough Evening"—a broad and open landscape a shining river winding through a plain, with a beautiful effect of tranquil, mellow golden light. In some other drawings we find, the artists widening popularity has been conducive to speed rather than quality. In an adjoining room it will be found that Mrs. HEATHCOTE has had the graceful fancy to illustrate Shelley's Italian travels, sitting felicitously each drawing with a quotation from her bard.

Mr JOHN COLIN FOLLEN, of the Royal Canadian Academy—an institution which is a monument to the days when the Princess Louise was a vice-queen—has painted an effective portrait of Mr Gladstone for the Canadian Liberals to present to the National Liberal Club. It is on view at Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall. The right hon gentleman stands erect by a table in his study, dressed in frock coat and trousers of a warm grey, white waistcoat and loose, blue bow cravat. The attitude is good and truthful, half oratorical, as though clenching an argument the index finger (which in the interests of truth we must state he does not possess) of the half extended right hand pointing down to emphasise some proven statement. There are character and truth in the face—which seems a little too broad and unrefined—and vigour in the alert figure.

Mr WILFRED BALL has the happiest sense of red and grey, and his "Impressions" of Nuremberg, with its red tiles and sullen skies, shown at the Rembrandt Head in Vigo Street, proved that he has known where to go for subjects. There is no peculiar subtlety in Mr Ball's work, and it always lacks distance, whilst one drawing is very much like another. To come suddenly upon one of his sketches is often delightful, but he does himself an injustice in attempting a "one man show."

Mr W W MAY, R.I. produces with a pleasing facility unambitious drawings of sea and shore, and has a knack of dealing with slapping subjects with not less than the usual accuracy. A year or so ago he visited Madeira and saw Funchal bright and clear in saffron and cobalt. This summer he has indulged himself in one of those much advertised public steam yacht trips to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and at Messrs. Buck and Reid's, in Bond Street it can be seen in a little sort of drawings how agreeable the scenery, ships, and tenderer and more sympathetic atmosphere of Norway impressed him.

REVIEWS.

All lovers of 'the great George Cruikshank's' work and all students of what we may call political as well as social art of the beginning of the century, will welcome the beautiful form in which Mr Nimmo has issued "*The Cruikshankian Mosaic by the three Cruikshanks, Isaac Robert, and the Great George*." This collection of many of the best and rarest of the broadsides and song heads executed by the father and his two sons is, on the whole, an excellent selection—formed we suspect, by Mr JOSEPH GREY—of the earliest work of George in the department of humorous and sentimental caricature. The songs, consisting of verses by Dibdin, Colman, and others, were embellished by copper plate etchings coloured by hand, and these, to the number of fifty two, have been reproduced on a reduced scale, but coloured like the originals in admirable facsimile. It could be wished that the collection of these varieties were more complete—as it might easily have been made—and that the authorship ascribed was invariably accurate. The one fault of the volume is the absence of any introduction or explanatory notes. The readers might then have been told how what are here given as the joint efforts of Isaac and his son George are in reality the entire design of the former for the most part, executed with only the slight assistance of the latter—such as the background, maybe, or perhaps only the lettering. They might have learned that in the spirited song head of "Irish Hospitality" and in "Sound Philosophy" the two chief figures are those of Messrs. Laurie and Whittle, the publishers of most of the song heads of this sort at the time and for a good many

years after. And they might have been informed that the tail pieces, which correspond in subject with the chief illustrations, are drawn from Dibdin's sea songs, Grimm, the "Universal Songster," "My Sketchbook," "Jack Sheppard," "The Points of Hamour," the "Almanac," and other masterpieces of Cruikshankian achievements both in wood drawing and etching. The probabilities, too, might have been discussed as to the correctness of several of the ascriptions. But for many the abstention from "editing" will perhaps be an advantage for here we have the Cruikshanks unadulterated, printed and published as they probably never dared to dream or hope for, and without the intervention of the "traitor" annotator.

The artists of England owe a debt of gratitude to Mr ANDERSON, the new Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, for his introduction to them of the translation of ERNST BRUCKER'S work on "*The Human Figure its Beauties and Defects*" (H. Grevel and Co). It is some thing of a novelty in these days of realism on the one hand, and impressionism on the other, to come across a professor who has the boldness to assert that there is a beauty of the human figure which is apart from any mere copying, however accurate, of the human model, that human models have defects which are not to be repudiated, that it is the duty of an artist to cultivate his natural perception of beauty of line and surface, and to study in a regular, comparative method the best examples in nature and art, and that only by the combination of these two factors is it possible for anyone to become competent to form a sound judgment on the beauty or defects of the figure in art. It is surely "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" that there is an ideal beauty for artists to aim at. We have forgotten it, we have denied it, until the power to perceive beauty has almost disappeared from our mind. We have said that the only beauty desirable was the beauty of the method by which any ugliness was painted. We have concerned ourselves so long with the more photographic details that to copy ugliness truthfully has been everything to us and beauty of form nothing. This little book is all through a protest against the scientific critic whose only demand is for truth, and unintentionally, is an earnest appeal to the artist to study the figure from a standpoint higher than the scientific and it not only makes this demand on him but it shows him the way. Professor Brucker takes the figure part by part, and shows by comparison its possible beauties and defects. He holds that, just as lovers of the horse know his "points" his beauties and defects, so the figure-painter should know the points of the human figure, and instead of becoming the slave of his imperfect model should himself be able to recognise and correct its faults.

Cats have been a good deal to the fore lately. The last contribution to feline literature is Mrs. GRAMIE TOWNSON'S graceful little anthology "*Concerning Cats*" (T. Fisher Unwin), prettily though unpretendingly illustrated by Mr ARTHUR TOWNSON. In this little volume a selection is made of what many of our poets, as well as those of France, have sung of the cat—the latter being 'too excellent to leave out, too subtle to translate.' Mr Townson's contributions are some capital sketches of cats, distinctly impressionist, and decorative in feeling, full of truthful observation, and reminiscent now of Mordaunt's work, now of the Japanese. We must also draw attention to "*Peter, a Cat o'-one Tail*" (Pall Mall Gazette Office), an amusing sketch by Mr CHARLES MORLEY, with many illustrations by Mr LOUIS WAIN, and to "*Catona-net us!*" edited by its illustrator, Mr W T IVYSON, the engraver, and nominally

written by Miss HETTY BROWN, a young lady of colour. So the sumptuous work on "*Hennette Rouen*" we infer in the body of this number of the Magazine.

It is rather late in the day to welcome "I C atque f *Painters of the English School*" (Sampson Low and Co.), by the late RICHARD REDDAVE, C.B., F.R.A., and SAMUEL REDDAVE, of which a second edition, "striking and continued to the present time," has recently been issued. This republication of an admirable work is a genuine service to the art student, while the suppression of many of the more technical criticisms renders the book available to many to whom before it was inaccessible. That the work has suffered so little from its enticement is evidence that in a treatise of this sort the artist is not the best critic—the author being undecided as to whether he should address himself to the public or should lecture artists on his vehicles and varnishes, glazes and semuldings. As a matter of fact, this edition appeals rather to the student and the general reader than to the artist, while gaining in its more readable qualities. To a few points in the book we would take exception. Writing in praise of the academic system, the authors say that it "was established in the great Italian cities, where art flourished, but would it not be truer to write, 'where art showed signs of decay.' They say, in effect, that the *atelier* system produced worthy pupils, but the academic system gave rise to worthless masters. How, then, do they account for Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson in England?—for we are entitled to maintain that Shipley's "teach my" mottoed for little or nothing. Again it is suggested that the portrait painters of the day could not paint hands and draperies, but surely the existence of drapery and background painters was wholly due not to the incapacity of the chiefs, but to their indisposition to employ their time on accessories while they could more profitably spend it, according to the custom of the day, upon heads. The authors, referring to the Royal Academy and its working, make two errors—for so they must be considered, as the work is brought up to the present time. It is said that the Associates have no share in the government of the Academy, and that then number is unlimited. To say that Wale is remembered only as a book-illustrator is as unjust as is the commentary on Hoppner while the praise awarded to Samuel Palmer strikes us as somewhat fulsome, having in view the fact that at one period Palmer was really a copyist—and that a rather vulgar one—of Turner's richer glazes. Of absolute mistakes there are a few, which should be corrected. On page 370 Lucretius is said to be the first President of the Society of British Artists—that is to say, in 1831, while on page 411 we are told that Henry IV. occupied the self-same position in 1814. Proper distinction is not drawn between the two Princes father in law. The great Eddy pictures are not in the Royal Scottish Academy, but in the National Gallery of Scotland. Several blunders too, occur in the chapter on the Pre-Raphaelites. The *Germ* was a monthly, not a weekly, magazine; Seidow was not a P.R.E., Holman Hunt, "who has gained eminence," has certainly not "more or less ignored the early principles of the Brotherhood," Inchbold was not an original "brother," nor was his work writing in atmosphere. These are the chief, and we believe, the whole of the errors of this book, and if we have drawn particular attention to them it is because this work, so full of fact, so admirably written, so excellent in taste, and dealing so intelligently with a vast and rather unwieldy mass of material, might easily be made faultless. Indeed, as it stands, it is indispensable to the art student and highly valuable in the general reader.

The continuous improvement which has marked the progress of "*The Art Annual*" since its foundation is this year fully maintained. The art of the twelvemonth is better treated than heretofore, being almost free from such typographical errors as previously disfigured it. As it stands it is a work which no one who takes an interest in his own time can afford to be without.

NOTICES

Mr. PETER CLARKE, C.B., who was recently appointed to the Keepership of the South Kensington Museum, has been promoted to the Assistant Directorship.

The Fitzroy Picture Society has come to the support of the Art for Schools Association, and is issuing a series of well coloured but cheap Biblical pictures. These are designed by such skilful draughtsmen as Mr. HERWOOD SIMPSON, Mr. WOOD, Mr. SELWYN SMITH, and Mr. HERBERT P. HOVE.

The princely gift of the *Duc d'Anjou* to the French Academy of Fine Arts of the forty miniatures by JEAN TOULOUSE, painted to illustrate Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, must be recorded here. These miniatures, which he said to have cost the Duke £12,000, are among the masterpieces by Louis XI's court painter.

The movement of true aestheticism has broken out in a new place. A non-commercial firm—that is to say, one to which artistic and executive excellence is the first, and gain but the second consideration—has been established by Mr. BEAUMONT PLUMFIELD, Mr. STEPHEN WEIR, Mr. LETHBRIDGE, and others, under the name of "Kenton and Co.," for the manufacture of well-designed furniture.

The proposal of the French Minister of Fine Arts, which we recently reported, that the offices of the State Museums and Galleries should be filled by laying a charge on visitors, has been rejected by the Budget Committee, who recommend that, for the purpose required, an annual Parliamentary grant should be made to the amount of £20,000. This recommendation requires ratification.

We recently printed a list of the portraits of the late JOHN BURNET, numbering in all thirteen. Mr. A. BRUCE JOY writes to say that we omitted to mention the successful statue and bust by himself, while Mr. STEVENSON reminds us of his work, a bust, at the Reform Club, London. We are glad to acknowledge these omissions, but we did not wish it to be considered that our list pretended to be complete.

A statue to the memory of LOUIS GALLAT is to be erected at Tourmy, the commission is in the hands of M. CHARLIER. Another to HILLOT is commissioned by the municipality of Bientem. The reproach that no artist in England has ever been thought worthy of a public statue is about to be removed by the Corporation of Milton Keynes, who are proposing to set up such a memorial to their eminent townsman HENRY.

In the summer of 1860 M. PAILLET was commissioned by the French Government to visit England and draw up a report on the state of the arts in this country, and more particularly on the relation of Art and the State. The result is a very intelligent document. In the course of it, however, appears a statement likely to astonish his readers. It is coolly stated that the number of pictures at Hampton Court amounts to a million! There is here an error of 999,000 canvases or thereabouts.

Our obituary notices were held over till next month.

written by Miss HELEN FROST, a young lady of colour. In the sumptuous work on "*Henriette Reims*" we enter in the body of this number of the Magazine.

It is rather late in the day to whom "*A Century of Painters of the English School*" (Sampson Low and Co.), by the late RICHARD BARNARD, C.F., R.A., and SAMUEL REYNOLDS, of which a second edition, "enlarged and continued to the present time," has recently been issued. This republication of an admirable work is a genuine service to the art student, while the suppression of many of the more technical criticisms renders the book available to many to whom before it was inaccessible. That the work has suffered so little from its entailment is evidence that in a treatise of this sort the artist is not the best critic—the author being undecided as to whether he should address himself to the public, or should lecture artists on his vehicles and varnishes, glazes and scumbleings. As a matter of fact, this edition appeals rather to the student and the general reader than to the artist, while gaining in its more readable qualities. To a few points in the book we would take exception. Writing in praise of the academic system the authors say that it "was established in the great Italian cities, where art flourished," but would it not be truer to write "where art showed signs of decay"? They say, in effect, that the *atelier* system produced worthy pupils, but the academic system gave rise to worthless masters. How then do they account for Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, in England—for we are entitled to maintain that Hogarth's "Academy" counted for little or nothing. Again it is suggested that the portrait painters of the day could not paint hands and draperies, but surely the existence of drapery and background painters was wholly due, not to the impotency of the "chefs," but to their indisposition to employ their time on accessories while they could more profitably spend it, according to the custom of the day, upon heads. The authors, referring to the Royal Academy and its working, make two errors—for so they must be considered, as the work is brought up to the present time: it is true that the Associates have no share in the government of the Academy, and that their number is unlimited. To say that Wals is remembered only as a book-illustrator is as unjust as is the commentary on Hogarth, while the praise awarded to Samuel Palmer strikes us as somewhat fulsome, having in view the fact that at one period Palmer was really a copyist—and that a rather vulgar one—of Turner's sketches. Of the late mistakes there are a few, which should be corrected. On page 370 Roberts is said to be the *past* President of the Society of British Artists—that is to say, in 1837, while on page 414 we are told that Hemphry occupied the self-same position in 1814. Proper distinction is not drawn between the two Barnets, father and son. The great Pitt pictures are not in the Royal Scottish Academy, but in the National Gallery of Scotland. Several blunders, too, occur in the chapter on the *De Raphaëles*. The *Genie* was a monthly, not a weekly, magazine, and *Sidon* was not a P.R.B. Holman Hunt, "who has gained eminence," has certainly not more or less ignored the early principles of the Brotherhood. Inebbold was not an original "booster," nor was his work wanting in atmosphere. These are the chief, and, we believe, the whole of the errors of this book, and if we have drawn particular attention to them it is because this work, so full of fact, so admirably written, so excellent in taste, and dealing so intelligently with a vast and rather unwieldy mass of material, might easily be made faultless. Indeed, as it stands, it is indispensable to the art student and highly valuable to the general reader.

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THE WATERING PLACE.

The Ch. and Gen.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY CHARLES WHIFFA

THE winter exhibition at Burlington House is a triumph of English painting. The examples in the first and third galleries are of unequal pieces which envious it. An inapposite suggestion of Hellenism does not atone for the hot colour and speckled effect of this unfortunate experiment* and



MRS. THADDELL.

(G. B. 111, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100)

merit but all save one belong to the great school. The exception is F. Walker's *Sunny Thames*, which has been put to the supreme test and is found wanting. Sir John Millais once said in these days that this was the greatest of the Old Masters and James Melton's hand perchance may chasten the irritating crudity of Walker's canvas. But whatever fate the future has in store for it one point at least is certain: the *Sunny Thames* will not stand comparison with the other master

works which have been taken of Walker's talent it must be conceded that the honour put him this year will not enhance his reputation. When you turn from the new to the old you find much to interest and delight. Richard Wilson's *Clara Fells* is a superb example. Classical in the broadest sense it is as large in treatment and as harmonious in colour as any English painting will stand and

* We take the picture not as Walker's but as it has been worked upon by Mr. N. R. W. S.—THE EDITOR.

though less characteristic it has a more subtlety, a finer charm than *April* and the *Seasons*, which hangs kind ly. The strength and weakness of Turner have seldom been so conspicuously illustrated. A painter of extravagant talent he was not incapable of committing outrages upon his art in the name of originality and imagination. His faults have been glorified as virtues. If his vision narrow or his colour sense fail the indiscreet among his admirers proclaim that he has drawn with unparalleled precision or has conceived a harmony undreamt of before so that it has become the fashion to lavish indiscriminate praise upon whatever bears the name of Turner. Happily there are at least three canvases at Burlington House whose strength and beauty need the attestation of no signature. Lord Leconfield's *Sea Piece* is a noble and grandiose composition while the *View of Petworth* has a classic repose and elegance and yet your true Titianist minae will pass them both by as commonplace and reserve his ecstasy for the little *The water colourists* and the flimsy but Queen Adelaide. In *Cromwell's Woodland Scene* is a poor attempt to see nature through the eyes of Holbein while the two sketches of *Yarmouth* are as dimly and remote as any canvases in the gallery. Concerning the huge *Limiscope* now ascribed to Cimabue there is still a doubt. Once the credit was given to Crome and I know not on what evidence the name has been changed. But apart from all questions of authorship the work itself is well lit and precious in effect though the colour is some what hot and forced. Constable's imposing *Whitehall Stairs* is finer in passages than as a whole. Despite the beauty of the distance the canvas is too restless to hang together and I prefer the painter's simpler and braver effects. *W. J. Muller's*

Eel Bicks at Goring is at once an imitation of Constable's manner and a *tour de force*. It was painted at a single sitting and inscribed on the label are these words: "Left as a sketch for some fool to finish and ruin. Handled with an almost savage energy and go it is a frank piece of naturalism but it is not beautiful and its very strength is an element of irritation."

If evidence were needed of the mastery and grandeur of the early British portrait painters there is never a winter exhibition at the Academy that would not supply it. Year after year a serious demand is made upon the nation's stock of Reynolds, Gainsboroughs and Lonnneys and still their talent is unexhausted though it is needless to point out that like other distinguished artists, these too were creatures of mood. Their canvases in fact are not all masterpieces. Poyney especially has been injured by the clemency of

such as possess his works to exaggerate his talent. He has lately been the victim of an indiscreet advertisement which, even a century after his death, has imperilled his fame, but while fish n passes in a year, merit alone endures and prudence, succeeding enthusiasm will put Romney in his place again. His pictures of this year—save his best portrait of Mrs. Jordan so familiar in stipple—appear thin and miniature by the side of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua. Time has done its worst to the majority of the twelve canvases by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but the gracefulness of Mrs. Braddyll is still untouched, and there is an august severity in the full length portrait of Viscountess Lifford. In *The Death of Dido* he attempted the heroic style with the ill success which ever attends him who travels beyond his *modus*. If the colour of Gainsborough's Portrait of Mrs. Portman of Brynmor has suffered and change its large simplicity and the fine drawing of the head remain unimpaired. Put the charming Mrs. Wallington is his best work, though the Portrait of Elizabeth Duchess of Grafton is worthy to hang by its side. Then there is a respectable portrait of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood by that truly great master, William Delson which shows how a respect for tradition will refine a commonplace talent, two sound portraits by Picken and a fresh directly painted head of Sir Walter Scott by Andrew Geddes. Such are the more conspicuous of the oil paintings by deceased masters of the British school and it is matter for congratulation that the committee has excluded all examples of the early Victorian school which we want to mar the effect of the winter exhibitions.

But when we come to consider the water colours there is another tale to tell. To the drawings in this medium an indiscriminate hospitality has been extended, the imprudence of which gives the canvas cause to blaspheme and is likely to bring the school into disrepute. For some years past it has been the fashion to regard the slightest specimen of British water colour with a kind of superstitions awe. Good and bad have been treasured with equal pride as though there were a virtue in the medium quite apart from the technical merit of each example. Now it is incontestable that water colour was humbled in England with the crassest mystery and—what indeed is of the smallest importance—at the earliest period, so that the admirers of the medium have a right to claim it as in a certain sense ante-diluvian but hitherto piety has obscured criticism and justice will hardly be done until it is realised that British water colours must be judged by precisely the same canons whereby the

medium's appraised in other countries. In the present exhibition there are half a dozen drawings by Cotman which for breadth of handling and purity of colour cannot be excelled. The sketch "On the Great Yorkshire" may be accepted as a type and exemplar of the art while "Trenton Church" and "St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich Cathedral" are masterpieces in their kind, and side by side with these finished works hang arrangements in blue and yellow and trifling architectural diagrams by the same author which are little better than the worst of Turner—which may this year be studied at your leisure—in the admired performances of Samuel Prout. The West has found no better. While "Pray Church" is the work of a painter. The Calling of Elisha is an offence to the eye. Even though you allow a certain latitude to individual taste, there must still be a difference between good and bad, and why exempt drawings from criticism which were they in another medium would be judged sternly and unphilly on their merits? The works of William Hunt have been praised on every ground save the only fair

water-colour in England and though had it is a strong master it is not improbable that criticism will some day in the one medium as in the other separate the sheep from the goats.

So much has been said concerning the works of the English school because they impose character and distinction upon the exhibition. But though there is this year no magnificent array of masterpieces by French and Italian artists, the foreign schools are by no means all represented. The second gallery as always is principally devoted to the Dutch school. There are—to mention but a few—three Hobbemas, a fine Metz, the Queen's Listener by Nicolaes Maes which has been exhibited quite recently and an "Interior" by Peter de Hooghe which if not a first rate example is yet luminous and characteristic. Of the two portraits by Rembrandt the smaller which belongs to Mr. Willett is by far the more distinguished and if Van Dyck and Jan Steen are seen at their worst there is an elegant "Accordée du Village" by Antoine Watteau and a dainty interior bearing the fantastic title "Pegret for the Violon



OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE WHITEHALL STAIRS, JUNE 18TH 1815

(From the Pantheon by J. Constable)

ness of artistic quality. Their faithful imitation of nature which is incidental has been extravagantly belaboured, their sentiment of reverence and homeliness which is impossible is accounted unto them for righteousness, but when all irrelevant issues are put aside there remain only a handling which is always small and a lack of selection which renders a deliberate colour scheme or a harmony of tone impossible and a patient realism which though it may be nature is not art. To class these works with Cotman's fine drawings is to put Rembrandt and Michelangelo and Mrs. Hemans in the same category, but for years it has been the national habit to pronounce insignificant the position of all who have practised

collo Phry, by Jan Le Ducq. In the large gallery besides the English pictures which we have already mentioned is a goodly collection of French Italian and Flemish works. Titoretto's two portraits are rich in colour and stately in effect as only the great Venetian could make them, while Titian is represented by two canvases which are scarcely *chef d'œuvre*. Claude's

* We have allowed Mr. Wibley as a leading representative of the modern school of criticism to say against the work of William Hunt that we must record our disagreement with him in more than one point of his estimate. He here gives no credit for the extraordinary technical skill of the painter and other qualities in the manipulation of water colour and ignores the merit of having shown the almost unlimited possibilities of the medium.—THE EDITOR.

Lord Dufferin there are no fewer than five examples of Terniuno and an early and on its own merits undistinguished "Crucifixion" by Lapini. Of the two pictures by Pietro della Francesca the one—Mrs. Alfred Symonds—has a certain decorative quality the other is merely curious. That cunning Venetian Carlo Crivelli is represented by a "Triptych—Virgin and Child" which might serve as types of the Primitive style. Then pictures of detail

of the flesh. It is wise to regard it as a strange specimen which deserves a place in a museum rather than in a picture gallery. The same may be said of the pictures of the Indian and Peruvian schools of the markedly cloddish "Death of Delio" by Tiberio da Verona—the property of the National Gallery—of the vast "Adoration of the Magi" by Lucas van Leyden which perhaps once wore a solemn aspect over the dark altar of a Flemish church.



MRS. LOWELL.

(From the *Pictorial Library*, London, by the P.P.A.)

and the human expression of their painted subjects which infinitely increases rather than detracts from their effect. The "Pictorial Library" is a striking example of that fidelity to Nature which is so far from being a sign of lack of imagination, but is rather a sign of its presence. It is a book for the use of the artist, and it is a book for the use of the student. It is a book for the use of the artist, and it is a book for the use of the student. It is a book for the use of the artist, and it is a book for the use of the student.

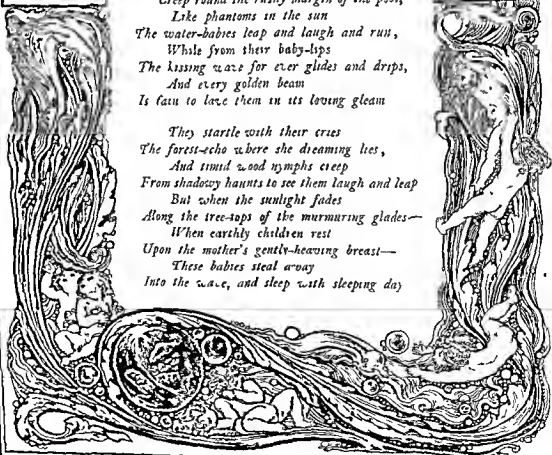
But it is not enough to have the student of art as well as the student of literature to fill up the gaps in his education. The student of art will find it difficult to find the same in the student of literature. But it is not enough to have the student of art as well as the student of literature to fill up the gaps in his education. The student of art will find it difficult to find the same in the student of literature. But it is not enough to have the student of art as well as the student of literature to fill up the gaps in his education.

Water-Babies.



WHERE mosses green and cool
 Creep round the rushy margin of the pool,
 Like phantoms in the sun
 The water-babies leap and laugh and run,
 While from their baby-lips
 The kissing wave for ever glides and drips,
 And every golden beam
 Is fain to love them in its loving gleam

They startle with their cries
 The forest-echo where she dreaming lies,
 And timid wood nymphs creep
 From shadowy haunts to see them laugh and leap
 But when the sunlight fades
 Along the tree-tops of the murmuring glades—
 When earthly children rest
 Upon the mother's gently-heaving breast—
 These babies steal away
 Into the wave, and sleep with sleeping day



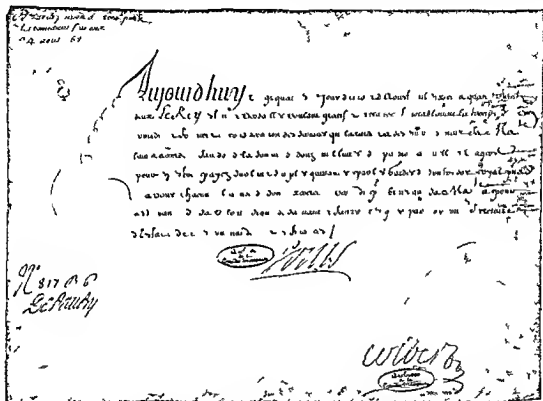
ART TREASURES OF THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

By THEODORE CHILD

La Maison de Molière is the principal affectionate title which the comedians gave to the Comédie Française—that noble monument where the play of Molière is enshrined. The House of Molière is

his Cleopatra statue of Puel el impersonating the tragic mien with sinister mien and a painted in his hall. Around the walls are lost numerous the and in the second vestibule at the entrance on the



DECREE OF LOUIS XIV. IN FAVOR OF THE COMPANY OF HIS FRENCH COMEDIANS.

in lead the house of the principal engineer with its star-shaped and with statues its continuous colonnades its galleries of statuary and paintings its thousand souvenirs and relics of the past that bear witness to a long and illustrious line. It is unlike any other theatre. In the vestibule the exhibition of the art treasures of the house begins. It is a room with vaulted roof walls covered with murals and staircases radiating on either hand. In the centre is a small statue by David Angers representing Talma in the costume and attitude of a Caesar standing in a rôle. On each side of Talma are allegorical statues. To the left by Thorvaldsen and Canova by David the former recalling the features of Molière and the latter those of Molière. Near

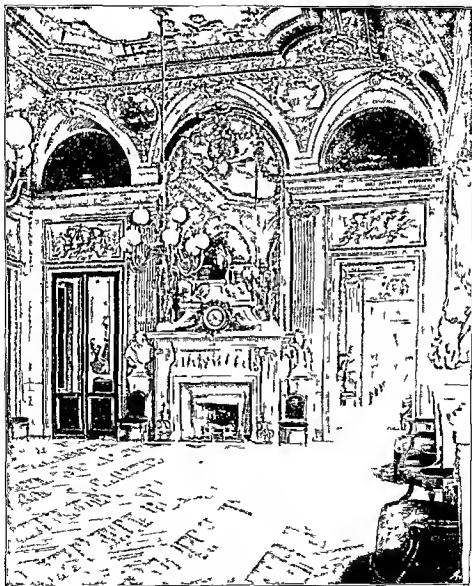
side of the three d'Albion Poyat statues in niches that are softly lighted at night by two most delicate and the tutelary geniuses of the house Corneille and Molière by Filizaire and Aulran.

Let us mount the grand staircase with its fine carvatures by Carrier-Bell and its admirable balustrade and its grandiose architectural lines. At the top we turn to the left and find ourselves in the place of the foyer which is the appearance of a magnificent temple. In this room are some most precious pieces of sculpture notably Caffieri's bust of Molière and the statue of Molière. On one side of the monumental chandelier is a bust of Molière and on the other a bust of Pierre Corneille while in front of each of the sixteen fluted pilasters that panel the

author of *Candide* could not be allowed to have the power to provoke the laughter of the multitudes of Hall who on the other hand in the realm of shall we not count on a wide and well-earned it may be. Thus in the generous simplification of material digress all vulgar and temporary details have disappeared and Voltaire is seen as the light of the century in a more fitting and eternal manner than the thoughtfulness of his brow and the narrowness of his mouth.

And how of genius and noble virility? How fine too Corneille's bust of Corneille calm and meditative. How majestic how instinct with style and how intensely expressive is the work of this great genius whose chisel combines the splendor of Venice with the lucidity and ponderation of the French mind.

In the public foyer and the adjoining gallery we see only a small part of the treasures of the Comédie Française. In the committee rooms the directors cabinet the green room and in all the



THE PUBLIC FOYER COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

What greater in fact of expression than the sculptors put in the bust of Corneille that has the healing with life passion and heroism that

is seen in all the part of the house reserved for the actors in the administration there are busts statues and pictures innumerable placed some what

THE ROYAL WATER COLOUR SOCIETY. ITS RISE AND HISTORY.*

By F. G. STEPHENS.



MR ROGET was requested by several members of the firm of 'Old Society' which hardly covered itself with glory by craving for and accepting the much hickneyed title of 'Royal,' to test, verify, and complete for publication with

much additional matter of the biographical sort a vast mass of materials collected by the since-deceased John Joseph Jenkins, a member of this body, and its quondam Secretary. It had been the chief hope of Jenkins that he might be spared to carry out a task for which none was fitter than he, or had better natural opportunities, and facilities than those fortune seemed to have thrust upon him. Late, nevertheless, refused his wish, banished his zeal, accomplishments, and industry, and Death intervened ere so much as half the work was done. His friends were wise in calling to their aid the unmitigable patience, inexhaustible care, and considerable literary skill of his *learned friend*, whose success is attested in the large and solid volumes now before me, and—although of a ponderous description, and fitter for a history of the *Albionian seat*, and as books of reference, to be cupy hominal places on the shelves, than to be on study or drawing room tables—are of the very best class of the more valuable and permanent nature.

The Royal Society, the College of Physicians, the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Academy have all and severally had historians. Of these Mr Smollett's fate was deservingly so or not, the last happy, and the so-called 'Forty' of Burlington Gardens have yet to be duly and fully honoured in volumes still to be written, while more than one of the other corporations would do well to put their records in modern hands. The 'Old Society' whose eighty-six years elum for it own veneration—although it is by far the youngest least distinguished and energetic body of the group in question—is incomparably the most fortunate in its recorder, whose task was however and of course, manifestly the easiest least complex and opposite of all those to which I refer. It must be remembered that in 1807 when that which is

now the 'Old Society' came into existence the Academy was already nearly forty years of age, so that of its original members but few survived likewise that unlike the 'Society' the Academy is and always has been, a teaching and pensioning body charged with all the complex duties which belong to an art university and to a wealthy benevolent institution, administering numerous funds in trust as well as the proprietors of the largest and most popular exhibition in the world neither controlled nor supported by the State. Of course it is an good fortune as well as the Society's and Mr Roget's that, while its records are still manageable by one writer hands so careful and a will so conscientious as his have been found to do them justice.

Doubtless it would be easy to find petty errors, trivial inaccuracies, and enough to statements of the minor sort in the more than eleven hundred pages before us, but even in respect to those blunders in name spelling and the like which it is the delight of dabbles to discover and carping fault finders to record as if in such exploits were the end of criticism the number is much below the average. Of important mistakes and grave omissions even this is due to defects of care and study. I have not found any worth mentioning in a review the needful brevity of which compels the critic to make it a summary. The misfortune of the History is that it takes a great deal of reading to get through a single volume much more the whole work. This drawback is chiefly due to the smallness of the matters Mr Roget if he wrote at all had to chronicle and not much less is it due to the fact that while no one could sympathise better with his subjects—the Society and its members, the authors style is distinctly laborious and affects details to an excess which although precious in the biographies of individuals of great renown is tedious not to say out of place when added to the history of a fraternity of large and unassuming many persons who never emerged far out of obscurity while most of them are already retiring behind the veil of Time.

Of its best and worst I do not say that in future no one will refer to the history of the 'Old Society' except in Mr Roget's company or with it his aid and that of the efficient Secretary the one for the foundation of the work the other for its superintendence, order, completeness and most of its ornaments.

* A History of the Old Water Colour Society, or the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. By F. G. STEPHENS. Two Volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Not least valuable of its many elements is an admirable index, the worst I can say of which is that it is not quite perfect. Having ventured to allude that this text is overloaded with matters concerning the minutiae, it would be unjust to count that of the list of many of the better sort, of whom the world is always glad to hear, Mr. Roget's criticisms are generally delicate discriminating and clear while especially of worthies of the first class, such as David Cox, Copley Fielding (whose powers I care less for than our author seems to do) W. Hunt, John Varley, Polson, Girtin and Turner the notices are all that can be desired and much better than could have been expected.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Roget, who has given us the first as well as the most complete sketch of those societies of water colour painters which from time to time contested public favour with the more ably managed and more fortunate.

Old, body did not carry further and his researches into illustrations of the history of the art itself to which those societies devoted themselves. It would no doubt have been beyond his purpose, and external to his province to treat even briefly the distemper painting of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans and medieval architecture, decorators or the fresco-work of Italy. The art in body colour of the eighteenth century and the many varieties of painting in water and oils in which Holland, his German conquerors, the Dutch and others of France, Holland, the Haskings, Britain and the Copies of England one and all extremely excelled were no doubt, hardly enough within the purview of Mr. Roget to demand from him anything like an exhaustive and connected series of sketches. Nevertheless we desired more than that bare mention he has made of some of the most prominent of these categories while several of them have not a word of any kind in his opening sketches of the history of an art which his subjects of the Society have developed and practised with unimpeded zeal distinction and success.

As to the earlier firmities of painters of the kind in question it is not generally known how many there have been and what their fortunes were. Mr. Roget gives a terse account of the "Rise of Exhibitions" as he calls it, including those primary events in this country (he is quite silent as to the Salon of the Louvre which was the prototype of all such institutions) the so-called Hogarth exhibitions held at the Foundling Hospital—of which, by the way, he does not give the dates—and the more important gathering held in 1760 at the original Great Room of the "Society of Arts in the Strand." It is noteworthy that although he mentions drawings as among the contents of this forerunner of all British art shows, Mr. Roget

does not inform us in what these instances consisted, nor when, if any, even one among them is now to be seen. We already know in only all the fine oil pictures and choice engravings which appear in this memorable occasion from the Rembrandts to the Wilsons, and the prints of Woollett, and it would be desirable to know if any of the "tinted" and temper drawings were still to be seen. When the Society of Artists exhibiting in the Great Room divided itself and one merely departed for Spring Gardens, the other company remaining in the Strand as was the case in 1761 there was an improved climate for the water colour men—whether they contented themselves with "stunning" paper with grey or blue tints in wash or with body colours in temper they had at least two openings for their art. Paul Sandby, that British painter of the sort here in view worked much profitably and long in both these methods, and painted in oil to boot. Temper, as I have reason to think his favourite method although no doubt he freely affected "tinted drawings outlined with a pen sketched in grey and finished in washes of local colour" as Mr. Roget has it.

According to this author, who ignores (as he was it liberty to do) the earlier efforts of the miniaturists I have mentioned, and disregards the somewhat full colouring of Ostade and others when painting in water colours at a much earlier epoch, it is chiefly to Paul Sandby and the "tinted" method of which he was then the leading professor, are due the honours of laying so to say, the foundation of that technique which Britons least to have established developed and made plentiful exceedingly—to wit the lovely, varied and splendid art of painting in water colours of which the Old Society not unfairly supposes itself to possess the *arcana* if not the pillars likewise. Many critics differ from Mr. Roget in estimating at the highest rate the abilities, good fortune, and success of Sandby. I have not space to discuss the claims put forward on that worthy's behalf and am content to aver that his powers being very considerable indeed his influence was great in his example precious. Mr. Roget says that "in 1775 drawings by him representing Welsh views are noted for the first time in the Royal Academy catalogues. If we are to understand by this that Sandby in any sense 'discovered Wales,' it is a great mistake. Long before the Academy itself was founded in 1768 Welsh subjects had been painted with zest and propriety so great that their influence on the development of modern Landscape is undeniable, although it had never been fully recognised, much less duly studied and illustrated. However this may be, it is certain that Paul did yeoman's service in the line in question although he no more discovered Wales than Cox did or, as some one has aptly said,

Mr. Freeman discovered Turner, who was a Royal Academician before the ‘Oxford Graduate’ was cut off long clothes.

Speaking of Sandby's connection with the Royal Academy about which Mr. Bogt, although it does not belong to the main line of his studies, has much to say, it is hard to guess what is meant by the passage: ‘By the time Paul Sandby had assumed the rank of Royal Academician.’ As likewise it is hard to follow our author when we read, ‘Artists’ colourmen were unknown in those days and Whitman's paper was not yet made at the Turkey mill.’ I have reason to think that even before Sir Godfrey Kneller long ere Sandby's time, set up one of his servants in London as an artists' colourman, as it is recorded he did pigments ready for use, were sold to painters by druggists, chemists and instrument makers while French materials were freely imported from Paris where even in the previous century many of the articles we now employ were manufactured. As to paper for drawing on much of it came from Turkey, some from Venice, a great deal from France, and most of all in Sandby's time, from Holland where even in the seventeenth century, as numerous *platts* prove, attest, abundant paper making fit for draughtsmen and engravers went on especially at Amsterdam. It is a mistake to suppose that ‘Sandby and his contemporaries had [perforce] to draw in common writing paper with such pigments as they could get and manufacture for themselves.’ The quotation of two well-known letters of Gainsborough written from Bath in November, 1767 asking Delacy to supply him with a certain kind of ‘paper for drawings,’ is beside the subject of Mr. Bogt's text. In a similar connection it is worth while to point out (see p. 101 vol. i) that if Henry Richter, who was born in 1772, told of 111 hanks that ‘in his early days (in it Newport Street was the only street in London in which there was a printshop,” the information was thoroughly wrong. Such shops as *managers*

publication has enabled me to affirm, abounded in London from the Old Bailey and St. Paul's Churchyard where the Bowlers and their competitors were long established to Temple Bar, near to which Loggan and others had shops, and to St. Martin's Court, where Matthew Darby put forth countless satirical prints, etchings and what not.

According to an excellent system, Mr. Bogt has divided his copious and comprehensive text into distinct and appropriate parts which, after the water colour art of the eighteenth century has been somewhat too briefly dealt with, more liberally treat of Sandby, of the art topographical, and its rapid development into what is aptly called ‘picturesque topography,’ next Alexander Cozens and the artists who travelled abroad come to review the drawing-masters who, with Shakespeare and the musical glasses, served a fashionable taste, come next to be succeeded by Turner, Martin (of whom there is a capital study) and others. Then we reach the main theme of this work, the ‘Old Society,’ its foundation, early numbers and troubles, its successive exhibitions in Brock Street (1805-6) Pall Mall and Bond Street (1807-8) and Spring Gardens (1809-12). Next we study what is not happily called the ‘Fall of the First Society’—i.e., the interval (1813-20) when it a handful of painters as numbers. This leads to an account of the so-called ‘Restoration of the Water Colour Society,’ and so on with its records under successive presidents, including Hogarth, places of nearly all the members and associate exhibitors, criticisms on their works, and the series of exhibitions in Pall Mall last from 1820 till the present time. An appendix contains a quasi-official narrative of the proceedings intended to promote an amalgamation of the ‘Old Society’ with the then Institute of Painters in Water Colours to give to which the former body, much to the disgust of the latter and imitators one did not see necessary at all.

“THE WATERING PLACE.”

PAINTER BY TROYON. ETCHED BY CHAMMEL.

“THE WATERING PLACE” must be numbered among the happiest and most admirable of the compositions of Troyon—the Paul Potter of his country and of his age—who broke away in his youth from the limits of David's class, and threw in his genius and his lot with the work of the Romantic school. The superb conception of the sky, its building up and its perspective, the arrangement of the figures and the scheme of light and shade, here com-

bine to form a picture typical of Troyon at his best. This most interesting of painters has been fortunate in his etcher, M. Théophile Narcisse Chammel, who has produced several plates and lithographic stones after the master, and who has himself gained the highest rewards it has been within the power of the Salon to bestow. He was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1879, and three years later he won the Médaille d'Honneur.



HIGHLAND SCENE WITH CATTLE.
(From the Portfolio by Auguste Do Toul.)

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN.

1.—THE FOREIGN OIL PAINTINGS

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

SEVERAL French journalists have been puzzling their readers of late with an interesting question—a question I find of uncommon interest and one too the chances are that has occurred repeatedly to thousands of English people. At all events here it is. What becomes of all the paintings, good and bad, large and small, which pour upon the world? All our houses in town and country should surely be well stored by this time with cheap but clever pictures, and yet with the exception of a few art-loving homes whose owners live in money enough to be fashionably artistic, we only find such feeble counterfeit presentations of nature as could never have been hung in any exhibition. No doubt our corporation collections account for many of the works produced by eminent R.A.s and A.I.A.s, but the struggling rank and file of our vast army of painters do not depend for support upon official patronage which usually invests its superfluous wealth in entitled talents alone but

in the patronage of private buyers. And no doubt America used to take several tons a year of painted canvas in gilded frames but since a heavy duty has been imposed on our artists' skill and industry it is doubtful whether any, save the very best works, cross the herring pond. Where then are the accumulated art treasures of the last half-century? For the most part I believe, in little known museums such as the MACAZINE or AIR introduces to your notice from month to month. These unknown collections which are usually of a very mixed character are equally common in Belgium where, for example the King and the Count of Flanders have absolutely crammed every nook and corner in their palaces with pictorial odds and ends, and yet they go on buying, and in France also where many have been already found and more have yet to be discovered. Allart Wolff the late art critic of the *Figaro* who died three months ago used to tell a story of a philanthropic old gentleman, a merchant of great wealth, whose hobby it was to turn

his house, into a home for rejected ecclesiastics in art and in whose cellars and attics were stored more than two thousand paintings, all of which the owner graciously priced although he rarely saw them.

Frenchmen are justly proud of this true phylum through its loveliness and even noble holiness, and we as Englishmen have every reason to be as justly proud of Mr. John Dixon who died on the 7th of

December 1887 leaving a large and valuable collection of works of art to the Bethnal Green Branch of the South Kensington Museum. Opened in 1872 this branch Museum is pleasant to say becomes yearly year in popularity and Mr. Dixon's bequest which is only one of many attractions is certainly appreciated as it ought to be. Roughly speaking about four hundred thousand persons passed the turnstiles in 1891, and the galleries brilliantly lighted by electric lights are open to the public on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday till 10 p.m. many a winter's evening in spite of all its climatic horrors find its duties relieved and its misery nullified. I know that this is the case for I spent one of the worst evenings of last January in the Central Hall round which the pictures are hung and down the centre of which still many—perhaps sixty—large cases filled with old French furniture, with Japanese and Chinese porcelain and lacquer work with Wedgwood ware, Venetian and German glass, Dresden china and precious trinkets of all kinds and pleasant as it was to watch the intelligent interest of the work-

men there assembled it was pleasanter still to listen to the sharp remarks of numerous youngsters in a dogmatically. Indeed if some of our well-known artists only heard what I then heard only saw what I then saw I think they would come to the conclusion that the time is not far distant when painting for mere money making will be impossible. And when this time has come—that is to say when the public is educated until a bad picture by a good man will be a bad picture still artists will find that an increased intelligence on the part of the million will demand an increased thoughtful-

ness on their own part too and then no doubt they will think still more of glory and less of gain.

And now let us turn to the foreign artists whose works I have to notice foremost amongst whom by virtue of the alphabet is Auguste Boulcœur whose large canvas "Highland Scene with Cattle" tells one that the painter turned from nature to his sister Iona for inspiration and instruction. But this in-



THE CATTLE STORY

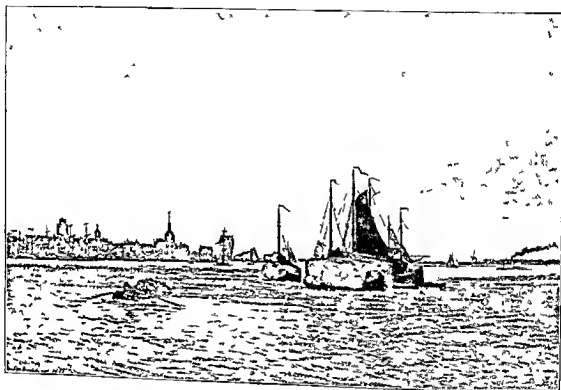
(From the Portfolio by L. Chetland.)

fluence of his sister's art is not proved in a servile imitation; on the contrary it manifests itself only in the blending of rugged swiftness and of all strongly marked characteristics. The titles of the cattle for example which De Hirs the Belgian painter would have made slaggish tangle and uncomfortable-looking live so to speak been unhealthily groomed and the animals in consequence seem just a little out of place on a rock stuffed tract of a mountain pasture where the winds are whirling and eager and where beauty reigns in harmony with half concealed barrenness. Yet the picture is good and

interesting, despite these slight defects and is a composition in light and shade, it is full of fruitful lessons for such as choose to study it.

Hindly hangs another little piece by H. Busch at Munich, an artist who knows how to represent a tree tossed by the wind—how to paint swirling, dark and hidden clouds. As to the horses alive and cows sheltering under a yoked oak on our right—well they are positively sleepy with the cold, but the drawing of one or two of them

a dented conical shaped roof cuts up clear and sharp against the clean western sky, whilst two women and a man all sturdy middle-aged peasant jog so patiently homewards along a rutty pathway on our right that one must needs suppose that the dail discomforts and moist mien of the day are quite forgotten. With regard to the horses the sheep and the cows they could not well be bettered. In short this little work is an all round achievement for in its gloom there is a touch of gladness.



DORT ON THE MEUSE

(From the *Album des Schiffs*)

is certainly defective. However, defective drawing in this case is almost excused by the truth and power of the general impression, and besides Busch may have painted direct from nature, in which case his hand would have been too busy to do itself full justice. So far I have been restricted to qualified praise. But now a delightful little gem by G. Lochmann claims all the admiration that I can give. It is a chilly evening after a damp day and the air is moist with the consequence, but the several farm labours as well as the yoked horses and well-fed cows just returned from the fields bear the cold humidity with patience—in fact some laugh and joke as they water their stout arch at a well on our left, beyond which, by the way, a quaint farm building with

lately and though finished with quite astonishing minuteness it is here without and free and masterly.

There are other evening scenes hardly so subtle, none surpass this one's unostentatious excellence. H. J. Leemann gives us an impressive piece of twilight (taken I think from his favourite sketching ground—Le Frang aux Herons, near to Calumpon) in which the cloud forms are as truthful as is usual in this true artist's work, whilst L. Münch who is well represented by two pictures introduces us in his Holbeinesque style to angry sunset skies, and to wan bleak expanses of snow and ice, with a hungry rook here a miserable cabin there and a fringe of ragged faces along the low horizon. Of the marine pictures I have but little to say. M. de Schampheleers' *Dort on the Meuse* will speak





HEAD OF A GIRL

(From the Painting by J. C. H. Dixon)

have a glimpse of the Scheldt but that mysterious shimmer which Peter Clays imparts to the little noisy waves and the calm flat of this luscious river is conspicuous by its absence indeed the water is so still that it might almost tempt the skater

To turn, past a big landscape in cold greys and brownish greens painted at Middel in Flemish Prussia by Joseph Van Luyken and representing a little used roadway shaded by tall fir and larch oaks we come to something warm sunny coloured to a panoramic view in situ of the Grand Canal of the (London) City in the Sea. It is a big bit of real old time by C. von Malsburg and its subtle sun light—for it is early morning—and its gentle atmospheric effect and lazy shimmering water must be refreshing indeed to all whose tastes are not too critical

And now we pass a View of Constantinople by F. Bissnet and come to the figure pictures first among which is a very well known one that Hugo Oermolen painted in 1882. It shows us a number of cherry cheeked youngsters trooping out of a common school their arms laden with Christmas

for itself though a faithful interpreter the illustration on p. 160 it is only necessary for me to say that the piece is a direct and careful transcript of nature painted with a broad brush loaded with grey colours. The humidity of the sky and the stately movements of the clouds are I think very happily recorded whilst the water though lacking in form moves with an oily slothfulness that is eminently true to nature. By Louis Iulienckx another Belgian who glories in ashen greys we



DONKEY

(From the Painting by Eugène Verboeckhoven.)

Present, and their faces wreathed in smiles. Through the crisp snow that covers the courtyard the happy little creatures slowly step, some clattering together in eager whisper, others silently looking at their golden oranges and painted toys, and all without exception are so unconscious of themselves

that his name is weak in drawing and time in interest. Yet the subject—a playful, mischievous, and holding out a light green shawl that her young mistress may find just fault with it—might have been made both interesting and humorous as much so perhaps as the Chinese story (see p. 169)



LITERARY DISCREPANCIES
(From the *Panorama* by C. Soler)

and of the painter that one is immediately reminded of many an expert little girl in the school. From the school in Della Porta, whose art very much exceeds what the school board very highly expresses—the art is so simple and the execution is so good that it is a common sight to see the children playing with the children. The scene is a very fine one, but the little girl that he is

which M. Chevallier tells so judiciously. S. Zimmermann too gives us a scene of ecclesiastical drollery, but very much broader both in fun and finish than the last. Here a thin monk reads aloud with mock gravity from a large book, three clerical gentlemen look on, are scattered about everywhere, and in every case they are painted with a detail that is not distinctive of the living on the table in Henricus Prouss's fine picture of the little girl who studies are interrupted by a pet bird. But as a whole this latter work is altogether admirable. The cleverness for instance in which the white sleeves are detached from the white wall is an evidence of great dexterity (from the point of view of handicraft) on the artist's part.

Of Soler's highly wrought panel "Literary Researches" what need be said? It is interesting no doubt quite as much so as the much larger painting of

Spanish washerwomen dipping in a picture of the courtyard by F. Ximenes y Aranda, and yet in both cases the interest lies not quite so much in the result as in the intention. I might admire the excellent drawing of Verboeckhoven's "Donkey" and the affectionate care with which it is painted, but I would ask for what Verboeckhoven painted in his sketches—a little mind and less spirit and spaciousness.

ARTISTIC HOMES

THE CHOICE OF WALL PAPERS

By LEWIS T. HAY

WALL-PAPER is in the nature of a make-shift—it is but a substitute for decoration of a more serious and substantial kind. No one would pretend that it has the dignity of wall painting. But it has if not the effect of wall painting much of its effectiveness and so long as we lease our houses and improve them at our own expense to the profit of the owner, wall paper may be considered indispensable to the tenable term of modern middle class dwelling.

The choice of wall papers has accordingly very much to do with the appearance of our rooms and becomes relatively an important consideration. It is moreover something to which the householder can attend himself and should attend if he care at all about his surroundings. The choice for example between cheerful coloring and low tones between warm colour and cold between light and dark is one for his own personal consideration it is a question not of art or taste but of liking and for him therefore to determine.

Even as regards art although a man's tastes may indicate only the lack of taste he is likely to be at least as good a judge as the salesman who turns over the pattern book—and if he have any artistic qualification at all (and who is there who will confess to the lack of it?) he will certainly be able to do better than accept the first thing put before him or the last thing out.

The usual difficulty in selection arises from the number of patterns there are to choose from. Of making many books—even pattern books—there is no end. Life is not long enough there is not time to see everything nor yet one title of what is

produced—even though one were to tile a wall paper decoration so seriously as to think it worth while.

The decorator simplifies matters by submitting to you only this year's goods and the patterns of only a limited number of manufacturers—not perhaps always the best. It is to his interest of course to sell that which he has in stock and on which for thus or other reason he gets most profit. He is unduly prejudiced too in favour of the cur-

rent fashion whatever it may be. If then you want to give your choice full play, what you have to do is to find out the names of the best paper stores and insist upon seeing their books—not merely those of the current year but of several years past. A decorator fit to be employed will probably have them put away somewhere out of sight and if he has not he can always borrow them from the manufacturer if you so see and when he finds that you are not otherwise to be satisfied he will make no further difficulty about it. The main source of the latest malice occur in a

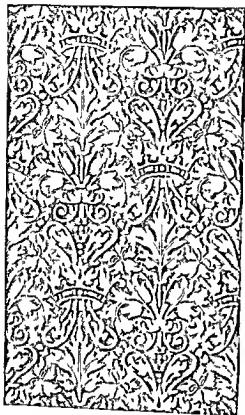


FIRE BRUGES PATTERN
(Now sold red by S. H. Cuthbertson & Co.)

the most part in these pages there has been no attempt to place them in order but you will have no difficulty in discovering those I place first. It should be mentioned however that two or three of the manufacturers to whom application was made for the purpose of this notice did not send specimens for review and some either did not send them best or are not producing such good things as they once did. The useful design by Scott Cuthbertson and Co. on this page is of the rather harmless kind which is highly common enough now a days but it is the best they sent.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that even with the pattern books before you you have to

choose from them not the pattern which there pleases you best but that which will best satisfy you on the wall—which is quite another thing for since it is from the pattern look you lay the



"CROWN" PATTERN

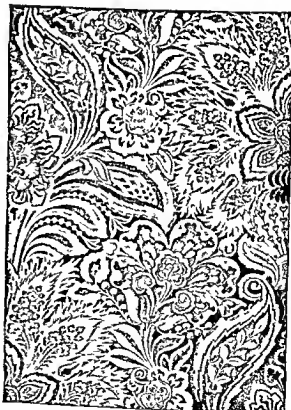
(Manufactured by the L. & Co. Co.)

pattern look is naturally got up with a view rather to what it will there be pleasing than to what will form effective decoration.

Accordingly the fault common to the greater part of wall paper patterns is that they aim too particularly at finish. Breadth which is the desideratum is sacrificed to quite useless delicacy of detail. It is a fact that some of the most absolutely satisfactory wall papers never sell from the pattern book at all—it is only when they are shown on a screen about the size of a wall that the purchaser understands in the least what their effect will be *in situ*. If you are in doubt about the size of a pattern be sure it is too small, if you hesitate about its finish be sure it is too full of work, the thing to beware against is prettiness. It is better to choose the big, broad thing—it is scarcely likely to be too big or too broad—your danger lies the other way in the direction of the finish.

The patterns of the last year or two cannot be

said to show any marked advance in taste. A certain reaction in favour of the later, looser French styles of decoration has brought into the market a number of designs which fifteen years ago no one pretending to taste would have endured. A manufacturer confessed to me not long ago that he had of late years brought out from the lumber store old blocks which were in use before the Revolution of 1848 and used them again very much to his profit. That is not encouraging. Even the more cultivated producers who would prefer to bring out only the best original work feel themselves compelled (I do not say they are) to reproduce old silks and velvets if they wish to keep their factories going. Some of the old damask designs while it is true admirable wall papers let for the vertical stripes they take on the wall. That did not matter much in saloons meant to hang in felle and the designers of old did not take what may have seemed to them the superfluous trouble of getting over a defect belong



THE "GRISAILLE" PATTERN

(Designed by H. W. Bailey. Manufactured by Jeffrey and Co.)

ing more or less to the loom, but if paper stainers reproduce these designs they might at least correct them in this respect. And before you settle upon any such design for your walls it would be as well

to look out for any indication in it of a vertical stripe likely to occur where the breadths of paper meet.

I had some thoughts of illustrating the modern

rate happily because one sees now some hope that there may be a reaction in favour of design vice reproduction and is more profitable. Where an old pattern is better than we can do that is at least an excuse for its reproduction where it is not the antiquity of the design itself is no excuse for their ugliness. Old designs often have much to be desired in the matter of drawing even where there is no absolute reason for modification to fit them to the purpose of printing. In way of contrast to the mere reproduction of old work may be mentioned Mr Britley's design on page 166



THE PEACOCK" PATTERN

(Designed by Walter Crane. Man of record by J. G. F. Co.)

tendency to reproduce old stuff, and I find in my different examples of the work of the various manufacturers—they are more or less common for the most part—but I found the things on the whole not only uninteresting but so familiar that it did not seem worth while. One has to be careful of them and it would be a pity to have them further sacrificed to their work which is a good and bad represents at all events the effect of the day in direction of will in design.

Moreover if I had illustrated a reproduction of a well-known and common design I have felt myself that I had not shown the reproduction of the same design—for the same pattern has sometimes been brought out by two or more rival firms much to the disadvantage. The truth is unhappily and happily the textile manufacturers of Europe have been run a kind of riddle and the fine things have all been reproduced—unhappily because some manufacturers have taken to reproduce what is second or third



THE ST. JAMES' PATTERN

(Designed by W. L. Morris.)

The source of his inspiration is obvious. He has succeeded in getting very much the effect of seventeenth century brocade but with only a part of the details are invented not borrowed and the drawing

is as crisp as could be. The Lincrusta pattern on p. 166 is a deliberate imitation of a piece of a good period, would that all reproductions were so well worth reproducing.

The severer styles of design having been in I



THE GROTESQUE"

(Designed by L. & F. Day. Manufactured by J. F. Jones & Co.)

and in a measure worked out (so far as reproduction is concerned) there is just now in attempt on the part of some leading firms of decorators to run once more the later French styles and firms that are not in any sense leading but the reverse are following in their direction. That persons of unperverted taste will follow this lead is I think most unlikely. Those who do will find themselves very certainly before long under the necessity of making what they have rashly done in the way of decoration which is just what the decorator desires. Only I regret to say that too little that he has omitted himself when people think themselves that it may be as well to go straight to Paris for what the Frenchman does so much better than we can. Our safety is in doing what we can do best.

Whether or not the style of Louis XIV or of Louis XV or of Louis XVI will quite meet the wants of Mr. Smith he himself must decide

Leaving out of account the Poccoco (there is no occasion to insult the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART by supposing them so far fallen away from sensibility as that) there is no doubt that the wall of Louis XIV's time is often rich enough that does not make Louis XVI's sometimes very delicate. But the richness of the cue and the delicacy of the other is seen in subtly coloured silk or satin or in exquisitely painted panels such as French mirrors could command—all this is lost in mere wall paper which as a matter of fact does not lend itself to such rivalry or only at a cost at which it is not worth doing. If you really must have Louis XVI you had better paint your walls or hang them with silk and not paper them. Needless to say that such wall decoration to be anything more than a caricature of the real thing must naturally cost many times the price of the most



THE "WANCOTE" PATTERN

(Designed by T. Ma. Manufactured by F. Jones & Co.)

extravagant thing ever done in the way of wall paper which is about the least costly although the most effective item in house decoration. It is a bargain in which the paperer even though you choose the best of their kind will cost a hundred pounds but a hundred pounds does not go far

when it comes to what is called "painting and decorating."

That we are not dependent upon any 'historic style for nineteenth century design, has been shown by Mr William Morris, Mr Walter Crane and others—some of them not very well known to fame. Mr Morris was one of the first if not the first, to show the way to better things in wall paper design. He had a way of his own and the courage to persist in it and perhaps some of us who have gone our way have been encouraged by his example. It was to some extent his doing that wall papers began to attract attention. Characteristic examples of his work are shown on pp. 167 and 171.

One of the great charms of his papers apart from their merits of design, is that they are his, for all their very considerable variety, each one of them is stamped with his individuality. There is no concession on his part to the passing craze for "Ailans" or "Queen Anne" or whoever it may be who reigns for the moment in Bond Street or Tottenham Court Road. The manner, whether it be to your liking or not, is the manner of the man Morris.

One word of caution may be given as to the selection of a paper even by Mr Morris. He has

a strong liking for marked lines on his papers. I do not object to that myself (if the lines are right) but many persons do and it may be a disappointment to them to see on the wall horizontal or other bands of colour for which the pattern shown did not require them. If you prefer an 'all over' effect it will be as well to look out for those lines and to select something of his in which there is no danger of lines too emphatic. In my opinion of any fairly intelligent decorator as to the safety of a given design, in that respect, is worth taking. His experience helps him to anticipate results which you can hardly be expected

to foresee but if you notice a line at all in the sample, you may be quite sure that it will be increasingly evident on the wall.

It was astonishing to find when it came to comparing the patterns sent by various makers for review how much alike some of them were—as if the same half dozen or so of designers had been employed by rival manufacturers. One came upon numerous variations of the very same design—I should say obviously by the same hand but that hints even of good reports are not always

above borrowing designs which their competitors have found profitable and I may therefore be attributing to want of invention even one of the best of the artist what is due really to the 'advised' commercial character of his employer.

Of the work of Jeffrey and Co it is difficult for me to speak as I have for some years past disapproved for them, but I may say, without fear of favouring them that among actual producers (which Morris and Co are not) they certainly take the lead in design some of the artists whom they have invited upon to design for them having since been sought after by less enterprising competitors. One of Mr Walter Crane's happiest wall patterns



THE "WITHINDE" LATELY
(Taken by Mr. J. B. Pile, Blomfield, at the House of Mr. J. B. Pile)

is given on p. 167, one of the late J. D. Seddings will be given in a future number. In each case the artist has availed himself of the free hand given him and expressed himself. A design of my own for embossed paper occurs on p. 168.

The name of Tinsley and Co deserves also to be included among those few manufacturers who seem to have convictions and the courage of them. They have produced a striking pattern book, their designs some of which is given on p. 168) have character—the character of Linsted and of Mr. Voysey. The originality is a little stunted at times, and there is a tendency in their work to insist upon a certain

parallel which verges now and then upon the childishness in the case of a stucco decoration of theirs which consists of a paper imitation of small tiles.



THE JONQUIL PATTERN

(Designed by M. J. M. and sold by So. de la Roche)

dark for the dado and light for the upper wall which suggests the devil's house rather than serious decoration but take it on the whole their papers are a welcome relief from and a timely protest against the heterogeneous collection of papers in the pattern books of some perhaps better known publishers and dealers any one of whose productions might just as well have been produced by any other firm for all the individual character there is about them.

The fashion of the moment over and above the craze for imitation of seventeenth and eighteenth century silks is in favour of enormously large designs. There is reason in that especially as a protest against the popular prejudice in favour of minutely small patterns. Messrs Hayward and Sons have brought out some papers which are certainly very bold and need only judicious use to be most effective on the wall. I shall have more to say about this firm in my next article. Meanwhile there is given on p. 169 a very vigorous design of theirs by Mr. A. B. Pitt.

Large in style again and characteristic also in their way although in great part taken or adapted from old plaster work are Mr. Scott Mahons designs for Fyfe's canvas of which, once more further mention is reserved.

Almost everyone in fact, has lately brought out great patterns as well as imitations of old stucco. Messrs Arthur and Co. who have gone out of their way to produce a wall paper of exceptional width for the purpose it would seem of getting flowers of impossible dimensions have rather overstepped the mark. The huge scale of their designs one might accept but the choice of natural flowers for representation on that unimpaired scale is surely a mistake in taste. Flowers twice as large as life or more for all the charm of nature, they



THE POFFY PATTERN

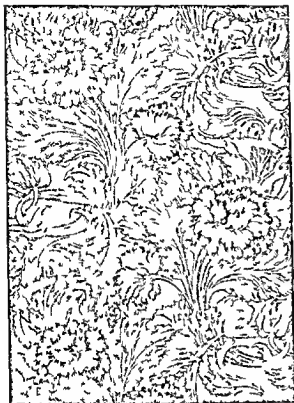
(Designed by M. J. M. and sold by F. A. H. and Co.)

remind one rather unpleasantly of Mr. Tinnal Gulliver and the naturalistic treatment of floral forms—in itself at least questionable when it comes to their mechanical multiplication as in

wall paper—strikes one as inconsistent with the fineness of treatment which the work here depicted leads us to expect.

The jongal design of Messrs. Sanson and Co. on p. 170 on a natural scale is more graceful and in every way more satisfactory than the immense

effect the designer is apt to forget if he do not altogether despise the consideration of that effect as *requit* upon which the success of wall paper as a decoration so entirely depends. It is no easy matter even for the experienced and accomplished designer to foresee and provide against all the dangers incident to the rejection of a pattern. In the case of ornament in which there is no pretence of a bearing to natural effect he can, however, at all events devote him self untrammelled to the decorative purpose he has in view, whereas the aim of the flower painter who would make a pattern of natural flowers is dwelt. His success in this delicate rendering is very possibly at the cost of design. It is seldom the choice of a natural motive is not even argued that the man has had any care for decorative effect—which the mere ornamentist tries for at least. It may be worth remembering then that of the two



THE POPPY PATTERN

(Designed by W. E. Rogers. Manufactured by Woolman & Co.)

poppy on this page. Perhaps this list would be more justly compared with Messrs. Woolman & Co.'s daily conventional poppy by Mr. Rogers in which is exemplified as seems to me an altogether better treatment of the flower. Let those who prefer floral forms choose by all means according to their liking. I think however that even those who do not see the objection which some of us (who have at least given some thought to the subject) have to the repetition of the same natural flower as if we were to see over and over again will find when they come to live with such repetition that it is less pleasing than the natural one is restful to the eye. One may admire a clever bit of flower painting and appreciate the skill with which it is reproduced in a repeating pattern and yet be at its dull monotony in all cases it will



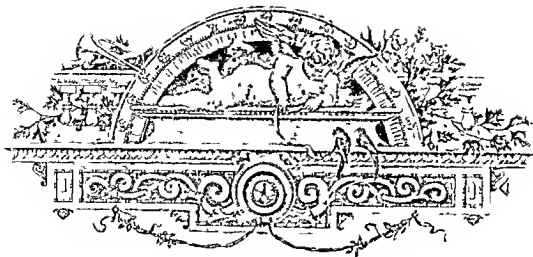
THE IRIS PATTERN

(Designed by W. H. Harrison Morris.)

I think of patterns that succeed me that the more conventional design is likely to bear repetition better and to produce the more satisfactory effect in the wall.

NOTE.—This pattern reproduced in this article is reduced to one-fourth scale.

And there is another thing. In seeking natural



ARCHITECTURE—A PROFESSION OR AN ART?

BY A. WATTS DUNN



DURING the last part of a century in more or less been evolved all that a change of mind has done in the style of building, especially in domestic work, brought about by a few leading men.

The unrelaxable monotony of Gower Street has been altered at last, and we are only now satisfied with red brick terraces in some equally showy building material. The long streets of stucco houses so characteristic of the last century are gradually being interspersed with new varieties of this ornate description. The infection spreads apace and nothing is now so unlaudable but red brick. Consequently at the present time there is an unusual activity in the building trade. The architectural profession is gladdened with candidates who with no special artistic qualification think that there is an opening for a living. Then an inquisitive upstart in the way of builders and others who cannot understand the necessity of the existence of architecture by itself and see no objection to the combination of architect and builder, surveyor or even architect.

Few questions could be asked at such a time so dispiriting to the architectural body at large or so indicative of an uncertain and fumbling outlook, as this of "A Profession or an Art?" But it has been heard, as far as a question on this subject could reach—in the *Times* and other papers and in the professional enclosure, with much discussion and diversion. That few outside the profession know of the question is not to be seen it is sufficiently answered is really the secret of its origin. Much is due to the

influence of Englishmen to the men who make their surroundings and to their representatives in Parliament to whom we are indebted for so many architectural decrees—men who hamper all beautiful forms by their old-fashioned building Act, who long ago presented Whitehall from being completed and who to this day take little pains in the grandeur of their buildings or the beauty of their streets.

It has been often said that the three arts of painting, architecture, and sculpture were indissoluble—that pictures must have noble buildings and noble buildings noble sculpture. The Royal Academy of Arts is only what it is within its walls the best work of the three arts. But is a like artist required for each? Our painters, or even sculptors, are discussed and criticised by all alike and each knows his favourite. But the architectural man at the Academy is rarely visited or at least with any eagerness and few know the architects who are producing the best work. Architectural drawings are often difficult to understand and somewhat uninteresting but this is mainly due to ignorance and long neglect of observation on this subject. Perhaps the minority of the last century has everything to answer for, and we have not yet realised the possibility of living surrounded by beautifully and consistently designed houses. The importance of greater insight in these matters, which would in time make us detect and shun all mannered deceptions and mere flimsy display of ornament at the expense of design is both degrading to him and to behold around us, cannot be too strongly urged at a time when we are likely to mistake such display for beauty and design. Instead of hesitating and questioning our architects should we use the ourselves, not doubting them at any

more than the painter, and instead of merely helping ornament on bricks and mortar, and receiving commission should feel that the enduring effect of a noble building on the men and women who require it duly is worth all present return and should have a greater influence in some respects than the greatest picture or the finest sculpture, but rarely seen.

But who is the demon of incompetence on whom the Poor Institute I ask with so jealous an eye?

Practically says Puckin, the person whom and will build the most attractive missions at the least cost is the architect who knows where to find the most bricks, the worst man and the worst workmen and has mastered the cleverest tricks by which to turn these to account. He will turn them to account by giving the external appearance to his edifice which he thinks likely to be attractive to the majority of the public in search of light. He will have stained in maddening venereal hallucinations and cast iron pillars. But as his own commission will be paid in the end he will usually make the building costly with it trouble to himself by putting into it somewhere vast masses of merely spiritual staves checked so as to employ handicraftsmen on whose wages commission can be charged and who all the year round may be doing the same thing without giving any trouble by asking for directions.

This is an instance of what is daily going on around us and will continue as long as we are ignorant and indifferent to matters so relative to our everyday happiness. Ignorance is potent for evil; it deforms the taste of the thoughtless and is an occasion for rejected forms of visible deformity. Happily there are men who all unnoticed have been creating worthy building as will be seen when a few years have passed over them. But these weeks are individual and few compared with the rows and rows of dwellings that are daily being built. Show us any good? will be the cry when we have become saturated with the excess and abundance of the materials with which we cover a lifeless skeleton of bricks and mortar. A monotony of pretentiousness is taking the place of the old monotony of sameness until we wonder which is preferable. We too easily settle down into what is built for us with a fatal indifference forgetting that we shared the form of our dwellings that the jerry builder enticed us with our

own sense. Let us concern ourselves less with the outward appearance, let us look to the inner durability and soundness—the serviceableness of the fading veneer of our houses.

An admission for a building is often hazarded but is immediately and truthfully qualified by the statement that from an architectural point of view it may not be so. This is another clear indication of a general uncertainty and want of interest which regards all for the encouragement of the noblest form in brick and stone around us. The greatest buildings as well as the smallest that ever had any merit have been in harmony with their surroundings looking well from all points absolutely suitable to their purpose and beautiful only in so far as that use was fulfilled.

What is required more and more every day is the kindling of an intelligent popular interest giving an opportunity to the men who have studied these matters to indicate what is best—pointing men's eyes on the one side to the beauty they might possess and consider in their streets on the other to the degrading forms which their indifference and ignorance at present encourage. We should not forget that to see unnecessary forms of ugliness is quite as harmful. With the disappearance of so much of ugliness around us a new and keener moral sensitiveness to beauty would arise kept alive by the contrast of unavoidable shapes of deformity.

In so far as the architect falls short of the ideal of the painter and of the sculptor or ceases to live an ideal beyond his mere bricks and mortar he is not worthy of the name *architect*. But in the measure that he seeks to make the modest cathedral or mansion or the humblest homes of the people suitable and materially beautiful he has become a benefactor of many men and times and is indeed an artist of the beautiful.

It will be a blessed time when a National Gallery, a museum inspired with the name of our country, become monuments to which we can look with pride and which shall exercise an elevating influence by the spirit of the humblest. Such a time need not be far distant if a better ideal be held up by the leaders in the profession—a more appreciative interest by the public.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS' COMPETITION.



THE ACADEMY MEMBERS.

IN fulfilment of the promise we made last month we place before our readers reproductions of the chief prize winning works executed by the students of the Royal Academy Schools and published upon at the end of the Annual Session in December last.

Concerning them in the order in which they occur in the official list we begin with the Gold Medal and Travelling Scholarship (£200) in Historical Painting for which the subject of *Victory* was given. The competition lasted several weeks of high pressure canvases displaying very considerable power in respect to drawing, composition and invention on which the influence of what is called modernity was much in evidence. As a whole these works were satisfactory testimony of the efficiency of the Academy as a scholastic institution but two of them stood out from the rest with unmistakable distinction. These were the canvases of Mr Ralph Peacock and Mr Gerill Moore respectively and their competitive merits expressed the minds of the

adjudicating Academicians not a little. In the end the palm was awarded and we believe with justice, to Mr Peacock while an Honorary Mention was accorded to Mr Moore. Now as a picture pure and simple the canvas of the latter talented student was we consider the better work. Save for a little defective, or at least exaggerated drawing in the mouth the picture was remarkable for painter-like qualities as well as for originality and spirit. But Mr Peacock had demanded much more. He had deliberately grappled with greater difficulties than Mr Moore had counted and if he did not produce so harmonious a picture, and even though his work is strongly reminiscent of the style of one of the more prominent Academicians, he

honestly met the examiners' demand for a school piece which should frankly show the extent of his power and the result of his study. His merits are not more distinctly displayed in this picture than his limitations and his work is a pictorial examination-paper, not exactly brilliant, polished, but clever and solid suggestive of vigour and of thought. Students would do well to bear it in mind in mind the Academy competition is not held for the purpose of producing an exhibition picture but with the object of seeing to what point the student has reached by the course of artistic grammar and composition which he has followed, and that other things being equal he who meets the examiners frankly on their own ground, will triumph over him whose desire to exercise his individual fancy and dash has obscured his appreciation of the Academic purpose.

The same reflection is prompted by the result of the Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship (£70) for Landscape Painting, the subject of which was to be found in the lines from Milton's "Lycidas"—

And with a sullen start I out all the lake,
And on my dripping flanks the western bar."

More than one of the dozen pictures illustrative of these suggestive lines reached an unusually high point. But here, again it was not the poetic



VICTORY

(From No. 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100)



VICTORY

(From the Plate by Gerald E. Moore)

mystery of twilight that was wanted not *reform* mentally never clever in the manner of popular Academicians. The picture which secured the prize was a simple and pleasing transcript from nature by Mr Francis J. Mackenzie boldly dealing with full daylight with the open sky and with every stone of the shingle in the foreground drawn with attention and coloured with care.

It is easy enough to cultivate breadth the verdict of the Council says as plainly as it can speak without words "But first you must show us that you are a master of draughtsmanship. Breadth covers a multitude of loose drawing, and what we want to know is whether you have acquired the first principles of an artist's education." Crofton used to paint as broadly as you choose, but his immemorial studies proved after his death how minute and accurate were the studies he made for the figures and cattle he introduced with so much negligent carelessness and breadth. Mrs. Louisa Long who won the Grosvenor prize of £50 with her picture of 'An English Lane' bore this principle in mind. Her picture was perhaps not quite the best judged solely as a picture, but the painting of pure sunlight in it was nothing less than a triumph for so young a student.

We now come to the work of Mr Ian Philip Montford. As we have already recorded he car-

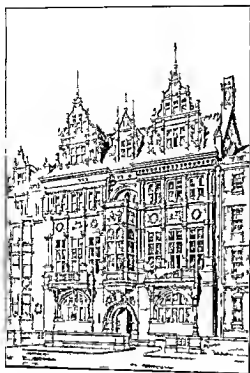
ried off the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship (£200) for the Composition in Sculpture. The subject—Jacob Wrestling with the Angel—was one eminently fitted to display not only the student's technical skill both as anatomist and sculptor but his power of composition as well and the quality of his mind. Not only did Mr Montford acquire himself with exceptional honour in this respect but he won also five other prizes both for drawing and design in the flat as well as in the round and for the best average of work done. Some particulars about this remarkably promising young artist may here be given.

The son of the Curator of the Academy School of Sculpture Mr Montford passed the entire second grade at South Kensington by his fourteenth year. At sixteen he became a pupil under Mr Sparles at Lambeth School as a draughtsman and at the Sketching Club which he joined he took the second prize. Three years later he entered the schools of the Royal Academy and gained the Silver Medal for the best model from the antique. When he was twenty-one being a sculptor he competed with the draughtsmen and won the Silver Medal in 1882 for the best cartoon of 'Fanny Macbeth'—a technical study in drawing the figure. The same year he was awarded the Gilbert prize with a model of 'The



JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

(From the Gold Medal Group by F. R. Montford)



OLD MEDAL DESIGN FOR A TOWN HOUSE
(By A. H. Hunt)

Dom of Cuthbert. The following year Mr Montford won the Silver Medal offered by the Royal Academy for an ornamental panel representing The Church and a few months later at the expiration of the first term of studentship he earned off the Lambeth Scholarship of £40 a year for two years while about the same time he gained the British Institution scholarship for a similar period of £50 a year. Meanwhile Mr Montford at the age of twenty had taken an art certificate in the Kensington examination at the same time winning a third grade prize. In his days during the seasonal year just completed we have already referred and we cannot doubt that a young man who has already achieved so much will carry out the brilliant promise of his youth.

The character of the designs submitted in competition for the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy Architectural Section this year was a little disappointing and the judges must have felt some hesitation in awarding the prize. Mr A. H. Hunt who was adjudged the successful competitor submitted a design which showed a careful study of the requirements of planning. The difficult problems in connection with the efficient lighting of a town house with a comparatively narrow frontage were satisfactorily handled and the

building would certainly be well adapted for a large reception which is one of the chief requirements in a house of this size.

The elevation was based on the French Francois I style as interpreted in a recently erected building of some prominence in London. The composition was however somewhat weak and the character Mr Hunt gave to the facade was not quite what we had anticipated for the town house of an English gentleman. Doubtless when Mr Hunt returns from his travels he will have learnt to appreciate the difference between surface decoration and architecture and to see the advantages that he would have gained if he had devoted more time to the artistic disposition of his masses and less to the destination of his plan with surface by the unnecessary application of irrelevant ornament. If we have spoken rather plainly in respect to Mr Hunt's design it is not to disparage it. On the contrary it is a good work that we have preferred to criticize. It is we would think of an architect who had long since gained his spurs.

Such are the principal achievements of the biennial session of which the heroes would appear to be Mr Montford and Mr Monahan. We propose similarly to record the work thus done in the future in every alternate year.

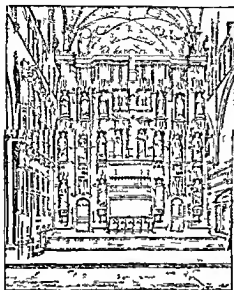


And now the sun had stretched out all the hills
And now was dropped into the western bay"

(From the Gold Medal Picture by F. J. Maclean)

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

THE restoration of the High Altar Screen of St. Alban's Cathedral Church has not long since been practically completed through the munificence



HIGH ALTAR SCREEN AT ST. ALBAN'S
(Restored at the Expense of H. Hicks Gibbs Esq. M.P.)

of Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs M.P. It will be remembered that two or three years ago that gentleman gained an action on behalf of himself against him by Lord Gainsborough who sought to prevent his rival intemperate saint of the Alley from spending £30,000 on this elaborately decorated screen. The work is about 42 feet high by 9 feet wide extending from the north to the south side of the sanctuary and contains fifty three statues and statuettes. A full description of the screen and of the assistance accorded by Sir A. W. Homboldt B.A. will be found in Mr. Gibbs' handbook on the subject published in St. Albans.

Special interest always attaches to the finest work of Mr. Zachary's the eminent tool binder who may be said to take rank among the four or five pre-eminent professors of the bibliographic art in this country. Two examples of his taste and skill are reproduced—sadly but unavoidably reduced in size. The chief illustration represents the case in which was enclosed the address presented to the Prince of Wales.

on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. It was of white morocco bound round the sides with a strip of yellow leather toolled in gold. The insides were of light blue morocco decorated with a floral design toolled in colour and in the centre the emblems of the dramatic art were displayed each emblem in a different colour. On the opposite page which was also of blue the Prince's monogram and feathers were powdered the centre bearing musical instruments.

The purchase by the Louvre of Mr. Whistler's Portrait of My Mother is one on which the artist may be warmly congratulated for it is a compensation the like of which is rarely offered to foreign painters but in this case richly deserved. The security made by the artist in parting with the picture for £160 and the Officership of the Legion of Honour though he had had offers of over a thousand also deserves to be recorded. Another pleasant fact in accordance with this incident is the part taken by Messrs. Jousset Valdon and Co. They negotiated the little business and forewent their commission which on the much higher price they would certainly have earned. This is not the first time the firm has shown its patriotic spirit. In the same way they gave up Mr. Swin's Prodigal Son and Mr. Chusens' Girl at the Gate both for the Chantry Bequest Collection. What other house we wonder would have done as much?



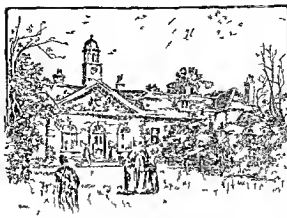
FRONT AND BACK COVERS OF ADDRESS PRESENTED TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
(Designed and executed by Mr. Zachary)

Two months ago we printed Mr. Bigland's interesting statement as to how he painted his portrait of Mr. Gladstone. We are now enabled to place a reproduction before the reader small but sufficient to suggest the picture. (See next page)

and eventually retired from the Navy with the rank of Captain. Marrying in 1861 Miss Laura Seymour, daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour KCB he then assumed the title of Count Gleichen and from that time until his lamented death on the 31st of last December he resided chiefly at St James's Palace.

Like several members of our Royal

Family Prince Victor Hohenzollern had early exhibited distinct artistic talent and this power he now turned to account as a sculptor exhibiting



EMMANUEL HOSPITAL WESTMINSTER

(Drawn by H. B. de la Roche)

Wenlock were other of certainly not the least successful specimens of his talent. The remains of the Prince were laid quietly to rest at the little village

presentment of our beloved monarch. He also executed a colossal statue for Lord Wintour of Alfred the Great erected at Wintour as the birthplace of the Saxon king and unveiled there on the 14th of July, 1877 by the Prince of Wales. Another remarkable idealistic group 'The Deluge' and recumbent monumental statues of his father in law Sir George Seymour and of Countess the Princess



THE LATE M. ALPHAND

(From a Photograph by Eug. de la Roche)

various groups, statues and busts at the Louvre and my Grosvenor Gallery and elsewhere. The mention of a very few of his works will serve to reveal the wide and number of his art. His small statue of Her Majesty the Queen is a dignified



PASTORAL STAFF RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON

(Designed by C. A. Phipps)



THE LATE PRINCE VICTOR OF Saxe-Coburg

(From a Photograph by Eug. de la Roche)

church of Sunningdale in Berkshire on the 4th ult. but to those of us who had the honour of the personal acquaintance of a good and brave man and a most courteous and kindly gentleman, his loss is certainly irreparable.



ART IN FEBRUARY

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTION

The postponed election of three new Associates of the Royal Academy took place on the 27th of January, before one of the smallest gatherings ever recorded within the last quarter of a century—only forty-four voting members being present. In the absence of Sir Frederick Leighton through bereavement Mr Calderon the Keeper presided. It was understood that a painter a sculptor and an architect should be elected in order to preserve the proper balance of parties in the Academy. Each election as the reader of THE MAGAZINE OF ART is aware is the result of two scratchings on paper and one final ballot each voting being an eliminating process. The figures were as follows—

FIRST ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Stanhope Forbes, 11 Mr J. M. Swan and Mr W. Logsdail 9 Mr C. A. Lawson 6 Mr Harry Bates, 1 Mr Albert Moore 4
Second Scratchings (this tie was off between Messrs. Swan and Logsdail)—Mr Swan 7 Mr Logsdail 20
Final Ballot—Mr Forbes 23 Mr Swan 19
SECOND ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Harry Bates, 13 Mr T. G. Jackson 6 Mr Swan, 6 Mr Lawson 6 Mr Logsdail 6 Mr Arthur Hacker 2 Mr Denby Sadler 2 Mr Adrian Stokes, 1 Mr Albert Moore 1 Mr Sargent, 1 Mr Anton Webb 1
Second Scratchings—Mr Bates 18 Mr Swan, 9 Mr Lawson, 7 Mr T. G. Jackson 7 Mr Logsdail 7
Final Ballot—Mr Bates 20 Mr Swan 15
THIRD ELECTION. *First Scratchings*—Mr Jackson, 7 Mr Swan 10 Mr Lawson, 7 Mr Logsdail 4 Mr Webb, 1 Mr Hacker 1 Mr Moore 1
(Only two candidates obtained more than three votes so that no others, by virtue of the rules got upon the blackboard, and no second scratching therefore took place.)
Final Ballot—Mr T. G. Jackson 30 Mr Swan 11

THE NEW ASSOCIATES.

It must be admitted that the Academicians have in this election chosen the right men. Mr Swan may be a more brilliant and exquisite artist than Mr Forbes but the reason of his non-election is not that he is not so popular with the public (so fine an artist can never be entirely popular) but that as he "recommended the Academy" very recently years after he was painting fine things, the institution could hardly in order to recognise him pass over a painter of exceptional talent and high achievement who for years had been contributing to the success of their exhibitions. That Mr Forbes is an excellent painter no one can doubt—we have followed his career closely in the pages, and are satisfied that he is destined to travel much further on the road of success. Mr Harry Bates has been a "milked man" ever since he gained so brilliantly the Academy Travelling Studentship for sculpture. His statue of Pandora and his busts and statuettes, no less than his reliefs in bronze and marble, proclaim him a sculptor of the very highest promise and already of remarkable achievement. As distinguished in his own name is Mr T. G. Jackson the architect. As wrote an artist to the *finger tips*, he has done much to rescue his art from the tyranny of the professional architect-surveyor—the mere

builder, who in this country masquerades and is accepted as an artist. His ecclesiastical and domestic work is extensive and important but it is on his Oxford achievements—at Brasenose at the Examination Schools, and at several other colleges—that his reputation rests. To-day, when the very status of architecture forms the subject of argument and discord amongst its professors, the election of such a man into the Royal Academy has a special significance.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.

A case recently heard at the Birmingham County Court has considerable interest both for purchasers of pictures at sale by auction, as well as for the auctioneer commissioned to sell. It appears from the evidence that at a sale conducted by Mr Roberts, of the firm of Roberts, Ludlow, and Welker three pictures, described in the catalogue as the works of Guido, Rubens, and Salvator Rosa respectively were knocked down to a Mr Wood at the several prices of £10 10s., £14 14s. and £2 1s. In the course of the sale Mr Roberts referred to the paintings in terms of high commendation and it was alleged that he emphatically stated that the picture offered as a "Rubens" was a genuine work. The purchaser was induced by these statements, together with those in the catalogue to believe that the pictures were what they were represented to be but being subsequently informed by experts that they were only copies he sued the auctioneers for damages for breach of warranty. The latter denied the "warranties" and further contended that as they were protected from liability by the conditions of sale which stated that purchasers would have to take the pictures without a guarantee of genuineness, but which however the plaintiff asserted he had not noticed. The jury decided against the auctioneers and awarded the purchaser damages assessed at the sum of the prices paid. The result appears somewhat startling and may create a new factor in connection with sales by auction of pictures and other works of art at Christie's and elsewhere as the effect of the verdict seems to be that it lies in the power of a jury to nullify express conditions of sale and to render an auctioneer liable in damages for statements made at an auction notwithstanding that the name of the person for whom he sells is disclosed. Whether this is a true construction of the law on the subject remains to be seen.

In the consolidated actions of Lums, Mordaunt and the Berlin Photographic Co. v. Williams one further damages were awarded to each of the plaintiffs for infringement of their copyrights in certain paintings of which printed prints had been sold by the defendant who moreover was absolved by the jury from the payment of the penalties for infringement inflicted by the Copyright Acts on the grounds that it was not proved that he had acted with knowledge of the prints having been printed. This plea of ignorance of the rights of the plaintiffs, which practically constituted the defence is no doubt good in law but it would be much more equitable if it were obligatory on a person who deals in reproductions of works of art to ascertain before disposing of them whether he is selling stolen goods or not.

BY V. VERESTCHAGIN ON AMERICAN PICTURE 'BOOMING'

MR VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN the well known Russian painter, sends us from Moscow the following curious letter—a letter, we hasten to add, which hardly impresses us as it was evidently intended to do. We translate from the French in which it is written—

'I desire to address you on a personal matter which touches closely the interests of the public which concerns itself with art, and which consequently merits your attention.

'I have lately learned by my own experience, what a sale of well known pictures *a l'aveu* means. I learned with amazement that even the sale of the picture *The Angelus*, about which there has been so much talk was *fréchet* that 500 000 francs were never paid for this canvas by the American speculator, S—, that it was never re-sold for 100 000 francs by that gentleman as was announced with so much noise that in a word, this sale like so many others, was nothing but one of those American booms 'carefully prepared and arranged before and by those interested in order to astonish the *bourgeois* and to allure the simple and hesitating buyer.

You understand of course that the affair is well worth some trouble that if a picture of Millet is sold even fictitiously for 500 000 francs all the other works of the painter even the most insignificant sketches mount in price to 20 30 and 40 000 francs and more and consequently realise a fine profit to those who hold them in stock.

In my personal experience this same Mr S— who has exhibited and sold my pictures offered to my agent to 'boom' this sale that is to make it a great and resounding success—on condition that he might be permitted to puff it at a price artificially by fictitious buyers, and to present false figures to the public, by which he would have been enabled to speculate with my pictures *ad infinitum*. Naturally my agent and I declined to lend ourselves to this trickery although at his expense.

I have learned, Mr that nearly all the prices which so arouse the admiration of European art lovers are swollen and presented to the public at the real value being doubled or tripled.

I invite your attention to these manoeuvres, and beg to

Now we assume that Mr S— can perfectly well meet the charge and will forthwith proceed to do so, if he considers it worth while. For our part—whatever truth there may be in these revelations of picture "booming"—we assume that the cause of this startling outburst on the part of M. Verestchagin is to be found in the disappointing prices fetched by his pictures at a sale of which we received news at about the same time as the arrival of his letter. It appears that at a sale in New York, M. Verestchagin's 111 canvases brought in only £13700 or an average of £123 10s. a piece for pictures of no great artistic merit, but which have for years been "boomed" throughout Europe. The enormous "Plowing from Guns in British India" was knocked down for £2000—a large price for such a painted effect. The real reason may be that we challenged the good faith of M. Verestchagin in these columns at the time and that in reply he made a rambling political statement all the while carefully avoiding our distinct charge.

UPCOMING EXHIBITIONS.

In order to avoid the period of the Christmas holidays, the date of opening the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy has been altered from the middle of February to the first week of December, and I accordingly, two displays were held in the course of 1901. In the exhibition now on view, very special prominence has been given to a loan collection of the work of the late Sir WILLIAM PITTES. The Royal Scottish Academy has selected seventeen of his water-colour drawings on entering the galleries, while thirty seven of his oil pictures—mostly figure pieces, but including a

few landscapes—occupy nearly the whole east wall of the Great Room. Exemplary in their delicate and spirited finish, and in their rich and powerful colouring the examples of his art now shown cannot fail to increase the reputation of this very accomplished painter. The productions of the younger artists of Glasgow appear in the present exhibition with a prominence and importance not hitherto accorded to them here—Mr E. A. WALTON showing "Bluettes"—his vigorous, life-sized picture of a country child standing with her hands filled with corn flowers, an important landscape, and a fine pastel head of a rustic model, Mr JAMES GUTHRIE sending his striking full length of "Mrs Fergus," a "Pastoral," and three pastel sketches, two of them—"Workers on the Shore, Helensburgh, and "Explanade, Sundown"—being especially fascinating works, Mr GEORGE HENRY's contributions including a delightful picture of two children in a wood, and Mr LAVERIE sending two portrait studies, and his noble classical subject of the deserted "Armadine." Sir GEORGE REID the new President is at his strongest in the seven portraits that represent him. His full length of Lord Provost John Crie in official robes, painted for the Corporation of Glasgow is masterly in the decision of its pose and arrangement. Professor Tait shows a powerful, intellectual head, treated with the unfinishing realism which it deserves.

Mrs Macfie of Droghda is one of those delicate, cabinet-sized half-lengths of the artist with the surroundings of the interior in which the lady is seated rendered with a finish which secures the charm proper to a fine work of genre. Mr ROBERT GIBB and Mr OTTO LEYER also show excellent portraits, but Mr McLAGARTY's three subjects have less than usual of that brilliant feeling of powerful open air lighting in the portrayal of which this artist, at his best, is without a Scottish rival. By Mr G. O. REID are some crisply touched and vigorous little figure pieces, and in landscape Mr LAWTON WINGATE, Mr W. D. MCKAY, Mr DEVOYAN ADAM, Mr JAMES PATERSON, and Mr G. H. MACKIE, all show things of worth. The most important contributions by London artists are Sir JOHN MILLAR's "Miss Bluffet," Mr TADEMAS "Audience with Agrippa," and his portrait of Paderewski, Mr PITTIE's portrait of J. C. Noble, R.S.A. and Mr TOM GRANTHAM's fresh and spirited "Crofters." The works of sculpture include several striking portrait busts by Mr FITZENDRIGH MACCULLUM, of Glasgow, and the most notable exhibit in the Water Colour Room is a study of greyhounds, 'The Finish of the Course' by Mr R. ALEXANDER.

It may well be questioned whether the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street ever had a finer collection of pictures on view than those by Mr H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. The artist's terms his sixty canvases—with but one or two exceptions—"studies," but half a dozen of them are of five feet dimensions, and these, with some others, might generally be considered finished paintings. Mr Davis brings the result of a highly cultivated mind to his work, and, as a consequence, we find his pictures of sheep, deer, cattle, and other animals, invested with some sentiment that speaks through the intellect to an educated taste. The leading works at any rate in size in the gallery are "Now Come Still Evening On"—the Royal Academy picture and almost the only finished one, as Mr Davis considers in the gallery—a singularly beautiful realisation of the last glow of the departing sun on sheep, shepherd, and moorland. And then we have among the larger studies "The Fringe of the Dunes at Condetta" (4) one of the artist's beloved views in Picardy, "A Pause—Re ploughing in Spring" (31),

white cart horses working on the fallow, 'Conyhurst Hall, Fwhurst, Surrey' (46) the well known ever beautiful hill in which the stretch of sand forms so charming a study of colour, and 'The Farm Gate, St Etienne, Pas de Calais' (34), a sunlit lane forming the entrance to the artist's own premises at St Etienne 'Scene in Applecross Deer Forests' (13), and 'The Way to the Sanctuary' (17), are two of the artist's Scotch studies. A picture upon which we must confess to dwelling with peculiar delight is 'A Surrey Cottage Orchard' (29) a rustic cottage on the left, with orchard in which are some calves, and the shadows of coming night stealing over to the ground towards the distant, still sunny landscape.

A collection of studies in pencil and water colour by the late Mr ASHBROSE POYNTER, architect has been lent to the South Kensington Museum by his daughter and son—Miss H. M. Poynter and Mr E. J. Poynter, R.A. The great interest of these drawings is to be found in the pencil sketches, which are excellent proofs of the extreme facility possessed by Mr Poynter in the use of his pencil. The long sketch of Messina was executed in 1821 when in quarantine there, during one of his voyages to the East, which he made partly in the company of Angell, Cockerell, and Donaldson. A considerable number of the charming little drawings of Paris and the delightful old towns of Normandy with their beautiful cathedrals was done during his stay in France in the years 1870-2. There is also quite a number of sketches of English castles, churches and landscapes, some quite as charming and as highly finished as his French drawings. Pages from his sketch books have also been mounted, and are exceedingly interesting because they show the appearance of certain spots in London about the year 1810 such as the Old Angel at Islington, Marylebone Park, St Bartholomew's Church, the Greyhound Inn, Smithfield, and the ruins of the Old Savoy. It may be further mentioned that there is a certain appropriateness in holding this exhibition of Mr Poynter's work in the South Kensington Museum as he was one of the Inspectors of the Schools of Design at Somerset House.

REVIEWS.

Mr FRITH is always a charming companion, who has cultivated the art of story telling, for which he has a special talent, as assiduously as that of painting. His gift of humour and his brightness of expression, reinforcing his rich fund of anecdote, made his autobiography "A book of the year." It was, therefore expected that with so promising a subject as "John Leech His Life and Work" (Bentley and Son), a humorist with whom he had not a little in common, and with whom he enjoyed a cordial private friendship, Mr Frith would produce a book of transcendent interest and of exceptional value. If he has only partially succeeded, it is not so much through his own fault as through the abstinence of many of those on whose assistance and kindly interest he thought—and not without good reason—that he could count. Some of those who knew Leech best, and could have contributed valuable letters or illustrations, have declined to help his biographer and several of the pictures to which the author attached the greatest importance have at the last moment had to be omitted from the book. Yet Mr Frith gives us a very complete idea of the man so lovable, so pathetic, and so modest, with all his genius. He has crowded his pages with reproductions of many of his happiest woodcuts and his most delicate and most famous etchings. He has sought and obtained literary contributions from many of Leech's friends

and has set their welcome pages before the reader, and has treated his subject with a gentleness and humour well in harmony with the feelings of those who knew him. We can hardly find fault with Mr Frith for the strong tone of hero worship he adopts throughout (he unhesitatingly places Leech, along with Dickens, by the side of Shakespeare), for it is perhaps only natural in the circumstances to worship such a hero. But with two or three modifications and additions the book would double its value—the arrangement should be strictly chronological, the descriptions of the books which Leech illustrated, amusing as they are, should be greatly condensed, and a description of Leech's artistic education and methods, and an exhaustive criticism on his work—which Mr Frith is so well qualified to give—should be added. Until that is done the true 'life and labours' of John Leech is still to be written, and seeing how easily the task would be, in spite of all the dogs in the manger who selfishly withhold their treasures, we still may look to Mr Frith to carry out the task in the near future. Till then the highly entertaining volumes before us are a charming, though not the final, tribute to the great master of humorous art, and form most welcome *mémoires pour servir*.

Among contemporary writers no man is so well equipped as Mr ARTHUR DOWSON for the task of producing a history of the Great Master of English art. His "William Hogarth" (Sympton Low and Co.) is an expansion of his well known contribution to the 'Great Artists' series, and is as admirable as we might expect from one who is steeped to the finger tips in the life of the period, in the lore of Pope and Walpole, and whose appreciation of Hogarth's art is as keenly sympathetic and critical as his appreciation of Hogarth's humanity. This handsome volume, in which the author has incorporated the excellent paper he contributed on the subject to the pages of this Magazine, includes such fresh information as has come to light during the last decade—namely details respecting the dates of original issue of plates, and so forth—a lot of important new facts there is naturally a dearth. The latter half of the book consists of three portions—firstly, of a very complete and exhaustive bibliography of books, &c., relating to Hogarth and his work (but we see with some surprise that no mention is made of the some what important Memoir of the painter which appeared in "Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts" in 1832), secondly, of a catalogue (with descriptions of 'states') of all prints by, or after, Hogarth, and, lastly, a catalogue of paintings by, or attributed to, the master. It is of course, inevitable that in so troublesome a compilation now completely made for the first time, a few minor errors should have crept in. The book as it stands must be accepted as the most important and most valuable work yet issued on the subject, making another treatise almost impossible. It is the author's tribute to the genius of the painter and a testimony of his own powers as a writer and a critic. The illustrations are not unworthy of the book.

"*Gelatine Chloride Printing-out Process*," by Mr W. E. WOODBURN (Hazel, Watson and Viney Limited), is a well arranged, well printed handbook for photographers, which treats exhaustively of the manipulations necessary in this silver printing method. For artists who use the hand or other camera to secure notes of subjects which strike them, and who wish to reproduce all the detail of their negatives, this is the most useful process of printing. The enamelled surface, so easily produced on the paper, assists in giving the most minute and delicate detail of any subject.

photographed with clear and accurate definition. In addition to all other necessary particulars as to working the methods of securing this high gloss are fully gone into. We may just add that photographers will find no difficulty in stripping their prints from glass if they have been previously treated with the alum bath.

A compilation of formulae for processes, most of which are in common use amongst photographers has been issued by the same publishers under the title of "*One Hundred Photographic Formulae*," by W. POLLOCK ROGER. It will prove a convenient reminder-book for those who are already practically acquainted with the methods to which the formulae relate. If reference were given to the sources from which the bare formulae have been collated the work would also be useful to those who are in search of fresh and complete information about the processes. The arrangement and type of the book are simple and bold to facilitate reference in the dark room.

Selections from the writings of authors are, as a rule, not worth much consideration: they are apt to reflect too much of the mind of the selector. But there is a good reason for issuing such a work, as that recently published by Macmillan and Co.—a selection from the poems of SHELLEY—for they are accompanied by a set of beautifully reproduced illustrations drawn by ELLA DELL and engraved on wood by J. D. COOPER. The book is published because of the illustrations—the poems do but accompany them. The artist has been looking a great deal at Turner and perhaps also at Gustave Doré, but there is no mistaking the Turner influence. The drawings are fanciful rather than imaginative, they are unreal, but always graceful, and the care which Mr. Cooper has bestowed on the reproductions is beyond all praise.

"*Reynolds and Chislien's Portraiture in England*" is the title of the last addition to the *Vere Foster Drawing Book* (Blackie). Mr. E. J. FLORES has made water colour copies of eight portraits or pictures of children mostly by Reynolds and these copies have been reproduced in colour by chromo lithography. It is proposed to teach the art of figure painting in water colour by the use of these reproductions as copies to be imitated. Mr. Flores tells how the student is to work from these copies, and Mr. Loftie supplies some supplementary text. It is almost needless to add that the copying and recopying has left very little of the original pictures in these chromo-litho graphic reproductions, but were they as excellent as they are and different it would still be very doubtful whether copies from oil pictures are likely to make good examples from which to teach painting in another medium.

NOTABILIA

Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., has succeeded to the chair of the late Signor VFEL in the *Académie des Beaux Arts*.

The Japan Society has been founded by several gentlemen interested in the art and life of Japan, with the view to the reading of papers, the formation of a library, and kindred objects.

Certain of the Parisian press announce the deaths of two eminent English sculptors—Count Gleichen and the Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, to each of whom an obituary is devoted in the same column.

Messrs. DAGNYN BOLVERET, AIZELIN and DAUMET have been created Officers of the Legion of Honour, while the following painters have been admitted as Knights

Messrs. JULIEN DUTRÉ, ADAM, BOUTEAUX, GUICHARD, PLATTREAN, and TOUTOUZEL.

An important step has been taken in France by removing the Manufactures Nationales (i.e., Sevres, Gobelins, &c.) from the department of Fine Arts to that of Education. In other words it is a recognition of the fact that those art factories have changed their character from art producing to simply educational institutions.

We understand that the Institute of Journalists intend again to bring the subject of the extension of Press day before the notice of the Royal Academy. Last year the Council replied that they were endeavouring to comply with the request of the Institute in the matter of increased facilities for criticism, but that it was not possible to deal with it in time for the then forthcoming exhibition. As the Institute is moving in the matter not in the interests of the critics but in those of the descriptive writers and reporters of the whole British press—an infinitely larger body—its representations cannot but carry the greatest weight.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of M. DALLÉ, in his eighty-second year. This eminent architect, who was a member of the Institut de France, was the President of the *Société des Artistes Français*, and consequently one of the official heads of the artists of France. Always in some sense an 'official' architect, he was connected with several of perhaps the finest buildings in his country, and certainly some of the best restorations. He was buried with considerable pomp, funeral orations being pronounced by the Minister of Fine Arts, M. PUISIE de CHAVANNE and the Comte Henri Delaborde.

THE COMTE DE NISVENBERGER, a scion of a noble in the days of Louis Philippe, and under that regime and the later one of the Third Empire a spoiled child of the Court, has died, at the age of eighty-one. He nursed it is said the features of an Olympian god to the frame of a Hercules, and became a 'social success.' He was a Superintendent of Fine Arts under the Empire, and remained at the head of the museums until that dynasty was swept away.

IL CAVALIÈRE FRANCESCO GRANDI, Director of Mosiacs in the Vatican, has died at Rome at the age of sixty. His most important works include both frescoes and mosaics, and may be seen in the Church of Lucrezia, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, and in theapse of St. John Lateran.

M. CHARLES LOUIS MULLER, who was a member of the Institute, was born in 1815. After leaving the studios of Gros and Cogniet, he began to exhibit at the Salon in 1837, and did not cease to contribute till fifty years later. From the beginning he painted history, sacred and profane, in the grand style and on a grand scale. In 1844 he exhibited his enormous 'Entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem' while his 'Appeal of the Last Victims under the Reign of Terror' at the Salon of 1850 was received with a whirlwind of applause. Later on his pictures became somewhat metaphysical and still later they occasionally descended into *grotesque*. In 1840 he became Officer of the Legion of Honour and five years later he succeeded Flaminio in the Académie, occupying the eighth chair.

Obituary notices of Messrs. J. D. WATSON, ALPHAND, WOLFF, EMILE BAYARD, and the Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (Count GLICHENY) will be found on pages 178-180 of "Our Illustrated Note Book."

Our notice of the late M. HENRIQUEL DUPONT Hon. R.A., is postponed till next month.

STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

By MARION HEWLETT DIXON

WHATEVER faults may be found at the doors of the Royal Academy a hint of liberality can hardly be numbered among them. More than once in our own day has this body lifted itself above small prejudices and latent conservatism more than once has it embraced the daring and unconventional and in so doing shown the world that all school even the youngest and perhaps least tolerant can find tolerance with the staid old forty. The election of Mr Stanhope Forbes, one of the most modern of modern painters gives conclusive point to this argument. It suggests that even the least fortunate of former selections—from the critical point of view—may have been forced on the Academy by public pressure instead of coming freely and spontaneously from within. Arguing from inference it may be but how else shall we account for the handsome treatment accorded the youthful leader of so influential a school as the Newlyn school of painting? The authorities at Burlington House no less than the youthful school referred to are to be congratulated on the election of the new Associate. Indeed no less than families are stimulated by fresh blood and the newcomer as one of the more characteristic exponents of the *plein air* methods was precisely the man to introduce the neglected real parties.

Mr Stanhope Forbes was born in 1858 of mixed parentage. Mrs Forbes the painter's mother being French. The boy however grew up in seclusion from any salubrious diet of Englishness—a fact which explains that the painter is English enough at the present moment to smile over the mistakes he

never he makes when he attempts the Gallic tongue. Encouraged by some pivotal achievements the boy began his art training at the Royal Academy. Yet even here the attractions of Pissarro methods as was natural to a lad with such conceivably affinities drew his eyes across the rough-and-tumble street. Accordingly in 1881 and the following year we find Mr Forbes enrolling himself as a student.



STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

(Portrait photograph by R. B. Ridd and P. M. M. Saxe.)

The summer of this year or more strictly speaking three summers were thus spent in entering the front of the triple scenes. London being seen and judged in the walls of Burlington House. One of the chief spots selected of the painter the picture exhibited in 1881 called *A Street in Brittany* being as we know no other than that picturesque village. That Mr Forbes' teaching proved efficient that the groundwork of his superstructure in the well known portrait painter's system was useful to Mr Stanhope Forbes goes without saying. Ingress is so much enough and to spare could be got from his own characteristic leaning and from the evanescent and ever-changing effects still in his strenuous open air work.

What he gained and what so many impressions need to gain was enough exact science to put in learnedly and faithfully what is by nature clinging and evanescent. It goes if we needed an example is a painter who has attained this double excellence, and naturally it goes is one of the painters whose work Mr Forbes seems to be getting.

Yet if the artist were closely questioned and asked to give his art a name I doubt not but that he would rank himself among the realistic rather

than what we know is the impressionist school of painting. In a word while delighting in frank, open effects in the natural lighting of his cottage interiors as opposed to the lygones artificial methods of illumination Mr Stanhope Forbes unquestionably feels that he has pushed his work a stage farther than is generally attempted by the ordinary impressionist. For besides what is obviously well gripped and striding in his work as a whole the painter has a keen sense for what are called values a nice eye for what in the diction of the *Pari Monnaie* is named the masses. These once secured the painter who works on Mr Forbes's lines is light of heart. For what is merely pretty in colour for what is merely classical in outline it may be noticed the school concerns itself hardly at all. What of charm and of magic belongs to such workers is their earnestness and then truth. If they sin (from the point of view of H.M.C. convention) they love much. The charm in the magic of open air is theirs and with it that something large and vital which brings us actually in touch with open air things. With them it may be said it is no question of an artist or a handful of artists holding a thing a summer by the seat. Mr Stanhope Forbes and each and all of his fellows for that matter live with the simple people whose lives they have elected to depict. Therein then is it to tell us something of the whisper of moaning seas of skies hued and lowering in the grey watched for dawn something of the vastness of wide horizon lines of the fitfulness of lives trusted day by day and year by year to a grim and merciless element. Something of the labour the patience the endurance of simple fisherfolk whose sear'd countenances bear the traces of Decembers as well as Junes.

Thus then is the gist of the Newlyn message though I may have delivered it all unwittingly in a thought too doleful a form. In general with Mr Stanhope Forbes has little of the pessimism in him. His shrewd Cornish fishermen go serenely about their business. They chatter and chaff they cheer in waves drunk lusty toasts and drink them fully as lustily. They are very and given to merriment. But let us look to it and even without their merrymaking for us one hour or seems to hear the life of winds and tides the lapping of waves the hursting of lulls as they race out full on the shore. But the something that is up or not or at most is caught fully through the thick pane of a cottage window—the sea is always with us.

But to return to the artist whom we left at Canick before the name of Newlyn was heard. Some portraits belong to this period an interesting fact inasmuch as Mr Stanhope Forbes has only this year to his credit at Canick. The only

portrait of the artist's uncle Mr Alexander Forbes was not lucky enough to find grace in Academic eyes but the Briton pictures found ready acceptance though buyers still remained chary. This reluctance inconvenient at least to a young man dependent on his own resources induced him to seek subjects nearer home. Two Birmingham men the well known water colour painter Mr Walter Langley and Mr Wainwright had settled themselves at the moment in a Cornish fishing village and in writing to Mr Stanhope Forbes spoke volumes in its praise. The transition and change from Brittany to the county just across the water implies little change to a lover of marine things. So much that is direct picturesque and primitive belong in common to both coasts. Hence probably it was with no great wrench or indeed premeditation that Mr Forbes journeyed to the small Cornish village which was so soon afterwards to be associated with his name.

To see the place was to be captivated and not only captivated but captured for Newlyn was made for Mr Stanhope Forbes as Mr Stanhope Forbes was made for Newlyn. Difficulties existed at the outset but to men with any grit in their difficulties exist to be overthrown. At the first fisherman's fishermen's cottage might seem to be a limited area in which to wield a six foot canvas and nothing but fishermen's cottages existed at the moment in the new settlement. A Newlyn painter in those days was put to an awkward shift. A will might peradventure be thrown down here and there a rod for slight torn in a thatched roof but at best the thing was a piece a hazard and men had to learn so to squall with their work on their lines. To say that Mr Stanhope Forbes buckled to his enterprise amid such untoward surroundings says much not only for his enterprise but his luck. Help however was at hand. Providence or more strictly speaking the enthusiastic amateur (in the person of Mr A. L. Hamer who has since quitted Penzance for one or other of the colonies) was to make Newlyn a reality. The autumn of 1889 saw that quaint upland known as Colihann (nothing, faith into well built studios at the instance of the Penzance providence and here accordingly in comparative ease and luxury Mr Stanhope Forbes has produced his last three years work.

With more stimulating however has it proved than the product wrought in the teeth of so many obstacles. A Fish Sale which made something like the artistic sensation of the Academy of 1857, early attested and proclaimed the new painter's powers. Towers in truth of a noble hand were at once seen to belong to its author. Something



THE HEALTH OF THE FOLK

(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1888)

SMITH & PUBLISHERS

than what we know by the impressionist schools of painting. In a word while delighting in frank open effects in the natural lighting of his cottage interiors is opposed to the vague artificial methods of illumination, Mr Stanhope Forbes is unquestionably feels that he has pushed his work a stage further than is generally attempted by the ordinary impressionist. For besides what is obviously well gripped and striking in his work as a whole the painter has a keen sense for what are called values a nice eye for what in the lichen of the *Irish American* is named the mists. These once secured the painter who works on Mr Forbes's lines is light of heart. For what is merely pretty in colour for what is merely classic in outline it may be noticed the school concerns itself hardly at all. What of charm and of magic belongs to such workers is their earnestness and then truth. If they sit (from the point of view of Island convention) they live much. The charm and the magic of open air is theirs and with it that something huge and vital which things are actually in touch with open air things. With them at any rate it is no question of interest in a beautiful artists holiday making a summer by the sea. Mr Stanhope Forbes and each and all of his fellows for that matter live with the simple people whose lives they have chosen to depict. Then is then is it to tell us something of the whisper of murmurs of skies and land lowering in the grey watched for dawn something of the vastness of wide horizon lines of the fathfulness of lines trusted dry by dry and year by year to a grain merciless element. Something of the bloom the patience, the endurance of simple fishermen whose bearded countenances bear the traces of fishermen as well as time.

Thus then is the gist of the Newlyn message, though I may have delivered it all unwittingly, in a thought to withhold a form. In good sooth Mr Stanhope Forbes has little of the je suis in him. His shrewd Cornish fishermen go steadily about their business. They chatter and chatter they chatter warily drink lusty toasts and drink them fully as lustily. They marry and give in marriage. But let us look to it and even without their marriage feet are heard in seem to hear the life of winds and tides the booming of waves the hoarse cry of birds as they rise and fall on the shore line. Thus is it though it appear not or at most is caught fitfully through the blank pane of a cottage window—the sea is always with us.

But to return to the artist, whom we left at Canick before the name of Newlyn was heard. Some portraits belong to this period an interesting fact inasmuch as Mr Stanhope Forbes has only this year tried his hand at another. The only

portrait of the artist's much Mr Alexander Forbes was not lucky enough to find grace in Alexander's eyes but the British pictures found ready acceptance though buyers still remained chary. This reluctance, nevertheless at least to a young man dependent on his own resources induced him to seek subjects nearer home. Two Birmingham men the well known water colour painter, Mr Walter Langley and Mr Wainwright had settled themselves at the moment in a Cornish fishing village and in writing to Mr Stanhope Forbes spoke volumes in its praise. The transition and change from Portmoy to the country just across the water implies little change to a lover of nature things. So much that is direct picturesque and primitive being in common to both coasts. Hence probably it was with no great wrench or indeed, preparation that Mr Forbes journeyed to the small Cornish village which was so soon afterwards to be associated with his name.

To see the place was to be captivated and not only captivated but captured for Newlyn was made for Mr Stanhope Forbes as Mr Stanhope Forbes was made for Newlyn. Difficulties existed at the outset but to men with any grit in them difficulties exist to be overthrown. At the first blush, a fishermen's cottage might seem to be a limited area in which to wield a six foot canvas and nothing but fishermen's cottages existed at the moment in the new art centre. A Newlyn painter in these days was put to an awkward shift. A wall might presently be thrown down here and there, a roof for skylight torn away that at least the thing was a piece in a hazard and men had to flound about to speak with their work in their faces. So say that Mr Stanhope Forbes buckled to his enterprise and such untoward surroundings says much not only for his enterprise but his good luck. Help, however, was at hand. Providence or more strictly speaking the enthusiasm of men (in the person of Mr A. Salmon who has since painted Penzance for one or other of the colonies) was to make Newlyn art. The autumn of 1889 saw that great influx known as California. Vastling forth into well built studios at the instance of the Penzance problem and here men busily in comparative ease and luxury Mr Stanhope Forbes has produced his last three years work.

Little more stimulating however has it proved than the product wrought in the teeth of so many obstacles. A Fish Girl, which made something like the artistic sensation of the Academy of 1889, early attested and proclaimed the new painter's powers. Fewers in truth of a wide kind were at once seen to belong to its author. Something





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which was at once fresh forcible and—alluring quality in modern eyes—distinctively modern lifted the picture out of the rank and file. Qualities of technique there may have been in the handling which puzzled the excellent Fitzhugh. The canvas had precisely the allurements which speak to the artist the critic. It was to borrow an expressive French phrase *l'enlèvement*. British power breadth of treatment a trained eye could find all these things moreover were seen to belong to the work while in the ordinary sense at least it made little bid for the suffrages of the shuffling public.

Yet the public as not infrequently happens were allured by what I may call the painter's very indifference to it. Off to the Fishing Ground exhibited the following spring was one of the popular canvases of the year and continues to be a popular canvas at the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery where it has found a permanent abiding place. No less enterprising in this respect have been the cities of Melbourne and Birmingham. For Mr Stanhope Forbes's exhibit of 1887 a picture called *The Ever-shifting Home* was caught up for Victoria. The *Village Idylharmonic* was acquired by the Corporation Gallery of Birmingham. The last named picture a favourite one with the painter secured a gold medal at the London Exhibition while the latter canvas by Order of the Court was selected for a like honour at Berlin last year. To make the list something more complete though it by no means exhausts the tale of the artist's achievements a work exhibited at the New English Art Club called *Illumin* deserves notice. The *Health of the Bait* purchased by Mr Tate in 1889 and dedicated even in its purchase to the nation is still so fresh in our memories as to need neither description nor praise of mine.

Solitaire and Solitaires makes its bow to a nation as an antique next May while this year's work if brought to a head in the masterly fashion in which it is conceived will add to its author's reputation. As usual with the painter this last subject is a familiar village scene. Trivial it distinctly is but its staid tranquillity has in it a quality which

excellent ones actuality and breadth. Handling of a fine order will be found in it and conspicuous as heart of it is the admirable lighting.

And of the school and the delightful painter whom we know and a hundred as Mrs. Fildes, the Armstrong and who as we know has taken to herself the name of Stanhope Forbes? Of these and other matters of import we must learn another time. Another time journeying thither it may be time to climb the steep cobbled street of the much painted Cornish village. To Luck maybe it this and that idea of the trim whitewashed sailors cottages which constitute the Newlyn. The *des Baux Arts*. To hear of the poles the punting, the theatricals the toil the labour the ambitions of the little knot of men gathered together there. Another time it may be time to seek that little disorderly encampment and finding it to find myself in the heart and centre of what we are pleased to call the modern art movement. For here has Mr. Walter Langley who charms us yearly with his impressive presentations of seafaring life and Mr. Frank Bramley who give us something like a new emotion with his *Hopless Dawn* we shall find the creator of By Order of the Court. And not only the creator of the picture but as I have said the actual environment which saw its birth. The order has changed in truth and something like a conventional studio has taken the place of the hitherto plaster and column which as yet time this Newlyn painter worked. Yet even here it will be less the latticed window the tiled over with the all wall against the hangings lamp which will attract and arrest our attention within these four walls. That I wager will be riveted by the sight of two in company two chosen comrades and fellow workers who also call themselves by the more ordinary name of husband and wife.

These fellow workers are known to the world as Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes. To see them at their crafts is to know that with their latest life is a faithful though the product of their hands is an earnest that it is a festival of hard work.





PRESS-DAY AND CRITICS—I.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST LIFE

BY M. H. SPIELMANN



ELLING to what importance Press-day has grown within recent years, it is surprising that no attention what ever has hitherto been devoted to the physiology of the subject by those whom it most nearly concerns. Its history is still to be written

and yet it is, I take it, one of the most frequent outward and visible signs and proof of the power of the Press. Few ceremonies or functions of any public interest or importance take place throughout the civilised world but the right of Presence of the Press is recognised and no exhibition or performance official or otherwise, throws open its doors to the public without polite overtures being first addressed to the Fourth Estate. The reporter is invited to record and the critic to judge. And if like William he withhold the sought-for verdict, protest is rarely made—at least in public—for there is in the vast majority of cases, no appeal beyond *Cassan Scriptor*. The omnipotence and omniscience of the Press are becoming more or less an article of faith with the mass of the people in spite of themselves even in the face of critics' critics, while among the commercial class its shortcomings such as they be, detract but little from its importance, it regarded only as a medium of advertisement. In the power and quality of its *résumé* indeed lies the pre-eminent value of Press-day to gallery managers and others and so long as that is secured, the tone and direction of the criticism are matters of minor moment. With Swift they doubtless feel that if men of wit would resolve under no circumstances to complain of their critics, those who come after would never know that they had had any.

The critics—God speed them!—hardly look at the matter in this same cold, calculating and one might say, degraded light. As I have already pointed out in my previous paper on the relations of artists and critics they regard their calling, and rightly so, with respect and pride. They feel to the full—the well equipped among them do—the responsibility that devolves upon them, and neither flinch nor cower without a deep sense of the obligations attendant on the divine right of criticism. Nay, Press-day is to them much what the assizes are to judge and jury, they rarely 'slate' without, in

their own minds, donning the black cap nor condemn without deluging themselves with emotion. A great day, this Press-day, for the earnest and responsible of the craft—a day of reflection and hard work of serious self-scrutiny and honest inquiry after truth.

In order to trace the origin of Press-day there is little occasion to grope in the remote recesses of a misty past. Throw back your memory but half a century or so and you find yourself at the very source and fountain head of the institution. Before that time the art-critic was treated scarcely indeed, although his works were valued his convenience was per se and systematically ignored. While with rare insight the dramatic critic had for generations been prompted by the manager in his work—even to the point of seats and porter upon the stage—the art-critic was beset with many a harassing regulation and barely told that if he wished to carry out his editor's instructions and meet the public's need he might, on the payment of his shilling entry with the crowd in the usual way, and make his notes examine, study, and judge (as best he might) hustled hither and thither in the hustle of a first day rush. Yet as I have said, he was already becoming a power in the land and his work was recognised as the great popularising factor in the development of the national taste. His words struck home then as much as they do to-day, and although he was often enough accused as now of not 'knowing a picture from a bull's foot' his pen has never been in any true sense a *quantité négligeable*. In 1852, swartling under a Press criticism of one of his own canvases Sir Edwin Landseer wrote to William Dyce—nineteen years before the first Royal Academy Press-day—"There is more of generosity and truth in your works than the critics are up to and he do it—to them!", and yet we find him some years later, standing before the very picture of his which had been severely criticised, whereby his ire was kindled against his judges in the Press—"The Dialogue at Waterloo"—and saying "I must have been mad when I printed that!" It is the same old story, the critical class (the Semitic race of the literary world) whose lot has so often and so long been the heritage of Cassandra—to prophesy more or less truly and not to be believed—was for generations treated with marked discourtesy and even contumely, until by its growing power and fast

it being tantamount to justify its existence and establish itself as a necessity. Indeed in due time it stormed the stronghold of the Academy itself just as its reportorial brethren had already freed the doors of Parliament. And Press-Day triumphed and is universal.

It is rather difficult to what particular society the honour of having notionally secured is due. The books of the Royal Academy of Painters in Water Colours show that it existed in 1844; it has existed. In that year the Institute then known as the "New Society" held an exhibition at 16 New Bond Street and the artists were taken to it at a special private view.

But this excellent example might have passed unimpaired had it not been for the energy and persistence of Mr. F. J. Stephens in critic of the *Athenæum* occasional contributor to this Magazine and one of the original English brethren. To him its establishment is due only if not chiefly due. In 1862 the committee of the International Exhibition had invited in a paper representatives to a private view. Taking advantage of that circumstance, Mr. Stephens wrote to Mr. F. A. Lamb, then secretary of the Royal Water Colour Society—the importance of which at that time entirely overshadowed the New Society—and after referring feelingly to the inconveniences of the existing arrangements pointed out that the writings of the Press had not only been invited to the exhibition prior to the admittance of the public but were actually encouraged to carry out their duties in comfort and that there had not even been an earthquake to speak of. The result of the correspondence was that in April 1862 the first two hours of the private view day were graciously enough set aside for the critics—a small mercy which nevertheless was accepted with gratitude. And so matters went on in Pall Mall East until the year 1878 when the increasing number of critics and reporters ranked the late in chains underneath and the interposing of Pressmen lovers and private-viewers acted and reacted disastrously on the temper of all. And thus it came about that a whole day was set apart at last and given to the publication on the artistic sub of Fleet Street.

But where the luck of Press-day was most keenly felt was in that conservative of all human institutions—the Royal Academy. For years the latter had been crying scold and looking back one can only marvel how such a state of things was allowed to continue so long. The men who were then any others had made the exhibitions fashionable and popular and who contributed in no small degree to the reputation of many of the members—and in many cases it must be owned quite unjustified—

were treated with an indifference bordering on insolence even though some of them were the personal friends and intimates of the Academicians. Mr. Stephens, assisted by Mr. Carter Hill and others, made many representations to the Academy and the former used his influence with many of the members to induce the Council to grant aid apart for the sole use and benefit of the critics. At last after many years of supplication and prayer, that was remedied which ought to have been remedied at once and, greatly through the enlightened assistance of Sir Frederick Leighton, the Press in April 1871, was for the first time officially invited by the Academy to visit and criticize the collection. Yet still as ever met with the best grace, for while the directors of other galleries "request the pleasure" of the critics attending, the Academy cordially directs its porters to admit the representative of such and such a paper to the Press and Private view days. Fifty words, undoubtedly, yet a strong showing how blows the Academy wind is over the Press.

At first the restriction was confined to the principal London papers, the present liberal extension to country and foreign journals being due to the ever-contents secretary, Mr. F. A. Lamb. The aim at the Academy now is that the applicant of not unestablished and respectable paper which may not yet be on the list is ever rejected. The only regulation—and that an innumerable one—laid down by the Council is that the editor of the paper must himself apply, and the ticket will be forwarded to him. No personal cards of admission are ever sent. This is a standing order which is said to provoke much wrath among the ladies who write London letters for an innumerable number of provincial and American papers many of which are abroad on the list but to whom their respective editors strangely enough forget to send the anxiously desired Press ticket. In vain does Mr. Lamb refer the innumerable ladies to their editors. They persist as he himself says with true feminine persistency, in lying in the Academy the House of Commons to their artistic critical-cum-literary meads and Noddy-like, they decline to be comforted.

I make no apology for having treated of the rise of Press-day in some detail for as I said at the beginning it has hitherto found me historians. It has developed and grown exceedingly from quite small things and on its own merits alone it deserves a record in the chronicles of Christ. Twenty years ago but a mere handful of not writers were taken to the artistic feast, today they are numbered by hundreds. For every exhibition the Royal Academy now grants admission to representatives of the Press varying in number from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. A similar number of invitations are

issued by the Royal Institute which in 1885 the year of its removal to the Royal Academy was transferred to five hundred. The Royal Society of British Artists invite about two hundred dress men and the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in approximate number. Whether this extraordinary liberality is an unusual blessing is a matter for grave doubt. But before discussing dress by as it might be proposed in the next number of this Magazine

to do with a good deal of business as it is admitted by employers in the retail can be given in exchange—the low footsteps already running from the newly wired it is within that half sleep of the casual as echoes. It is not alone a fitful procession of dress men and dress women is allowed up the unlit stairway and is settling itself about the half deserted rooms which still are redolent of wax and paint and fresh used turpentine.



PRESS DAY IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

(Drawn by Walter Pater)

to describe Press day as it is in all its dreary light—morally selecting the summer season of the Royal Academy as offering the best and most complete illustration.

The last Wednesday in April is the day invariably set apart for the Press and no sooner has nine o'clock struck from the clock tower of St. James's over the way than the doors of the Academy are opened and the early entries mount the steps of Portico House fully conscious of a long day's work before them and of a short day enough in which to perform it. Varnishing, lay is already taken place as the dawn enters and effectively removes all signs of that carnival of varnishes and chaos of ladders and brushes and the floor. Yet the place seems not yet quite awake as is the porter with a pleasant laugh of recognition chips off a corner of your

It is curious to observe and recognise the men and women who represent criticism to day as they arrive. Of course we have all the accidental art critics and reviewers who are firsts hunt the galleries of Bond Street and Piccadilly. But besides you may observe a well known collector here or an enterprising picture dealer there who have possessed themselves of critics' passes and so may not be included and that they are aware of the little irregularity which they have so cleverly managed is evident enough in their whole comportment. Reporters and delicate writers by the dozen lady fashion writers by the score managers of provincial galleries and museums than at the critics' novels foreign correspondents in London all the common ground of the floor of the Royal Academy. At these interesting persons we all look more closely in the next number.

ARTISTIC HOMES

WALL PAPER DECORATION

By LEWIS F. DAY

THE choice of wall papers its difficulty and the pitfalls of the pattern book were discussed at some length in my last paper but the danger does not end here. We have

to choose a paper not merely with regard to its effect as surface decoration but in reference to the particular wall to be papered with regard to the size, character and purpose of the room in question and to the position of frieze dado filling or main wall which the paper is destined to fill.

A design presents itself very often in quite a different light when you think of it as a ceiling pattern or a staircase pattern—and for the simple reason that it was designed for that object. One distinct purpose of a paper is to form a background—in a background is in its very nature not attractive. I remember an attempt on the part of

about with regard to wall paper is whether you want it to be merely a background or to form anything like decoration. That will depend to some

extent upon whether the walls are to be furnished with pictures or not. But even where you have pictures it is a poor compliment to the artist to shy them and it may be desirable therefore to divide the walls in two using a simple all-over pattern in two shades if one solid colour is a background to the pictures and it is that to mark off a frieze.

the required depth. The depth of the frieze needs to be judiciously proportioned with regard to the room: there is very often some feature of construction which will indicate its limits. Should the frieze you wish to use be rather too narrow for your purpose it can be helped out with a kind of plan



THE "KING'S COLLEGE" FRIEZE
(Designed by Wootton & Co.)



THE "HAKWELL" FRIEZE
(Designed by Mr. G. G. G. for Haywood and Son.)

a manufacturer to show some papers of this kind at an exhibition but they were so really like grounds that one did not recognize them as friezes they seemed like so many gips in the show.

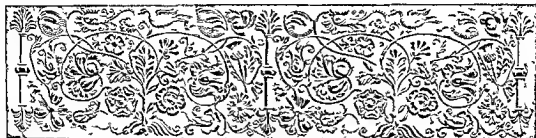
Perhaps the first thing to make up your mind

joint—and with advantage since what most frieze papers lack is just that border of plain colour which is necessary to separate them from the wall below. In any case a frieze is best divided from the wall below by a picture rail of wood which is decoratively

is desirable as it is actually useful. On the whole it would be safe to advise that the frieze be deep. A narrow frieze has only the value of a border and is hardly worth while seeing that it is comparatively

not arrested by this lighter wall space, but carried up to the ceiling above.

An interesting variation on the merely printed wall paper has been introduced by Hayward and



FRIEZE IN TYNESDALE CANVAS

(Designed by Scott & Co.)

expensive for the price of a narrow five inch border one could have a frieze of ordinary paper twenty inches deep which would form really a feature in the decoration. But deeper friezes designed specially as such as now made in paper and

may be very effectively used. If it is worth while having a frieze it is ordinarily worth while having it of sufficient depth—say from eighteen inches to three feet deep. One can get then some effect and on a part of the wall which is not broken by furniture, a very simple paper is often quite enough below, and the cost of even a comparatively expensive frieze added to that of a single print paper below amounts to not more than a single rather more elaborate paper all over the wall would have cost.

The frieze pattern by Woollins and Co. on p. 189 happens to be printed on a dark ground. The more usual coloring is on light grounds. A common error of the paper stainer (against which we have to guard ourselves) is to make the frieze approach too nearly both in character and colour the paper of the lower wall. The effect is lighter and surer when the frieze is more in the key of the cornice and ceiling. It is a popular superstition that this brings down the ceiling. It is nothing of the kind. The eye is

soon who have enriched sundry printed patterns with stencilling in water colour and have even stencilled wall paper altogether. That seems at first sight a very useful expedient but it is less practical than it seems for you cannot by stencilling

in water colour make sure of uniformity of tint. The inequality of transparent colour as compared with flat distemper tint is indeed its charm, but when you come to bring one breadth of stencilling in water colour by the side of another, there are sure to be differences of depth which draw undue attention to the joints, and give the appearance of stripes.

For a frieze however to be hung in one continuous length round the room this added use of stencilling is a great help to the printed pattern and admits of a variety of colour practically beyond the range of wall paper painting. Yet even in the case of a frieze entirely stencilled one is inclined to ask, Why not stencil it at once on the wall? Mr. Gwatkin has designed for Hayward and

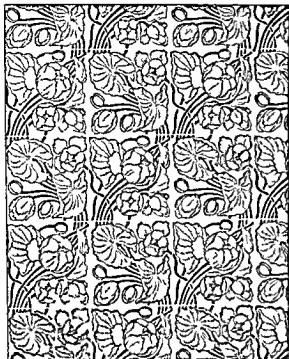


DYED IN LINCELSA

(Designed by the Lincelsta Wall Co.)

some very bold and original friezes fully printed and fully stencilled of which the example on the last page is a fair specimen. This is far enough away from the style of Louis XV. but there is just a suggestion about it of a 1600 of the artist's own which

one would not wish to see carried much further. The style is, in fact, rather loose.



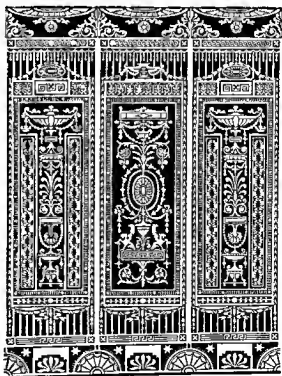
TILE PAPER.

(Designed by F. Arthur & Co.)

The frieze affords a good opportunity for the use of rich embossed leather paper so as to get the most effect out of it or Lincaster canvas which here again takes very much the place of plaster. It is in higher relief than leather paper Lincaster &c.—and many of Mr Scott Morton's designs are huge in style and very effective for the purpose for which they are intended. For my own liking they are a little too much like plaster. The example on the opposite page is taken directly from (I) plaster work. I imagine but apart from any prejudice one may have in favour of franker confession of material some of them could not well be better than they are. The difficulty with regard to manufactured friezes is in scheme, the pattern so as to fit the wall space. It is only occasionally that one finds a design planned with a view to its adaptation to the unequal walls of the room and when such patterns are produced the paperhanger is usually too—well too much a pyrrhonian to trouble himself about such trifles. But it is trifles like this which go to make intelligent treatment. A certain ingenuity is indispensable in decoration.

* Plaster work as applied to wall and ceiling decoration will be dealt with by Mr G. H. Robinson in a forthcoming number of this Magazine.—EDITOR.

a good decorator is fertile in expedient a bad one wants prompting at every turn. The use of the dado has in great measure gone out but it continues and will continue on staircases and in other places where it is desirable to varnish part of the wall for its protection. It has another use—viz in rooms which you want to keep light but where the furniture is dark. In that case a dark band round the lower wall without absorbing much light holds the objects in the room together and prevents the outlines of chairs and so on from standing out too sharply defined against a light background. The adoption of a dado enables you also to employ for that part of the wall which actually has to sustain hard usage a material more substantial than ordinary paper—painted flock for example or its more recent substitutes such as leather paper or whatever name it is called. Fine castle canvas or Lincaster—and that without the expense of carrying it all up the wall. The most substantial of these materials is undoubtedly Lincaster Walton—it is the material par excellence for an inexpensive dado. Unfortunately the makers have been led away (by the facility with which the die sinker can carve fine lines upon the metal cylinders they use) into producing patterns for the most part a drunken and feverish use in any

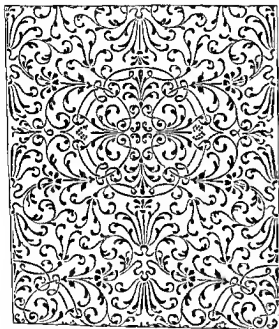


THE GEORGE NO. 1 DADO

(Designed by Owen Davis for Williams and Co.)

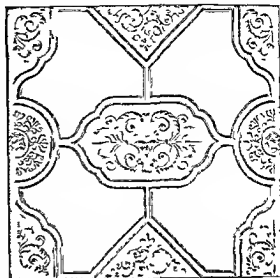
disfigured scheme of decoration. They have produced some broad and simple designs but they are the minority in their pattern book and the best of them are borrowed from old work. That applies to our illustrations, the one on p. 166 adapted from an old velvet, the other on p. 190 taken from Arabian jewelry. The imitation of wood noticeable in some of the best dado patterns in this material will be to some a recommendation to others just the reverse. In the choice of lacrusta I would recommend the broadest simplest flattest and least pretentious patterns in them only you avoid the sin of fussiness which besets this in itself admirable material—the outcome as I

open character will prove to be too full. A pattern really appropriate to the ceiling is likely to



NEO GRECO* CEILING PAPER

(Designed by Lee & F. Day for J. G. & Co.)



CEILING PAPER IN TYNECASTLE CANVAS

(Designed by Scott W. to)

look quite bare and mean in the pattern book, and to be rejected accordingly—rejected for the very qualities which to the experienced decorator are its recommendation. Thin and naked the appropriate ceiling paper may look in the sample there is no fear of that effect *in situ*. Then what seemed thin proves to be only light and you see the reason for not covering the ground with ornament. Examples of ceiling papers occur on this and the opposite page.



THE FOUR WINDS* PATTERN

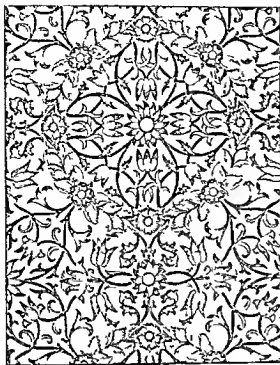
(Designed by Walter Crane for J. G. & Co.)

sail of the ease with which minute and meaningful detail can be elaborated.

What is known in the trade as the 'step dale' is essentially a paperhanger's device—a makeshift obviously, but a very clever one, so convenient is it indeed that it has survived various changes of fashion and still flourishes. One of the cleverest designs of this kind is that for Woodlams and Co. a singularly delicate version of Adams' work exceedingly well adapted by Mr. Owen Davis to the purpose to which it is put. This was brought out some years ago but it is yet to last (p. 191).

Ceiling papers form a class by themselves. On a ceiling the pattern can scarcely be too open. The danger is that even the design selected for its

In the case of designs in relief embossed or what not some of the happiest designs are those



CEILING PAPER.

(Designed by William Morris.)

which are suggestive of (because reminiscent of) moulded ceilings with interlocking geometric ribs and not too much enclosing. Many of the Turkish curves designs are schemed for us with wood mouldings to be planted on the wall and artfully used they may be made to have very much the appearance of plaster work. It is obvious that by the exercise of a certain amount of contriving various embossed materials may be helped out with mouldings to produce at once a richer and more massive effect. For that contriving however one must depend upon one's architect or decorator to whom these pages are not addressed.

For a staircase you want something very different from the paper suitable to an ordinary dwelling room. There is not much fear of the pattern being too striking nor yet too severe and for a good sized hall and staircase it can scarcely be too large. Such a design as that by the late Mr. J. D. Sedding on this page is a naturally appropriate; it is large, rich, and dignified. The simplicity of Mr. Morris's design on p. 194 has for me a still further claim; it is not so rich but it is bolder and manlier—it has a certain Gothic sternness which fits it especially for such a position.

My own liking here as in ceilings is for an

open pattern (see p. 194) one that is to say, much more open than suits the walls of a room. Comfort seems to require on the walls of a living room something comparatively rich in effect—the wall wants *finishing* and something equivalent to dimask or other stuff helps the effect of warmth in closeness. A staircase may well be made colder in effect—you want rather the impression of airiness—the need is not so much to *cover* the wall as to feel that it is a wall.

That was the reason for the marble papers of an earlier generation and for the brick and masonry patterns of the Gothic revival. They were meant to suggest the mass rather than the particular.

Logically there may be no reason for this but by the association of ideas one comes to expect in a hall and staircase something less finished in effect and more severe than in a sitting room and the open pattern with plenty of ground free of ornament lends itself to that result. There is another reason for this in London at least and other large towns where ground rents are high

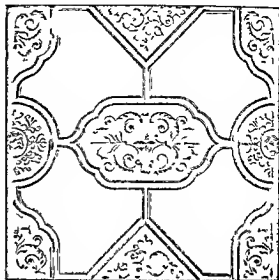


THE "JACOBUS" STAIRCASE PAPER.

(Designed by the late J. D. Sedding.)

dignified scheme of decoration. They have produced some bold and simple designs but they are the minority in their pattern book and the best of them are borrowed from old wall. That applies to our illustrations the one on p. 166 adapted from an old velvet, the other on p. 190 taken from Arabian joinery. The imitation of wood noticeable in some of the best dado patterns in this material will be to some a recommendation to others just the reverse. In the choice of Linerista I would recommend the broadest simplest flattest and least pretentious patterns in them only you avoid the sin of fussiness which besets this in itself admirable material—the outcome as I

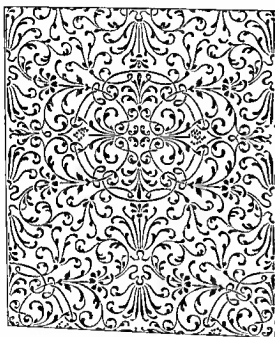
often character will prove to be too full. A pattern really appropriate to the ceiling is likely to



CEILING PAPER IN FINECASTLE CANVAS

(Designed by Scott Watson)

look quite bare and mean in the pattern book and to be rejected accordingly—rejected for the very qualities which to the experienced decorator are its recommendation. Thin and pale the appropriate ceiling paper may look in the sample there is no fear of that effect in situ. There what is needed then proves to be only light and you see the reason for not covering the ground with ornament. Examples of ceiling papers occur on this and the opposite page.



NEO GREEK CEILING PAPER

(Designed by Lewis F. Day for Jeffrey and Co.)

soul of the ease with which minute and meaningless detail can be elaborated.

What is known in the trade as the "step dado" is essentially a paperhanger's device—a makeshift of no sort but every clever one so convenient is it in fact that it has survived various changes of fashion and still flourishes. One of the cleverest designs of this kind is that for Woodlums and Co. a singularly delicate version of "Adams" work exceedingly well adapted by Mr. Owen Davis to the purpose to which it is put. This was brought out some years ago but it is yet to last (p. 191).

Ceiling papers form a class by themselves. On a ceiling the pattern can scarcely be taken open. The danger is that even the design selected for its



THE FOUR WINDS PATTERN

(Designed by Walter Crane for Jeffrey and Co.)

will to mention only two out of many possible contingencies make it necessary to reconsider at every turn the line of subdivision. The very difficulties may suggest an artificial not to say artistic solution of them anyway a little thought will certainly enable a capable decorator to get over some of his troubles. The best plan is to chalk out the lines on the wall and see how they come and how they can be modified to meet the difficulties as they occur. The line may be at times above your head (forming a frieze) at times below your shoulder (forming a dado) and only a certain piquancy result from the transition if only it be effected with taste. I have often found it expedient to divide the staircase wall likewise into three what was the upper paper in the hall forming the lower paper in the top landing. In any case the construction must determine the lines of division.

I suggest the marking out of the scheme on the wall itself because it is easier for the amateur to understand that than to read a what drawings mean and although he will not be able to dispense with the help of a decorator he may perhaps be able when he sees the lines marked out to suggest himself sometimes an expedient which would not have occurred to the orthodox decorator just because he is orthodox and it is not. Some of Mr. Cline's rich wall papers—such as the peacock pattern in plate—are admirably adapted for use as high dados where they have in effect something of the value of tapestry.

Where there is (as there always should be) a

cornice crowning the walls it frames, so to speak the ceiling. But the builder is not so careful always to frame ceilings and soffits of stairs: the hall ceiling is commonly cut into as it were by the wall of the staircase and is framed only on three sides and on the soffits there is very often not so much as a moulding to frame them in any way. It is a very usual thing to see wall paper and ceiling paper, or wall paper and distempred ceiling soffit meeting at awkward points abruptly without so much as a moulding to frame them there. That is always an offence to the eye. Incomplete and awkward construction gives awkward problems for the solution of the decorator but they have to be solved. One thing I would insist upon is that between any two papers or between paper and paint or distemper there should always be a margin of some sort—by preference a moulding but if not that at least an ample border even though it be only of paper. It is better, too to frame the soffits of the stairs with a border of paper or at least a marginal line of colour, and when the ceiling of the hall dies off into the soffit of the stair to plant a moulding or two at that awkward junction and so make separate panels of the ceiling and soffit.

In short if paper is worth hanging at all it is worth hanging with care and judgment which is my excuse for all these words about it.

[NOTE.—All the illustrations in this article have been selected so as to be so that an accurate idea may be formed of the comparative sizes and other characteristics of the patterns shown.—EDITOR.]

"THE OLD STORY"

PAINTED BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



HIS charming picture of *The Old Story* which is now known to the gaily visitor as one of a set of somewhat similar works painted by the artist. As we have already pointed out in these pages Mr. Alma-Tadema carefully paints a picture at random. He usually puts it on a wall and in his attempts to reach it—to realise his conception—he constantly produces several pictures in which the same idea is predominant. Thus the reader will readily call to mind the column pictures in which Mr. Tadema sought to solve the prob-

lem of hanging together in well-arranged relationship (so far as comparative height is concerned) human figures and the columns of classical dwellings. He will remember the peppy pictures the new pictures the pictures with the large figures cut off in the foreground. In this clumsy work *The Old Story* is well told for the attitudes and expressions alone rivet the attention. But the flesh against marble the blue against sky and the white and pink fleshiness offer together a complex problem otherwise interesting to the painter and this his two hundred and fifty-eighth numbered work is one of several in which he has successfully solved it.

and staircases (which have to be planned as best they may) are apt to be dark; you want light and the best means of getting it is to show plenty of light ground in your paper.



THE "GRACES" STAIRCASE PAPER
(Designed by W. H. & Morris.)

You may print your paper in light colour, it is true; but in a staircase there are objections to this. You have vast and often all proportioned wall spaces to cover (cheap construction will have it so) and you want something rather pronounced in the way of pattern to disguise as far as may be this ugly fact. The case is therefore best met by a somewhat emphatic pattern sparsely distributed over a light ground.

The kind of pattern suitable is a pattern that would do to be stencilled. The objection to an actual imitation of stencilling is that it is imitation and that there are limitations in stencilling which it would be foolish in the paper stainer to lay unnecessarily upon himself. But in choosing a staircase paper it would not be a bad plan to select one in which the simplicity and breadth of a stencilled pattern, its scale and its flatness were observed.

In a staircase moreover, even though you have no liking for marked lines it is almost necessary to have something of the kind. A horizontal line is invaluable in lessening the apparent height of the

inordinate length of featureless wall that presents itself to you as you go upstairs. The lines need not be geometric unless you like; but there should be at least emphatic features which must necessarily recur at regular intervals—the necessities of manufacture answer for that recurrence. What I have said refers to the upper wall of hall and staircase. For the sake of convenience to anticipate the wear and tear of the lower part of the wall, and also further to break the apparent height already referred to, some division of the wall horizontally is more often than not desirable.

The ordinary way of doing this is not very satisfactory. To fix on a certain height of dado and carry that line along the hall up the rake of the stairs round the landings and up the stairs again is to confess either that you have not tried to attack the problem of treatment or that I have given it up in despair and retreated on the commonplace.

In a room the line of a dado frieze, or what ever the division be is determined by its proportion and the accidents of its construction. In a hall and staircase the proportions vary; there is no fixed height of wall for example and the



OPEN " STAIRCASE PAPER.
(Designed by Lewis F. Day for Jeffrey and Co.)

accidental way in which the panelling that screens the kitchen stairs stops perhaps against the plastering or the landing juts out into a sea of staircase

will to mention only two out of many possible contingencies make it necessary to reconsider at every turn the line of subdivision. The very difficulties may suggest an artful net to say artistic solution of them, anyway a little thought will certainly enable a capable decorator to get over some of his troubles. The best plan is to chalk out the lines on the wall and see how they come and how they can be modified to meet the difficulties as they occur. The line may be at times above your head (forming a frieze) at times below your shoulder (forming a dado) and only a certain piquancy result from the transition if only it be effected with taste. I have often found it expedient to divide the staircase wall likewise into three: what was the upper paper in the hall forming the lower paper on the top landing. In any case the construction must determine the lines of division.

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corner crowning the walls it figures so to speak the ceiling. But the builder is not careful always to frame ceilings and soffits of stairs, the hall ceiling is commonly cut into, as it were by the wall of the staircase, and is framed only on three sides and on the soffits there is very often not so much as a moulding to frame them in any way. It is a very usual thing to see wall paper and ceiling paper or wall paper and distempered ceiling soffit meeting at awkward points abruptly, without so much as a border line between them. That is always an offence to the eye. Incomplete and awkward construction gives awkward problems for the solution of the decorator but they have to be solved. One thing I would insist upon is that between my two papers or between paper and paint or distemper there should always be a margin of some sort—by preference a moulding but if not that at least an ample border, even though it be only of paper. It is better, too, to frame the soffits of the stairs with a border of paper or at least a marginal line of colour, and when the ceiling of the hall dies off into the soffit of the stair, to plant a moulding or two at that awkward junction and so make separate panels of the ceiling and soffit.

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"THE OLD STORY"

PAINTED BY L. ALMA TALEMA, P.A.



THIS charming picture of 'The Old Story' which is not unknown to the gallery visitor is one of a set of somewhat similar works painted by the artist. As we have already pointed out in these pages Mr. Alma Talema rarely paints a picture at random. He usually aims at an ideal and in his attempts to reach it—to realise his conception—he constantly produces several pictures in which the same idea is predominant. Thus the reader will readily call to mind the column pictures in which Mr. Talema sought to solve the prob-

lem of hanging together in well-conceived false relationship (so far as comparative height is concerned) human figures and the columns of classic dwellings. He will remember the poppy pictures, the rose pictures, the pictures with the large figure cut off in the foreground. In this dainty work 'The Old Story' is well told for the attitudes and expressions alike rivet the attention. But the flesh against marble, the blue sea and sky and the white and pink blossoms offer together a complex problem otherwise interesting to the painter and this has two hundred and fifty eighth numbered work is one of several in which he has successfully solved it.

SIR GEORGE REID, P R S A

By PROFESSOR BALDWIN BROWN

THE election of Sir George Reid to fill the presidential chair of the Royal Scottish Academy coinciding as it does with the successful issue of a new and liberal movement within the Academy

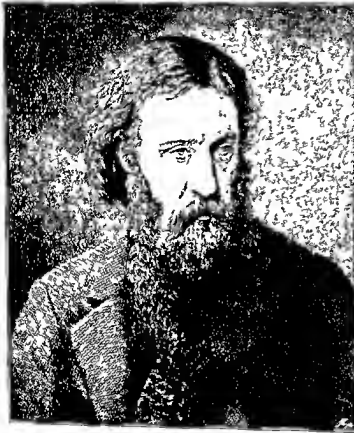
studio when moved to action he shows himself at once a born leader, with a clear eye, a steady mind and a fund of shrewd and practical counsel that he can convey in apt and convincing language. His

wide artistic sympathies will be a guarantee against any possible recrudescence of that spirit of narrow and jealous conservatism to which official bodies like academies of art are often supposed to be prone while another point on which the artistic public will look with confidence to Sir George Reid is the education of the artist student. On this he is known to hold reforming views and though himself a painter born and bred, he has no sympathy with that ostentatious disregard of form which is supposed in some quarters to mark the colourist. Although, as we shall see, his own painting preserves many characteristics of the traditional Scottish style, he passed several years of study, when a young man, with Continental masters such as Mollinger, Von der Isenels and will be in full sympathy with the Scottish student of to-day who desires to take the same means of fortifying his artistic style.

The general public knows Sir George Reid essentially as a portraitist and associates with his name like masses of a strong direct character, generally of male sitters that convey on the whole the impression of keen intellectual conception and able workmanship rather than of artistic charm.

A closer acquaintance with his work modifies this first impression and reveals considerable versatility of talent.

This has never been displayed to any great extent in subject pictures. Indeed the only important work of the kind is the simple composition of two figures called the 'Last Sheep of Sion' which in the Corporation Art Gallery at Aberdeen—a somewhat powerful picture that recalls somewhat the chiaroscuro of Israels (see p. 201). It is to find quiet and certain forms of still life that Sir George Reid has been drawn when the work of portrait painting has ceased for a while to engross him and in the former he has done perhaps his very finest work.



DR. GEORGE MACDONALD

(Portrait by Sir George Reid, 1894)

itself is an event of happy augury for the future of art in Scotland. Henceforward under the revised charter of the Academy, there is to be no fixed limit to the number of associate members, and this will enable it to gather in to its life from every part of Scotland the younger men on whom the future of the art of the country depends.

Now no one is more fitted than the new President to become a practical leader of the home-staying generation of Scottish painters and thus as much through his force of character and influence as through his catholic sympathies in art. A man by no means naturally disposed to take up public work that will carry him away from his

Further it is in his smug tones studies of colour in flowers rather than in the drier and more formal portrait pieces that the painter in Sir George Reid finds freest expression while in exquisite and unique pen drawings reveal an almost feminine deli-

cacy in the handling of the sketching. By this quality in Continental work the young George Reid was attracted to Holland where he lived, under Mollenaer, the method of forming a landscape first in a generalising spirit and putting down the essentials of the effect especially

is regards light and shade in the form of a tone study which should contain the artist's reading of his theme unencumbered by detail. This method he has pursued ever since. The "tone study" may be an impression of a river scene painted in about a quarter of an hour in early morning such as that reproduced herewith or a conscientious rendering of a few village houses in their exact relations of tone to the sky against which they are related. It is the artist's habit to follow up such generalised renderings by careful pencil drawings of the scene topographical and detailed—an analysis logical and searching to match the artistic synthesis of the tone study—while from these materials is afterwards evolved the picture elaborated into harmony as must be the case with all



TONE STUDY

(By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

cacy in the hand that can make up with facile brush strokes the rugged features of some shiel denizen of the North. Beginning his artistic career as a draughtsman on stone Sir George Reid was trained to the use of line. For he touched palette or brush, and throughout his life he has worked largely in black and white both with the pen and with Indian ink wash. The books illustrated by his drawings are too numerous to catalogue but the most important are *Smile's Life of a Scotch Naturalist* (1876)

Johnny Galloway's Sketchbook (1880) *Natural History and Sport in Moray* (1882) drawings of *The Tweed* and *The Clyde* (1884-86) and *Mrs. Oliphant's Royal Edinburgh* (1890)

It is in landscape more than in any other department of his work that we may trace the influence on Sir George Reid of his foreign study. His earliest efforts like so much careful and appreciative landscape work of the Scottish school in general are destitute of anything approaching to style. Style is above all things characteristic of the powerful school of modern landscapists in France and Holland who drawing their inspiration oddly enough from our own Constable have in turn affected so strongly the present generation of our

landscape painters in the selection of the study.

The works thus completed are not so numerous as many of the painter's admirers could wish. There may be mentioned *The Peat Gatherers* (1869) *Edinburgh a Snow Effect* (1876) *Brussels near Brussels*, and the notable *Whims in Bloom*



DORNOCH

(From the Peat Gatherers by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. the Scottish Naturalist)

exhibited at Balmington House in 1877. *Whims* (1878) and especially *Dornoch* the artist's diploma work in the Natural Gallery Edinburgh, and *Montrose* his latest important landscape. The pictures are distinguished by simplicity of

subject and a reserve in treatment that marks the craftsman who has set it the feat of masters of



DR DONAT

(From the Peinture by Sir George Reid, P.P.S.A.)

style. The fine low-toned view of Plover is indeed characteristically Dutch. A grey sky overhangs a leiden sea. On a rocky point jutting out from the land on the left are clustered the red roofs of the little fishing village while in the foreground on the shore of the bay that sweeps round to wind the right a fisherman is laying out the nets. The effect of this simple and concentrated piece is heightened when we compare it in thought with the naturalistic studies of the picturesque in our sportsman's or our yearly exhibitions. How much and how true the local and minute studies of low lying lands under an expanse of sky—a motive rendered telegraphically by a

diel in his majestic "Harlem at the Hague" and much affected by modern romanticists. No motive affords a better opportunity for the suggestion of infinite space and an all pervading atmosphere in which terrestrial objects are bathed and this element of natural sublimity the President well knows how to convey in works that are fresh and breezy without

being merely naturalistic and grey and harmonious without the mannerisms of the avowed follower of fashionable French and Dutch. How independent indeed the Scottish artist remained while learning the secrets of his Continental contemporaries is shown by "The Peat Gatherers" executed shortly after his sojourn with Mollinger. In this picture we note the old-fashioned touch of rustic levity and sentiment in the figures held in such content by Gilded juncos of to-day. The handling is bold the grey greens of the moorland and yellows and browns of the whins and the woodland are thinly struck over a warm russet rubbing which leaves the grain of the canvas visible but both sentiment and technique are thoroughly Scottish. The piece is suffused with the warmth of colour more native to the school and it is distinctly reminiscent of the poetical art of Sir George Harvey in early days a kind friend and adviser to the young painter.

The early portraits by Sir George Reid reveal to us unmistakably a student of the older masters though this influence grows less as his matures. The portrait of Dr. George MacDonald in the possession of Principal Geddes of Aberdeen reproduced on p. 198 from an engraving was executed in 1868 when the painter was twenty-six years old. This was the first portrait of importance from the reputation of the sitter that it had been his lot to attempt and one notes with interest the manly grasp of the young



THE PEAT GATHERERS

(From the Peinture by Sir George Reid, P.P.S.A.)

painter on his theme resulting in great artistic dignity which carries the picture high up in the scale of his work. The actual execution is the nervousness and closeness common in the early work of many painters but the treatment is fundamentally telegraphic and to some in style sombre. The fact framed in the masses of dark hair and

heard monopolises the light which falls on forehead and right cheek while on the other side it passes away into the gloom. Lower down the only relief is afforded by the lines of a Roman scarf the ends of which just attract the light into the heavy shadow over the breast.

The same Lombardesque influence is observable in other early portraits such as that of Municipal Councillor or the important full length of Lord Provost Sir A. Anderson (1872) in the Council Chamber at Aberdeen where all buff and tints is in shadow. As they advance however the portraits come more and more out of the gloom and losing forced effect as they surround also some things of style stand in the clear light of day as a worthy life work of one of the most distinguished painters of his time and country.

From the goodly array of portraits of the wise or wealthy of our time that adorn the walls of Scotland's noble houses and galleries in council-chamber is the following may be selected as a few characteristic examples—full lengths of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon the Earl of Fife (see p. 200) the Earl of Stair Lord President Inglis and Lord Justice Clerk Moncreiff of Lord Provosts Duncan McLaren M.P. and Peter Eschment M.P. of John MacKenzie Esq. a fine piece of direct portraiture are followed by three quarter lengths such as those of Sir Firth Fraser the Rev. J. Lumsden D.D. Dr. F. Edmond Dr. Forbes White—the last three in the Art Gallery at Aberdeen and half lengths of the Marchioness of Huntly Lord Saltoun Sir Peter Lumsden Sir John Anderson Lady Anderson and the three

daughters of Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberdeen, while heads such as those of Sir William Fettes Douglas P.R.S.A.—a most happily conceived and sympathetic work—Dr. Bonar of Greenock (reproduced on the opposite page) Dr. Jamieson of Aberdeen may be singled out from a host of others amongst which must not be forgotten many likenesses of contemporary fellow-craftsmen from Sir J. F. Williams (1880) down and which form part of the Kepplestone series of artists' portraits at Aberdeen.



DR. JOHN BROWN

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Reid P.R.S.A.)

The general characteristics of Sir George Reid's work in portraiture have been already indicated. They may be summarised by saying that he belongs essentially to the modern school of which the watch words are truth and force. He is a larger man than either of his chief British rivals in this style of work Mr. Ouseley and the late Frank Holl than the former who is only a portraitist—than the latter whose outside work took the form of subject pictures that were little more than life illustrations. Yet he has at

times like them fallen into a vein of somewhat atrocious realism with occasional harshness of colouring as in the red gown of Lord Moncreiff in the Parliament House, Edinburgh or a muddled-out look as in Dr. Edmond at Aberdeen. Mr. Whistler has reproved modern portraits for desiring to jump out of their frames and in some of Sir George Reid's later work force has almost been carried to this extreme. He has not painted many ladies' portraits nor in these from his hand has he worked as a rule towards the grace of the older masters of a century ago. An exception it is true occurs in one early work a charmingly poetic head of Mrs.

Forbes White (1872) full of suggestion and tenderness which reveals an unworked vein in the artist and again reminds us of the breadth and versatility of his powers.



THE EARL OF BRADFORD.

(From the Portfolio by Sir George Peck, P.R.S.A.)

It follows from what has been said that the purely artistic result of much of the President's portrait work is not wholly satisfactory though on the other hand the portraits never fail in their character to points of excellence which have secured to their author his high position among his brethren. To begin with the first requisite of a portrait—the likeness—is generally accurate. The pose of the sitters is just and suitable, the treat-

ment so varied in different examples as to avoid any suspicion of mannerism. Sometimes the subject is isolated against a simple background of dark brown or red or of greys warm and cool at other times as in the American portrait of John Angus Town Clerk or the Duncan McLachlan at Edinburgh he is set in the midst of characteristic surroundings. The technical workmanship is free and masterful. The want which we feel in the average portrait as compared with the average landscape of the master is just the want of a clearly conceived artistic purpose that will transfigure and recast the mere facts of nature. It must be admitted that this process is in the case of the modern portraitist a very difficult one and the materials to be brought into subjection to the artistic ideal are singularly intractable. The superabundance of photographic portraits has educated everyone into a sharp critic of likeness while the custom of public exhibition tempts the artist to face up his work against rival canvases upon the walls. The modern dress of man is without beauty of form and colour and worst of all the average sitter, looked up in this by his friends does not want a work of art so much as a business-like reproduction of his everyday aspect. These considerations it would not be fun to leave out of account.

No just idea can be formed of Sir George Peck as a portraitist without a study of the small heads which he is accustomed to execute at a sitting as a preparation for the more formal piece. Qualities that we sometimes miss in the completed work are here agreed to *enchanter* and some of these small heads are amazingly vigorous and skilfully wrought exhibiting at their best the artist's power of strong character and his command of his brush. The illustration on p. 199 is a study of this kind for the portrait of Dr John Brown author of *Palm and Pine* and while the three views of the head of Sir Donald Wilson on p. 203 were executed each on a day, in the month of last July. Such works are not to be regarded as mere sketches or suggestions. The execution is often careful and putty for which yet there is left the charm of the rapid and dextrous handling of fluid pigment and the pulsations of a conscientious workman as Sir Charles Eastlake has played it. One characteristic of these studies is their strength of coloring especially in the reds, and this is clearly a Scottish quality. No painter, at any rate of France or



THE ISSUES OF 4A AND 1A

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Leslie White (1872) full of suggestion and tenderness which reveals an unmarked vein in the artist and again reminds us of the breadth and versatility of his powers.



THE EARL OF BUTE
(From the Gallery by Sir George Reid, P.P.S.)

It follows from what has been said that the high artistic result of much of the President's portrait work is not wholly satisfactory, though on the other hand the portraits never fail in their characteristic points of excellence which have secured to their author his high position among his brethren. To begin with the first requisite of a portrait—the likeness—is generally convincing. The pose of the sitters is easy and suitable, the treat-

ment so varied in different examples as to arouse no suspicion of mimicry. Sometimes the subject is isolated against a simple background of dark brown or red or of greys warm and cool, at other times as in the Aberdeen portrait of John Angus Town Clerk or the Dundee McLaren at Edinburgh he is set in the midst of characteristic surroundings. The technical workmanship is free and masterful. The want which we feel in the average portrait as compared with the average landscape of the master is just the want of a clearly conceived artistic purpose that will transuse and recreate the mere facts of nature. It must be admitted that this process is in the case of the modern portraitist a very difficult one and the materials to be brought into subjection to the artistic ideal are singularly intractable. The superficial and mere photographic portraits has educated everyone into a sharp critic of likeness while the custom of public exhibition tempts the artist to force up his work against rival canvases upon the walls. The modern dress of man is without beauty of form and colour and worst of all the average sitter, backed up in this by his friend is does not want a work of art so much as a likeness like require reflection of his everyday aspect. These considerations it would not be fair to leave out of account.

No justalex can be formed of Sir George Reid as a portraitist without a study of the small heads which he is accustomed to execute at a sitting as a preparation for the more formal piece. Qualities that at some times miss in the completed work we have noticed in *each other* and some of these small heads are amazingly vigorous and skilfully wrought exhibiting at their best the artist's power of seizing character and his command of his brush. The illustration on p. 199 is a study of this kind for the portrait of Dr John Brown author of "Public Health" while the three views of the head of Sir David Wilson on p. 203 were executed each on a daily in the month of last July. Such works are not to be regarded as mere sketches or suggestions. The execution is often almost perfect while yet there is left the charm of the rapid and dexterous handling of fluid pigment and the "pulsions" of a hand which has played its work as Sir Charles Eastlake has phrased it. One characteristic of these studies is their strength of colouring especially in the reds, and this is clearly a Scottish quality. No painter at any rate, of French or



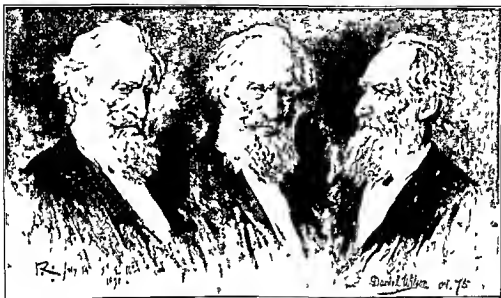
THE LAST SLIP OF SALOMARHA

(from the book *Salomarcha* by the author of *Salomarcha*)

Holland, would have allowed himself flesh tints so near the floral, but in the Scot they are evidence of an inborn delight in actual colour, that finds its freest expression in the studies of flowers—a few words on which will conclude this notice.

The artists home at St. Luke's near Aberdeen is in the country, and is surrounded with a blooming flower garden. Here grow roses white pink crimson, and damask, and a mass of these gathered dewy fresh in the early morning and hung down—no carefully arranged with a view to artistic effect—on a marble slab has afforded the painter the

defined—a marble slab, two or three well modelled and composed groups of blossoms, perhaps a vase or a basket each solidly painted against a simple background are brought into harmony by fine light and shade out of which the grey whites reds and effrons gleam or glow with a rich but subdued effect. The painter has let himself go in the colour and his deftly manipulated his pigments into a hushed expression of its sumptuous beauty. As the characteristic reds—on the whole the dominant tints—have to be gained by transparent lakes the solid modelling is secured by



SIR DANIEL WILSON

(From the Portfolio of Sir George Reid, PRSA)

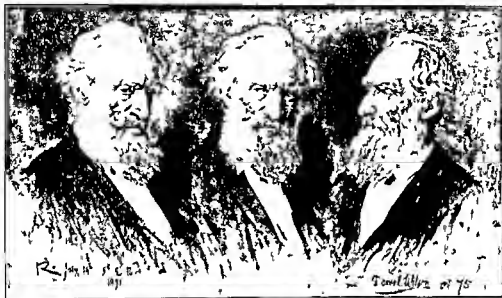
opportunity for some of his most delightful work. Nature is here less intractable than in the form of a bird or a civic magnate. She meets the artist far more than half way and bids him only read her aright and fix her fleeting loveliness on his imperishable canvas. The treatment of flowers by Diaz had already awakened in the Scottish artist the sense of the capabilities of this branch of painting when he took it up some twenty years ago. His own treatment is characteristic. The masses of bloom are not as by Diaz gradually evolved out of a background into which their own tints are carried with the most dexterous blending. The elements of Sir George Reid's composition generally long and low in shape are all distinctly

a first painting in creamy whites kneaded with a quick drying medium. Over this just at the right stage of desiccation are drawn or floated the liquid pinks and crimsons which gather in the flowers least like those *grecule de sang* in Titian's later painting or though spread transient like a fugment of old ruby glass the light from the gold underneath. The execution is enthusiastic rapid *dan sent jet*, for the evanescent charm must be seized at once or it will fade before the second evening. Roses are Sir George Reid's favourites. But he has painted other blossoms and the most important of all the flower pieces is a milk study of shadowy white crimson and blue in the collection of Mr Irvine Smith of Edinburgh.

Holland would have allowed himself flesh tints so near the blood but in the Scot they are evidence of an intense delight in actual colour that finds its freest expression in the studies of flowers a few words on which will conclude this notice.

The artists home at St Lukes near Aberdeen is in the country and is surrounded with a blooming flower garden. Here grow roses white pink crimson and damask and a mass of these gathered dewy fresh in the early morning and flung down—no carefully arranged with a view to artistic effect—on a marble slab has afforded the painter the

defined—a marble slab two or three well modelled and composed groups of blossoms perhaps a vase or a basket each solemnly painted against a simple level ground are brought into harmony by fine light and shade out of which the grey whites, reds and suffrons gleam or glow with a rich but subdued effect. The painter has let himself go in the colour and has deftly manipulated his pigments into a finished expression of its sumptuous clarity. As the characteristic reds—in the whole the dominant tints—have to be gained by transparent lakes the solid modelling is secured by



SIR DANIEL WILSON

(From the Portrait of Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

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a first painting, in every white line and with a quick-driving medium. Over this just at the right stage of decoration are drawn or flung the deep pinks and crimsons which gather in the flowers here like those of a rich design in damask after painting or thinly spread transparent like a fragrance of old ruby glass the light from the sun and underneath. The execution is antimacassar rapid and swift for the evanescent charm that he seized at once or it will fall before the second evening. Does not Sir George Reid's five minutes but he has painted other blossoms and the most important of all the flower pieces is a full study of the white and white crimson and blue in the collection of Mr Irvine Smith of Edinburgh.

lost, of the artist since it would afford him a legitimate means of extending his reputation increasing his income and obtaining for his work a more painter-like representation than it gets at present of the public since it would give them instead of art furniture something to hang on their walls capable of exciting their interest elevating their taste and speaking to their intelligence.

Writing about the same time to the Editor of this Magazine Mr Seymour Haden said in the course of his letter — I want to put you in the possession of the *raison d'être* of what I have been about for so long and the mistake the painter is making in neglecting so obvious an honourable means of providing for his old age. If he says he has not time that is all nonsense. Who would suppose that in the midst of one of the busiest practices in London I had found time to etch over two hundred plates—that these plates are a property and that as long as I live and afterwards they are and will be to me a source of income? I do not say they were done with this view for they were not but that is the outcome of a practice which the painter would if he were not as stupid as he is obstinately listen to commit.

As to the perversion of the etching process to reproductive purposes as is being done by — it is so far a mistake as that for such big things mezzotint would do the work better.

But Mr Herkomer does not address the student merely from the sentimental point of view. He plunges into principles and methods, into mordants and grounds, instruments, presses, inks and papers. And not alone is etching dealt with but mezzotint and dry point as well—always of course as means for original expression. With much spirit and enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which is in truth contagious—the Oxford professor leads his reader through the *lyrics of his own experience* tells him of his experiments and shows him how to arrive (if he is sufficient artist ever to arrive at all) at a true practice of the art.

As regards his experiments one passage will be read with especial interest. It will be remembered how a year or more ago Professor Herkomer's professional honour was assailed in terms so foreign to the generally accepted canons of controversy that he indignantly declined to discuss the matter in public. Whether he considered that the attacks which were offered him in the manner of some assailants but seeking their own profit or a novelty or that as was suggested the journal which printed the offensive remarks was aiming at advertisement or whether indeed he had other reasons for remaining silent we offer no opinion here. We transcribe however that part of the book which refers with sufficient

dignity to a process he had employed the adoption of which produced the charges we refer to—that the Professor had placed off upon the public as etchings the plates illustrating his Pictorial Music-Plan which were in fact only photogravures. After referring to the difficulty experienced by etchers in drawing on the black ground in several plates he says —

I tried only in a few of the illustrations to get a design which I had drawn larger and with pen-and-ink on paper on to the plate in reduced size. These lines were transferred by means of photography and then bitten in the usual way. But my troubles were increased instead of reduced by this method because the pen makes too vivid a line, and by this process of transfer they remain too shallow in biting. Again only half the lines came out in the reduced state. As the work that was produced on the plates was so shallow I was compelled to re-bite the plates, and to work them up by a fresh succession of groundings.

But let it be clearly understood that the manner of transfer of the design is a lot for a few of these illustrations (afterwards re-bitten and worked all over) in no way altered the fact of their being etchings in the real sense of the word. The lines were done by the artist and were bitten by the artist and that with original design constitutes an original etching. A mere reproduction of a pen-drawing is quite another thing and does not enter into our field of investigation.

We cannot entirely agree that the impression of a plate in which lines of the design have been laid in by photography is wholly though it is etymologically in etching, if nothing is said about it. It is truly an etching. But in an etching as generally understood one does not usually expect any mechanical or foreign and however innocently it may be introduced or misapplied to a modified method of procedure. But that an artist who works in a frank and experimental spirit should consider it in all straightforwardness an etching is a perfectly tenable proposition and his contention will be held by many. But to charge him therefore with fraud is a perfectly monstrous proceeding, unfair to the list charge and worthy of the malignant contentment with which he treated it.

In the course of his book Mr Herkomer favours the student with a new white positive process which is as easy to work up in he declares as paper, and gives the receipt for a new transparent ground invented by Mr Baskett of Leicester. But the chief novelty in the book is what he calls *Spengotype* (which should surely be written *Spengotype*) in

hard extension of the manotype method. A process to which we shall call further attention later on. We may say at last that it contains many excellent lines within itself the softness and warm depth of mezzotint the strength of etching and the charming delicacy and expressiveness of dry point. In short this is a book which will mark an epoch in English etching and which ought to find a place on the shelves of every art student.



(Drawn by C. F. Adams)

PAINTER-ETCHING *



It is perhaps not too much to say that the honour of the revival in this country of the higher form of the pursuit of etching belongs primarily to four men—to Mr. Whistler, to Professor Rogers, to Mr. Hamilton and to Mr. Seymour Haden.

—the two latter adding to their brilliant example their hardly less brilliant gift of precept and demonstration. To their influence as entirely distinct from the efforts of the Etching Club and similar forces we owe the existence of such fine expositors of the broad art of the painter-etcher, whether etching dry point or mezzotint as Mr. Frank Short and Mr. William Strang, to mention no others. It is more difficult to trace the source of Professor Heikoner's inspiration. We would rather think that, although he admits his indebtedness to Mr. Haden and Mr. Hamilton for the techniques of the craft, he has in this, as in other things, given rein to his own natural impulse, encouraged rather than formed by the masterpieces he has studied. He has in point of fact passed through a long apprenticeship to himself, a hard school of experiment and bitter disappointment, and he has emerged a master of his new craft well equipped for the mission he has undertaken. Fascinated by the witchery of etching he has committed all his knowledge and experience to paper, and has produced originally in the form of Oxford lectures a fully illustrated treatise on the subject worthy to stand beside those of Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Seymour Haden to which indeed it forms the complement.

Now by etching* it should at once be understood that as here intended it is not that prostitution of the original art that is so odious—that scratching upon a plate until it resembles in tone and tint and gradation a representation in black and white of some portion of which it is an interpretation, but the art in which the etched line is the chief glory, the original expression of the artist's soul and the artist's form. The adoption of this art for pure love of it has been advocated by everyone who by the practice of it has risen to eminence, but it was left to Mr. Seymour Haden we believe to call the attention of his fellow-artists not only to the joy, but to the profit to be derived from its practice. In a lecture on the principles, practice, and literature of etching delivered by him at Winchester three years ago he thus explained his views on the position of the art:—

"For five and twenty years by precept and example by lectures, by the formation of collections and lending them for public exhibition and within the last ten years by the foundation of a society (now a Royal Society) of painters engraving their own designs, I have been trying to bring about two things. First, the restoration of a painter's art of that form of original engraving which was practised by the great masters of painting who were their own engravers, and which has in consequence come to be called painter engraving or painter etching, and second, a representation of the restored art and its professors in the Royal Academy of Arts at least equal to that which the Academy now confers on the secondary art of transcribed engraving.

In the somewhat prolonged effort which this supposes I have found encouragement in the belief that the restoration in question would be to the advantage of art, the artist and the public. Of art since it would restore to me my doubt in much of its most valuable quality of originality which it has

* Etching and Mezzotint Engraving. Lectures delivered at Oxford. By Hubert Heikoner, D. A. M. A. (Macmillan and Co. 1902.)

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ART-TREASURES OF THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By THEODORE CHILD

AFTER the Revolution the catalogue of the Museum of the Comédie received no notable modification until towards 1830. The inventory taken in 1815 mentions twelve pictures and twenty marbles and terra cottas. Between 1830 and 1891 the niches of the Comédie have increased so greatly that there is no longer any room for their display. I will endeavour in a rapid visit to note briefly the most important amongst the works of art which are kept so to speak behind the scenes and are, therefore, not visible to the ordinary public. In deed, many of them are scarcely known even to the friends of the house—*les amis de la Maison*—that is to say, the élite of literary, artistic and social Paris. I may even go further and affirm that with the exception of the pictures and busts in the green room the art-treasures of the Comédie Française are literally unknown except to a few specialists and connoisseurs.

The Foyer des Artistes or, as we should say, the green room has the same air of long-existent and diminished wealth that strikes us in all the departments of the Comédie. The furniture of unpolished oak upholstered in green stamped velvet is of the

discreetest Louis the Fourteenth style, the curtains are ample but unobtrusive, the lustre retains its unique set of Carel lamps of the most remote

system, over the chimney-piece is a bronze by Honlon representing *Pied-ville* in the rôle of *Mascarille*, in one corner is a piano and in another a card and chess table, here and there tall mirrors in simple frames and busts on modest columnar pedestals busts of *Sanson* and *Provost* and *Mlle Dangeville*. The monumental clock that marks the hours and the mantel is signed by *'Robin, Horloger du Roy'*, and is surmounted by a bust of *Molière*. All this is very imposing but the impression of the antiquity and secular glory of the House is given most vividly by the pictures that cover the walls from the chimney to the ceiling pictures of the old days and pictures of the present day.

First of all we notice the curious picture of historical rather than of artistic merit which

bears the contemporary inscription—

"*Furcurs français et italiens depuis soixante ans et plus*
Fait en 1670—Théâtre Royal"

The picture represents a street scene with the candles burning in the foreground to form the footlights.



MARIVAUX

(By *Mlle D'hou Dangeville*)

To the left Molière is seen in the costume of the role of Arnolphe in the *École des Femmes*. He is



MOLIERE

(From the Portait by Coypel)

standing looking towards the spectator and with his left hand pointing to the figures who are jumping and grinning as if to say: These are the puppets of the Italian comedy, such were my predecessors such was the stage before Molière. And they are all there the buffoons of old and over each one is written his name in gold letters on the picture: Jodelot, Poisson, Turlupin, Le Capitain, Matamore, Ailequin, Guillot, Gorgin, Gros-Guillaume, Gaudthier, Ginguille, Pantalon, Polichinelle, Scaramouche, Graziano, Bilonard &c. This curious picture was given to the Comédie Française in 1845 by M. Loine of Sens who bought it as having belonged to the collection of the Cardinal de Lorraine, former Archbishop of Sens. The Moliéristes attach great importance to it because they consider that the painter depicted Molière and Poisson from life and that we have here an authentic picture of Molière in his actors' dress. The interest of this work however is curious rather than artistic.

The place of honour in the green room is reserved for the portrait of Molière by Mignard which was bought by the Comédie for 6700 frs. at the Viala sale in 1868. The authenticity of the portrait appears to have been satisfactorily estab-

lished and it is certainly a fine work in admirable preservation with the exception of some touches on the arm. Pierre Mignard has painted Molière the actor in the costume and rôle of Cæsar in *La Mort de Pompée* draped in a red toga and holding the staff of command. The arms and the neck are true. With the exception of the wig crowned with laurel the costume is entirely that of classical Rome and it is curious to note that Molière who is a dramatic author introduced reality into comedy encouraged an actor to introduce reality into tragedy also. M. Chéreau has remarked that in this portrait the costume is almost exact showing that Molière aspired to that archaeological authenticity which Talma subsequently achieved.

One of the latest acquisitions of the Comédie is a portrait of Molière by Coypel which is a finer painting than Mignard's Molière. It represents the author dressed in a white floating shirt and red



TALMA

(By David d'Angers)

role, in meditative pose his elbow leaning on two volumes marked *Plautus* and *Terence*.

To complete the enumeration of the chief souvenirs concerning the founder and the foundation of the Comédie I will mention the double frame containing a very interesting portrait of Molière given by M

of Provins Fleury, Talma Guadmesnil Baron signed by De Troy, Van Loo, Ponce Girard, here is Mlle Dumesnil by Nanteuil Pichet by Fl and Dubufe, here are other portraits that none but the connoisseur can recognise. All these pictures we look upon respectfully, they form an admirable decoration for these historic walls and

at the same time they allow each connoisseur to compare himself to a King Gomez di Silva living in the midst of sovereigns and portraits of his artistic masters. Very interesting too for their physiognomic facility are the two pictures in which the actor Gellroy has represented his comrades assembled in their green room the first dated 1840 and the second 1864. In the former the queens of the Comédie are Mlle Mars and Rachel and in the latter Mme Arnould Massy and the sisters Loeban. But of all the pictures in the green room the one that presents most interest from the purely æsthetic point of view is David's portrait of Mlle Joly. The smiling face wears a most winsome expression and its fresh colour is heightened by the magnificent charm of powdered hair. Mlle Joly is dressed in a white gown trimmed with blue ribbons and over the chair is thrown a slate grey mantle. This portrait is an excellent and distinguished piece of work by one of the greatest painters of the French school. Mlle Joly whose history has forgotten was in her day a beautiful and gifted actress and apparently a most tender and sentimental body. In his curious work *Le Musée de la Comédie Française*, M. Renouard gives some truly edifying details about the sweet lady from a volume published by her equally sentimental husband and entitled —

Aux Muses de Joly mon amant mon épouse mon amie, with the sub title —

Aux Muses de Marie Elisabeth Joly artiste célèbre du Théâtre Français par N. P. R. F. Dulon l'ancien enj. la ne de cavalerie etc.

Now let us return to the rooms devoted to the administration. As we pass the staircase we once



MADMOISELLE JOLY
(From the Portraits by De Troy)

Alexandre Dumas and a venerable decree which I here transcribe in familiar characters —

"Aujourd'hui, vingt quatrième jour de mai l'année mil dix sept cents quatre vingt deux Le Roy étant à Versailles voulant gratifier et trier honorairement la troupe de ses comédiens français en con. Remission de services qu'ils ont rendus à ses vertueuses et sa Majesté leur a accordé, et fait de la somme de douze mille livres de pension annuelle et viagère pour être payée et leur servir les quinquante par les grâces de son Trésor Royal."

What other works of art shall I especially notice in the Foyer des Artistes? In general I may say that the pictures at the Comédie Française possess greater historical than artistic interest. Here in the green room are portraits of Mme Vestris,



THE C. M. R. O. W. C. M. E. H. H. A. N. C. I. F. M. E. X. I. C. A. N. I. T. U. N. I. S. J. E. M. I. N. I. V. I. T. Y.

From the 1st of July to the 31st of August 1911

more adobe Casteris La Fontaine and remark on the walls portraits of Mmes Chumpmesle and Damas by De Tivy, of Rachel by Gerôme of Talma Lakun Mlle Bourgoin &c &c We enter the Cabinet de Monsieur l'Administrateur General the walls of which are covered with admirable tapestries and therefore without pictures. The ornaments of this charming room are an excellent terra-cotta bust of Mlle Chiron, and an equally fine bust of Lakun, both without signature a statuette of Pierre Cornelli by Caffieri a reduction of the statue of Molere from the fountain in the Rue Buloz a terra-cotta bust of Beaumarchais signed "S. Comper fecit anno 1774" This is the only portrait of Beaumarchais made from nature.

From the cabinet of Monsieur l'Administrateur General we pass into the Salle du Comité which is also the post corner of the Comédie Française. In this room the committee composed of a certain number of the sociétaires meets under the presidency of Monsieur l'Administrateur General to hear authors read their plays. The scene is admirably represented

in M H Laisement's picture exhibited in the Salon of 1886, and now hung in the Salle du Comité. The author depicted by M Laisement is M Alexandre Dumas. Below this picture is Bastien-Lepage's sketch of Victor Hugo on his death-bed. Elsewhere on the walls we notice Ingres' 'Molere chez Louis XIV'—'offert aux artistes sociétaires de la Comédie Française, 1 Ingres, 1877,' Robert Fleury's 'Last Moments of Talma' 'The Artists of the Comédie Française in 1877,' by Gestaey, 'donné par l'Empereur' portraits of Molere, by Mignard, Regnard, by Lagilliere, of Pierre and Thomas Corneille Voltaire Duers, Alex. Duvall, Pigault Le Brun, Picard, Mirivau by Van Loo. The most recent addition to the Salle du Comité is a portrait of Emile Augier painted by Jalabert in 188 and the next acquisition will doubtless be a portrait of Octave Feuillet, for the traditions of the Maison de Molere do not willingly admit the effigy of an author to be placed within its walls until some time after death has ravished the model from the light of the sun.

IRISH TYPES AND TRAITS

By KATHARINE TINK

IN the Ireland which Mr Helmick depicts the Irish of Carleton and Bunn, the able bodied tramp as we know him, scarcely existed. Way-faring men were of a far gentler type. There were the sturdy beggars who were as much the pensioners of the farmhouses as pre-benighted beggars in England were of the monasteries; there were the pedlars with their packs stuffed not only with grey jacks and ribbons, combs and statuary, shoe lees and spoons but also with the ballad literature which was burnt by heart and passed from hand to hand; there was an occasional poor scholar, as you shall see him in Carleton a lad questing for the help which was to enable him to study for the priest; local likewise the hedge schoolmaster was a perpetuator as he would have loved to call himself travelling from one farmhouse to another, royally entertained and destined to be an oracle, because of his learning. Alack! the white workhouse walls gathered them all in—all the plying beggars and handless wayfarers who entered a house with the lively greeting "God save all here!" or passed a fallow wayfarer with no better time of day or view of the weather, but with "God save you kindly!"—a greeting in vogue even when I was a child in a score of years ago. Still in remote country places the little old men survive, such as

we see in Mr Helmick's drawing. Round such fires of peat and brown walls and rafters, knowing men still meet to the discussion, be it on poe or politics, and will have her say thereon, while her pawk hindmaiden, shoeless and short petticoat, serves the customers with their bawming potter. This old man would be something of an oracle. He has probably thought over the problems younger men at the fire are dogmatically settling, as he presses down the tobacco in his pipe he is listening quietly, and will presently leave his bench or four—"furrum," the Irish peasant calls it—for a stool at the fire and a share in the discussion. In an Irish hostelry of this kind there is none of the arruaged intimacy of an English village tap—no clubs or family brothers, for your Irish certainly do not hand themselves—but one will drop in and another, and there will be grave discussions, and perhaps the younger men if there be a good whistler about, may start a solemn faced and graceful jiz head up hints in pocket, pipe between teeth. Story-telling? Oh no! I fear all our stories and songs are dead in

the workhouses. At least so says an eminent folklorist of my acquaintance, who has been gathering sparsely in handbills where forty years ago he would have gathered in bushels.

The furniture of Irish cabins is of the poorest description. A dresser, a table, some chairs, and a cracker, a Holy Family in the gaily tinted the Irish love with Eastern fervour, a couple of stools and the ever useful fireman. I have heard that it wikes when a long row of people occupy this primitive seat the etiquette is to say to your next neighbour—Mrs Murphy it might be—as you drink your health Mrs Murphy and all down the furrow which is a neat way of including many in the courtesy. The gentleman who is going to dine off a herring in Mr Helmuck's drawing has a somewhat crazy chair however. That great hook is to swing a pot of potatoes for the pig who no doubt has in his sty as a pig's master said once, every convenience a pig could ask. The herrings hanging up show this Irishman to be in a rather luxurious way of living, for one has heard of a meal of potatoes and point which means that the fustlers on potatoes had a herring in the midst of the meal which they touched with the potatoes so as to give it a better flavour. Their rings were accounted in those old times a very wholesome meal for being salty. They kept you warm all day drinking water. The hanging fiddle proves our pleasure in a dance fell at weddings and dances which the good old dances that were so frequent in the past and out of doors before we came out of the fume of 48 a merry people with a fear of the workhouse and a discontent for America. Do you notice the pitlarks in this drawing? They are all over the South of Ireland and earned by a woman with the shawl drawn over forehead and chin leaving only the eyes visible they are like

the jar Pakeeta carried when she went to the well. They all shawl themselves in this Oriental fashion down South even the timeliest wisps of girls going so veiled and mysterious. The great risks are only on the older women—the common cloak with the hood for the head in case of rain in a County Cork



UN DUEVNER A LA FOURCHETTE

(Drawn by H. H. Clark. Engraved by F. E. Lloyd.)

chapel you shall not see a bonneted bird among the other women. If waver these cloaks cost great sums and were handsome as well as possessing for a lifetime, and as a bright young woman in a London shop explained to me when I regretted their gradual passing away, the people are poorer now and the shawls and the towed hats of jackets cost so little. She was a young woman one of a family of eleven reared in a farm eight miles away and as she said proudly, "it only me that ever went foreign." She was an independent young woman and meant to shift for herself.

through life. "She'd never save her money to buy an old shawl or a widower and that was all was gone in Youghal in *they* looking for a fortune."

No, she said in reply to our astonishment people never married for love in Youghal though she'd heard they did for *gu* in Dublin or Cork. She never heard of but one marriage for love in Youghal and that was before her time and ended bad

presently be as still is the young woman in the priest who looks in a state of quiet content because her turn is next for getting to confession among peasant folk in Ireland is no easy thing. The man by the chimney looks as morose as I have seen one in church when distracted between his devotions and his witchfulness lest some villain come at the eleventh hour should maliciously slip



THE POOR CATHOLIC.

(Drawn by H. Helme. Engraved by J. G. Smith.)

The confessional picture is what we call a station. This is built in out of the way places that are a good distance from the priest and the church. It is generally at a well-to-do house. The priest comes only in the morning hours confession and then says mass and so the small bells and the mass only on the table. Afterwards there is a fine breakfast which the favored folk are asked with the priest. It is a great honor to have the station and to use. The attitude of the penitents you will observe is swayed by their distance from confession and the confessor. The young girls still occupied with mind in their sins and evidently go penitent to the priest and to the priest will

in their turn. The old women are very good at their turn and the confession of their sins will be sandwiched between numerous bits of saint's biography. The priest is not often they get such a listener and at their wicker table he sits. They have probably as much content for the time as the young girls they have characteristically shown aside as Irish old women. I once had an argument with an old woman by the confessional. What brings you here at all at all in grown people's way? I'd like to know what the likes of you have to tell. My dear old lady, I'm regretful the proud possessor of a conscience all his spirit up in arms at this as a sign of his claim to be a sinner.



A RURAL CONFESIONAL.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

ONE of the most pleasant proofs of the advance of art appreciation in the country is the vigorous and intelligent manner in which our



AN IDYLL.

(By Marion Green. Recently acquired for the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

to the gallery by Mr Alderman Kenrick M.P. as a permanent record of the great success of the exhibition of works of the English Pre-Raphaelites which was arranged by Mr Whitworth Wallis and held from October to December last year when the collection was visited by 288,000 people. Liverpool has added to her gallery Mr Greffulding's 'Idyll'—a work at once similar in yet wholly dissimilar to those already mentioned. The picture is notable as being an entirely earnest expression of the painter and as full of intense emotion as Mr Madox Brown's 'Lancelot and Juliet' or any of Rossetti's most picturesque canvases. Yet in point of method of execution it is the very antithesis of them.

In consequence of the reported discovery of a Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper' at Kishineff in Russia whether it had been carried from Italy by the late M. Montferrant we placed ourselves in communication with the owner General Shoumlin



THE BLIND GIRL.

(By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.A. Recently acquired by the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)

chief provincial museums are extending their collections. Perhaps the greatest activity is shown by Liverpool and Birmingham who run neck and neck in the purchase of good paintings and who will support at once out of the power of London to obtain even a representative collection of the works of the English Light Brotherhood and the artists to it by sentiment. Excellent specimens of this class of work which an awakened artistic conscience gave birth to are Sir Everett Millais' 'Orestes and Antiope', 'Blind Girl', 'Pansies', 'Sir Galahad' and Mr Arthur Hughes' 'Annunciation' and 'Nativity' which have just been added to the City of Birmingham Art Gallery and of which reproductions are given by permission of the Committee. The first and picture was presented

by that gentleman—to whose courtesy we owe the reproduction herewith—writes as follows: "I really have discovered a 'Last Supper' by Da Vinci

but it is not a picture but a bronze *alto-relievo*. Thus as I have established by contemporary documents served Leonardo for a cartoon which he enlarged with lanterns in order to draw his figures upon the wall of Santa Maria della Grazia.

The medicinal water ever discovered by Mr Wright among a number of ancient

living ovens on his ground at Gussard Wood near Luton is in excellent preservation. Mr Franks of the British Museum and Mr Evans President of the Society of Antiquarians have pronounced it as belonging to the end of the fourteenth century.



SIB GALARHAD

(By D. G. Russell. Recently acquired by the City of London Art Gallery.)

together without a missing link. Attendant advantages would be the removal of the barracks in such dangerous proximity in case of fire which were condemned seven and fifty years ago more room would be given in the National Gallery proper for

Of all the sites proposed for the National Gallery of Antiquities Art that at the rear of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square appears to us the most reasonable and desirable. Not only would the gallery now there become national in fact as well as in name but by that means only could a perfect chain of our finest English art be brought



THE ANNUNCIATION

(By Arthur Hughes. Recently acquired by the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)

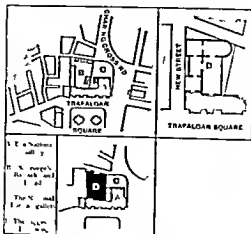


THE NATIVITY

(By Arthur Hughes. Recently acquired by the City of Exeter Art Gallery.)



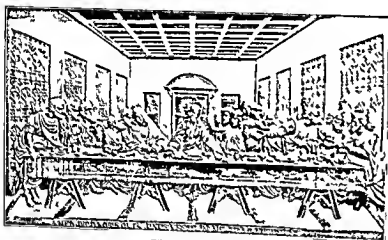
THE LATE M. BAILEY
(From a Photograph by E. J. P. (Paris))



PLAN OF THE NEW GALLERY AT
BRITISH ART



THE LATE M. HENRIQUEL-
DUPONT
(From a Photograph by E. J. P. (Paris))



THE LAST SUPPER

(An Altar Piece by Leonardo da Vinci. Recently discovered by General Shmidsky.)



METALLIC URN

(Recently found at a natural Ward near London.)



T. G. JACKSON, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by E. J. P. (Paris))

the older masters, the water-colours need no longer be confined to the galleries, and, if Mr. Burke Downings were ambitious plan herewith be adopted a street might at length separate the gallery from a building warehouse in immediate proximity. It is this plan which Mr. Tate has been so warmly pressed to accept.

To the elections at the Royal Academy and the death of M. Bailey we referred last month. The obituary of M. Henriquel-Dupont will be found on p. xiv of the Art Notes in the present part.



HARRY WATTS, A.R.A.
(From a Photograph by E. J. P. (Paris))

ART IN MARCH

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION OF 1893

The regulations of the Department of the Fine Arts have been issued, and they have been printed in the *Journal* of the Society of Arts, which has been charged with the organisation of the British section. From this document it appears that all branches of the fine arts are admissible for exhibition, with the exception of copies, "even though they be reproduced in a class different from that of the original," as well as pictures, drawings, or engravings, unframed and works of sculpture in unglazed clay. In addition to the various national displays there will be a section recruited from private collections. The galleries of the art building will be decorated in a simple manner but any further decorations required will be carried out at the expense of the National Committee of the country asking for it. All communications which artists may desire to make must be addressed to their National Committee. The lists of works proposed to be sent by the artist must reach the Chief of the Department of Fine Arts by July 15, 1892. In the case of works that have already passed the prices of exhibitions of acknowledged standing, and have been exhibited, action will be taken by the jury at an early day after the date already mentioned. Accepted works must be delivered at the receiving gate of the Building for the Fine Arts on or before March 1, 1893, the exhibition being opened on May 1 of that year, and closed on October 30. Packing and despatch are at the expense of the exhibitors, except in special cases; information on this point will be provided by the Society on application. As far as possible artists' work will be displayed in groups, and each exhibitor will receive a ticket of admission. Works of art may be insured, and will neither be photographed, sketched, nor reproduced without the written permission of the exhibitor. The exhibition building is a "bonded warehouse, and, though subject to the inspection of the customs officers, works of art will not be liable to the payment of duty," should however, any of the exhibits be sold, they will of course become payable in the ordinary way. Such appear to be the essential points of the "Rules and Regulations."

THE PRACTICE OF PORTRAITURE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

The following extracts afford interesting and instructive comparison —

From the *Strindberg's Paris* correspondent, February 2, 1892:—"Portrait painting has become so very remunerative in Paris that most of the great artists occupy much of their time practising it. One portrait painter charges forty thousand francs for a full length life-size portrait, and another artist will not accept less than thirty thousand francs. Both if they have so many clients that they cannot find time to satisfy them all."

From the *Revue Encyclopédique* for February 1 1892:—"The London exhibitions in 1891 were even more mediocre

than in the preceding years. Portraiture dominated these exhibitions to such a point that it has been under consideration to limit each painter to one portrait. English painting, after having made constant progress for a century, from Hogarth to Constable, is dying out now from year to year. The painters of repute confine themselves to executing portraits, for which they exact high prices."

ART IN PARLIAMENT

The South Kensington Museum — Mr Plunket announced on February 16 that Mr Aston Webb has been engaged in carrying out the alterations in his plans suggested by the Science and Art Department and the Office of Works, and that it would take some time to complete the working drawings, to clear the site, and to make such temporary arrangements as would enable the department to carry on their work during the time the new buildings were being set out. He added that it was not proposed during the present year to do more than to complete the preliminary arrangements. There is a fine antiquated smack about these familiar circumlocutory methods.

The Caspary Santa at Pisa — Mr HOLMAN HUNT's letter to the *Times* has brought forth an interpellation in the Italian Chamber. Mr Holman Hunt had practically complained that the frescoes were being restored. The Minister replied that it was not restoration that was being proceeded with but an attempt to prevent the further destruction of the paintings, which under the influence of the sea air, were constantly falling off in detached pieces. Gratification was at the same time expressed at the watchful interest of England in the care and well being of the artistic treasures of Italy.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS

Many notable canvases by the Barbazian quintet pass annually through the hands of Messrs. Maclach of the Ifymarket, but they are not so much given to using this school as an advertisement as some dealers living further west. Nevertheless, they have just brought themselves so far into line with the present taste and we fear we must add affliction for the works of Croot, Millet, Dubuizy, Rousseau, and Dix, as to give us a special exhibition. The most important painting was an early Millet, executed as an altar piece for Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris, a Madonna and Child, standing in cloudy space on a singularly ill contrived and unpoetic crescent moon shaped like the horns of a bull. Not faultlessly drawn, the figure inquires a certain feeling of reverence, and the blue draperies are not without graciousness. The other pictures were unattractive. Some of them demonstrated what merit has justified the fame of the signatures attached, others what magic power those same signatures possess to bestow an otherwise inexpressible commercial value. A "Gala Head," by Ribot, evidently inspired by study of the great

difference between the greatness of Phidias's style, and the insurmountable of that of Praxiteles, and although her pen occasionally overreaches her cold knowledge, the power to be enthusiastic, and the will even to try and expound that stupendous theme, the identity of the Greeks, are elements of authorship so rare in this country that it is impossible to withhold from the lady a student's tribute of thanks and respect.

The new limited edition issued by Mr Nimmo of the late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL's works is completed by the publication of his "*Classical Life of the Emperor Charles I.*" and his "*Useful Essays and Addresses.*" The former work, which first appeared in 1852, four years after the "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*," and three years before his "*Velasquez*," is no less delightful as a literary work than valuable as a history. The picture of Charles V. was here given with far greater accuracy than was the case in Dr Robertson's work, but yet was not itself marred. This new edition is thoroughly emended and extended, and is now one of the most fascinating works in the literature of history. The popular and ascetic sovereign, devout and simple, refined in taste, and the friend and patron of Titian is perhaps the most admirable, as it is the most complete, of all the studies of the author. It is embellished with a wealth of illustrations—small mezzotints and photogravures, woodcuts, and chromo-lithographs, descriptive of the chief persons and places mentioned in the book. In the concluding volume of the series Stirling Maxwell's general contributions to periodicals and his rhetorical addresses are included, besides a bibliography of his works. The most interesting essay to the art student is that on Sir Robert Strange—in reality a review written for *Fraser's Magazine* on Denon's *Memoirs of the great engraver*. This paper is luminous and lucid, as becomes a writer of such scholarly grace and thorough learning as the author. As to the curious remark on artist authors—"Except Michel Angelo himself, we can recollect no professional artist who has used both pen and pencil with success"—we may say that it is far removed from the truth, and to show that this is so we propose to return to the subject on some future occasion.

Whatever may be the fate of the Ruskinian philosophy, it will not perish for lack of disciples to codify it, to synthesise it, and set it forth with all the reverence characteristic of the true believer. In point of fact however, it is false friendship it is false worship, to treat the doctrine of Mr Ruskin as so many of his disciples do; as above controversy, or to discuss it with closed eyes and bated breath. The *Sage of Coniston* has spoken, and his word is precious, but to regard him as the Theosophist profess to regard the Mahatma is the height of egotism, redounding little to the honour of the master or to the credit of the follower. The latest contribution to the literature of Ruskin is in great measure free from this defect. Mr W. G. CULLINGHAM, the editor of Mr Ruskin's recently published poems, has proceeded with commendable coolness in his difficult task, which consists in "*The Art Teaching of John Ruskin*" (Percival and Co.) of codifying all that the great art writer has said and taught, dividing and subdividing it under heads, explaining, comparing, collating, indexing. The book is a model of conciseness, and the work is done in a manner hardly possible to improve upon. We might wish that it had been a little more readable, but that, perhaps, is incompatible with the scope and execution of such a work. It is a book which every Ruskinite is bound to read, and which every art student and art lover, to say nothing of the

"up to date" philosopher and metaphysician, would do well to possess.

The first edition of the Rev R. S. JOHN TYRWHITT's well known book, "*Our Sketching Club*" (Macmillan) was published in 1874, the fifth is now before us. It contains little not contained in former issues, save a fifth preface, written in Mr Tyrwhitt's bright but bizarre and unconventional style. The book, as most people who follow the contemporary literature of art know well, is designed for the fulfilment of the Apothecosis of the Amateur—an unconventional but distinctly popular treatise on landscape art, founded upon the art teaching of Mr Ruskin (of whom the author is the most devout of disciples) and, indeed, illustrated with some five and thirty woodcuts from the Master's "*Elements of Drawing*." The epistolary and conversational method of the colloquial style, the good natured right down dogmatic manner of the book save it from the dryness though not the seriousness, of the ordinary handbook, while the plot and story of it, evolved and told with no little skill and humour give it an interest apart from its aesthetic aims. This is not a book for a season and it will doubtless 'go off,' as the writer complacently remarks, as well as the previous issue.

"*Tales in Art* (Isbister) edited by Mr HENRY EWART, is a much better book than the usual *offshoots* of artistic biography. The sketches herein included comprise short essays on John Tenniel, Shields, Faed, Walker, Pinwell, Elitz, Barnett, Bewick, and Flaxman on Lhermitte, Odier, Pletsch, Laurens, François, Israël, Lallanne, and Harlinoth. These papers which have we believe already appeared in *Good Words*, are from the pens of Mr ROBERT WALKER, Mr R. HEATH, Mr JOSEPH SWAIN, and Mr D. C. THOMSON, and regarded as *memorables* from series are very acceptable. On the subject of Mr Tinsworth, however, Mrs HARRISON has permitted herself strange licence in the hysterical praise she lavishes upon him. We do not deny Mr Tinsworth's merit in point of sentiment, originality, and force of character, but he requires something more before he can claim to be a true artist.

To those to whom it will be a pleasure to derive their impressions of a strange and far away country from the brilliant and facile pen of an accomplished journalist Mr HENRY NORMAN's "*The Real Japan*" (London T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square) will be cordially welcome. Mr Norman is a well known enthusiast in praise of the *distict* and *living* as *addition* an accomplished photographer his book is enriched with a series of excellent illustrations, after his instantaneous photographs, of most of the principal dances of Japan. Japan may, indeed, be regarded as the home of the dance, as in that country it reaches probably the highest development of what Sir Edwin Arnold terms the "delicate strange play of folds and feet." The *gesha*, or dancing girl receives full justice from Mr Norman. In fact, he appears to find great attraction in the far east of Japan—not we think unjustifiably—and writes upon them with the ease of one able to judge of their sweetness and charm. It is, however, to a chapter upon "*Arts and Manufactures*" that lovers of art will turn for recontituted by Captain BUNKLEY, probably, after Mr Frank's the best living authority upon Oriental pottery and porcelain. Here amongst other valuable information, will be found pointed out and gibbeted the many forgeries in porcelain and cloisonné which have been attempted to be forced upon too confiding amateurs in Europe. We may point out, however that the time has gone by when the works of Messrs Audley and Lowe are regarded as what

Captain Brindley calls "the gospel of English collectors." If a life-like presentation of many of the more conspicuous phases of Japanese everyday life constitutes a "Real Japan," the book is aptly entitled—but if it be intended to suggest thereby that Mr. Norman has discovered or described any thing about Japan that was not known before, we must express our dissent. As every year an increasing number of travellers visit "the happy diagonally-shaped land," the number of those interested to know about Japan increases, and so to them this eminently readable book may be confidently commended.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have recently issued a little book by Miss GERTRUDE MARTINEAU—"A Little Class for Drawing and Woodcutting." It is an admirable handbook for the use of people who desire to find interesting occupation for young people or old either for that matter in our small village communities and who are willing to take the trouble to conduct such a class as the author here writes about. The book is the outcome of practical experience; it is full of common sense and is very well and fully illustrated.

M. OCTAVE UZANNES'S new venture of *L'Art et l'Œuvre* (Maison Quantin) begins admirably and promises to be a great success. It purports to be a review for the dilettante in literature and for the collector. It is strikingly original and is a credit to both editor and publisher. An article on the illustrated magazines and papers of the world is very complete and interesting, but is naturally not free from those typographical errors which the French "reader" is never free from making or passing when dealing with a foreign language.

NOTABILIA

An extensive robbery of forty pieces of jewellery and "articles of vertu" has been committed at the Cluny Museum.

The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy comprises the following members: Mr W. CALDER MARSHALL, Mr BROOK, Mr CALDERON, Mr GOW, and Mr DICKESS.

In Mr Story's article on 'John Linnell' in our last number the portrait described as "Samuel Palmer" on p. 133 is that of Thomas Palmer.

The Art Palace at the Chicago Exposition will have a wall space of 145,850 square feet and an area of more than three and a half acres, while the two annexes give an area of another acre. The whole will cost £134,000 and the building will eventually be maintained as a permanent art gallery.

Mr BERNARD HALL it is definitely stated, has been appointed director of the National Gallery of Melbourne. His duties are to teach drawing to arrange the galleries, and to recommend purchases. No one could have been selected more likely to wrestle with the commonplaces of Australian native art—rather of the native taste of the ordinary run of Australian art patrons—than Mr Hall.

The struggle between the Prime Minister and the Italian Government in respect to his removal and probable sale of about half the pictures in his gallery continues. The owners of works of art in Italy are far worse off in respect to them than landlords in Ireland in respect to their rents. The tyranny of the Italian law is being made the subject of Parliamentary interference and possible modification.

The decision of the Paris Civil Tribunal empowering the children of MEISSONIER to resist the intended forced sale of the late artist's unsold works by their step-mother, is fortunate alike for them and for their father's reputation. It has prevented much from being thrown upon the market which ought not to be there, and at the same time conceals the truth as to the alleged fall in the value of MEISSONIER.

Serious damage has made itself apparent in HUBERT'S "Ambassadors" in the National Gallery. A perfectly new split in the centre of the main panel has occurred, spreading upwards, far up into the picture—partly gazing and then distinctly evident under the pigment. The troublesome fact is ascribed to the great changes in the temperature. The picture has been removed from the gallery for treatment.

In our Note upon the Royal Academy elections last month the list of first 'scratchings' in the first election was accidentally omitted—that given as first being in reality second. Those artists who obtained support in the first round were Messrs STANHOPE FORD, BATES, T. G. JACKSON, SWAN, G. A. LAWSON, LORRAINE, ALBERT MOORE, J. J. SHANNON, TORRAN, HARRIS, EAST, W. GALE BRAMLEY, WALTON, STOKES, SOLOMON, DEBRA SADLER, and FARQUHARSON.

OBITUARY

Mr C. J. LEWIS, R.I., was born in 1830, and was first known as a painter of portraits and domestic scenes. He made his first appearance at the Royal Academy in 1843, when he was only seventeen years of age. He exhibited about two score pictures at the Academy, and many more at the British Institution and Suffolk Street, but the principal part of his later life's work has been contributed to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which he joined in 1862, and to the affiliated Oil Institute. His colour was always tender and harmonious, and a poetic feeling always pervaded his poetic landscapes. He was not a great painter, but a very genuine and delightful artist, who is as much a loss to his art as he is to his friends.

M. HENRIQUEL DUPONT, who has died at the great age of ninety-four, was a pupil of Guérin and De Berville, and entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts as long ago as 1812. He was a master of every branch of the engraver's art, and moreover, constantly exhibited portraits in pastel and pencil, and even in oil. As an etcher, dry pointer, and soft ground etcher he had few rivals. He obtained his first medal in 1822, the medal of honour in 1823, and two years later the great medal of honour. He was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1831, and an Officer in 1855 and has been a member of the 'Institut' since 1849. He was elected an Honorary Foreign Academician of the Royal Academy in 1870, and was in truth something of an anomaly, being an alien representative of an art the professors of which in this country are not considered of sufficient account for election. For some years the deceased exhibited under the name of DUPONT.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mlle CHRISTINE SCHWABER, the young Swedish painter of portraits and genre, and of ELLY LARSSON-OWEN, the eminent Russian landscape-painter.

We hold over our notice of the late Mr HENRY DOYLE, C.L., until next month.



THE GREAT WALL OF WA-LACHIA

been removed with the speculative indour of the average painter is greatly diminished. This can hardly be depicted as the average mediotate picture, however popular it may be artistically con-

ceive genuine and higher artistic expression and that the official stamp of Burlington House has been impressed in the face of modern Old Masters, infusing the approval of the modern architectural movement.

This infusion of new blood then cannot be without great influence on the evolutions of the near future—implying not only the gradual progress of Academic views but the evolution also of the steel from which the new members of the Academy have sprung.

Regarded from this point of view there is less reason than ever for the Academy to fear the competition of outside galleries. Mr. James Jones and Mr. Walter Crane will still reserve their contributions to the years art for the New Gallery.



STUDY FOR "AT THE FOUNTAIN"
(E. S. F. Leighton Esq. P. A.)

sidered much better not painted at all and the really excellent cue not unnecessarily depends for its chief attractions on its purely literary interest.

But it is in the electioning constitution of the Academy and in the direction of the electorate's policy that we may see the greatest hope. The recent disappearance from the arena by death or retirement of Messrs. John Coxe Herbert and Long have within the last year or so made way for Messrs. David Murray, Harry Bates, St. Johnes Porter and T. C. Jackson and it is confidently expected that the withdrawal of Mr. Stuppole the engraver will bring about the election of Mr. Swan at the next election. We thus see that the modern ideas of the Newlyn school have in a measure been accepted by the Academy and that the conventional in sculpture, good though it may have been, has been replaced by



STUDY FOR "THE BACCHANTE"
(E. S. F. Leighton Esq. P. A.)

possibly also though it is doubtful for the new Grafton Gallery as well. But although men will usually prefer the New Gallery to Burlington House for such of their works where interest is focussed chiefly in the subtleties of tone and in their more

'impressionistic' and the Academy has drawn to itself more emphatically than ever men of the stamp of Mr. Swan, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Sargent, and the modern school of thought and feeling both in sculpture and architecture was never so firmly recognised as at present.

But still in one department of art the Academy shows itself as reactionary and we may say as short-sighted as ever. It declines to take the slightest notice of artists with the pen and retinas

ally delivered by the President of the Royal Academy at the annual banquet and his praises have been sung by the whole artistic universe. Yet he was not thought fit to enter Burlington House. Who that can appreciate the classic composition of John Tenniel, the splendid variety of line of Lady Lubbock, or the exquisite grace, delicacy of fancy and beauty of draughtsmanship of Edwin Abbott can deny for a moment their right to recognition by the official art institution of the country?

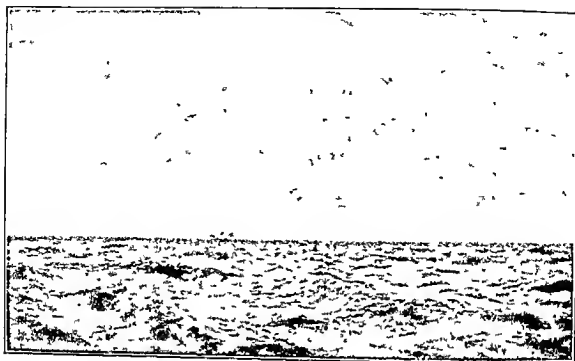


ACHESON: THE COMMON

(From the Pen by E. B. Lamb, 1891)

the ancient prejudices and ignities in respect to the whole question of black and white. A man who can copy in their mass picture with the hand—that is to say in line engraving—it will do into the Academy fold. The man who does the same thing with the etching needle it rejects as mechanical. And it even goes so far as to deny not only the superiority over the mere mechanical picture engraver but even the equality of the painter etcher—he who produces *superior* work with his needle. Thus I could rant on the strength of his etchings would have been rejected by a body which accepts Mr. Frye Crowe as a national representative of art. Equal injustice characterises the neglect of pen and ink and the higher forms of pencil work by the Academy. Charles Keene is universally recognised as one of the very few English masters of art in the nineteenth century. His penwork was a hun-

derful thing, and he lived the reputation of the Academy that rejected him. But should the Royal Academy in justice to its own honour and its own usefulness forget the man who represents the completest living art of the present day—springing from the necessities and demands of the people? It is an undoubted grievance—my name it is a scandal. But the remedy is simple and one which the Academy must apply without delay. By the rules of the Academy the number of the Associates is limited to thirty custom—a very bad one. It has latterly endeavored to be recognized as restricted to thirty. If the General Assembly desire to act in accordance with the spirit of the times and in harmony with justice and artistic propriety and at the same time to wipe away the slur of not having recorded amongst the white list of them a single scratch for a "black and white man" at the last



PERFECT WEATHER FOR A CRUISE.

(From the Picture by Henry Moore, A.R.A.)

election they will proceed forthwith to elect one two or three pen-diglightmen to the Associateship of the Academy without—if the Constitution so renders it desirable—limiting them to the honour of further promotion. But that the Academy, which has boasted the possession of celebrated and illustrious practitioners of black and white such as Fred Walker and Hall of Sir E. Leighton Sir J. E. Millais Sir John Gilbert Messrs. Herkomer, Poynter Miles Dicksee Marks Litch Gregory Macbeth and Wyllie—that this Academy should continue to taboo an art which has so grown and developed both in artistry and in popularity, since they prised it is incomprehensible—very more, it is hardly creditable having regard to the credit of the Society as the Art Trustees of the nation.

The Academy moves slowly. But there is no time to lose. Charles Keene died without having the opportunity of inserting his name on its roll of honour, but not John Tenniel he suffered to slip by too and his art—like that of water colour—to boast that it has flourished and attained the highest perfection of execution not only without the aid but in the face of the marked indifference apathy, and neglect of the institution which was founded to foster it. The new men who have recently been elected have it in their hands now to decide views and youthful determination and to them the world will look to reverse a policy as damaging to

the Academy itself as it is unjust to an established art and its most distinguished professors.

Turning from the consideration of the general position of the Academy to the actual composition of this year's exhibition we find that many of its most important contributors are maintaining and more than maintain their high position. In-enumant among these is the President himself. The painter of no portrait this year he has succeeded nevertheless in displaying the full force of his many-sided art. In 'And the Sea gave up the Dead' which were in it' which was intended by Mr. Tate to be included in his national gift the artist has sought to realise in this circular canvas the full impressive suggestiveness of the passage in the Apocalypse, and in reproducing it from his original proposed decoration for the dome of St. Paul's he has added cold—almost oppressive—dignity through the management of his colouring while bravely interfering with the general lines of the design. This subject which is to be considered the favourite one of the painter—not of this year alone but of his whole career—displays perhaps better than any other the loftiness of his thought the high water mark of his mental conception. It expresses with concision the resurrection of the three ages and conditions of life as well as the sexes, and though it may be held too ecstatic in colour it cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the landmarks in the

life work of the President. But for popularity it will certainly yield to *The Garden of the Hesperides*—one of the richest and most beautiful pieces of harmonious decoration ever executed by the artist. This circular piece painted with a rich and tender palette charming in invention, line and composition with a full sense of the luscious beauty of colour represents the three Hesperides—Aegle, Arethusa and Hesperia—guarding with a sort of sensual languor born of security the golden apples which Hercules is liter to obtain—a task in which they are assisted by the dragon Ladon represented by Sir F. Leighton as a great serpent whose many forked coils encircle the tree and lazily embrace the beautiful forms of the maidens. The single figure pictures *At the Fountain* and *The Bacchantes* are both distinguished by grace and refinement, the former tender and the latter more robust in conception of colour treatment.

The fifth of Sir F. Leighton's pictures is *Clytie*—a subject picture by name but in reality an elaborate study of a sky when its impressive and nightst clouds were engorged with gorgeous glow of the setting sun. This picture has been long in hand and is a truthful representation of imposing sky and cloud once seen and sketched by the painter.

Another painter who has still further advanced this year is Mr. Henry Moore, who has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to paint a picture that probably surpasses in excellence of drawing and in truth and beauty of colour the finest of his previous triumphs. *Perfect Weather for a Cruise* is a masterpiece but Mr. Moore's other picture *"Michinimash Bay"* deserves little less attention as it is a new departure for the artist which while it extorts the admiration of the public will be a revelation to Mr. Brett.

The work of Sir John Millar for the year includes two landscapes, two child pictures and a lady's fancy portrait. But they will not all be seen at the Academy. The landscapes—which the artist enjoys to paint far beyond portraiture—are characteristic and display much of that forceful delicacy and murmuring naught into the poetic facts of nature which are distinctive of his work in this direction ever since *"Ophelia"* and *The Vale of Pest* proclaimed the true nature of his sympathies. The first of these *Blow Blow thou winter Wind* represents a winter scene in Scotland skilfully composed as are all the painter's landscapes and finely observed in the absolute painting of the wind. To Sir John's further work we shall return in our next number.



LOOKING TO THE MAINLAND AGAIN

(From the *Picture Gallery of the Royal Academy*—the painting by Mr. Moore, 1892)

PRESS-DAY AND CRITICS—II.

GLIMPSIS OF ARTIST LIFE

BY M. H. SHUTMAN

LET us watch the constantly increasing body of critics and writers so heterogeneous in the individuals that compose it and look at them as they stand critically before the pictures one by one, annotating their catalogues in the margin, or else settling down to write at once their descriptive articles in their note books. For to write long reports—is distinguished from criticism—will be written and flished across for the most part to the United States and Canada and men leisurely composed criticisms will be thought out. Here is one a well known and accomplished writer—a scholar too of polished taste—not a mere Pressman as he would have you know—but one of a handful of serious art critics and historians with definite views and definite knowledge and, moreover, with definite literary individuality. For Ruskin, let us hope does not stand alone (though pre eminent), notwithstanding that he is the only one among the

all likelihood be. Olden, when the books of our writer will be still remembered and quoted, and consulted as authorities. He indignantly, and with

reason rejects the plea that the best of the writers are but reporters and parasites. As writers they are artists with an art of their own exercised on various others regarding our excellent painters and sculptors only as their occasional subjects—not as their *raison d'être*. Near him are others who have studied art and its history from their birth and who as authors as poets and as essayists have secured themselves a niche in the temple of fame. They walk around picking out the best works by a sort of natural process of selection yet not daring to overlook even the more modern

works of some of the best known painters, for does not the editor expect—nay, does not the public expect—that the works of so and so shall as a matter of course be noticed? And moreover, does



C. C. STEPHENS.
(From a photograph by E. H. and Co.)

writers the public is taught to know and appreciate that the painter of canvas is much too well treated by the Press—ergo by himself—and that the aforementioned paragraph in the papers about the painter, his studio, his

And now the gathering sparse hitherto increases around the reporter, the descriptive writer, the manufacturer of the London letter for provincial and foreign consumption the paragraph contributor to the weekly journals, and the



HUMPHREY WARD
(From a photograph by Evans)

past and his present is far more than he deserves, while, as to his future—well, that will in



FREDERICK WIDMORE
(From the Photograph by F. A. Heale)

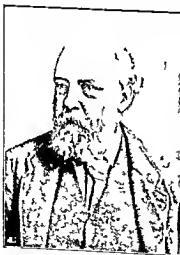
graph contributor to the weekly journals, and the

crowd has grown into something more than an average attendance at the Old Masters exhibition and is manifestly devoting itself to dispassionately serious work.



G. A. SALA
(From a Photograph by E. F. C. Poirer)

are to appear in next week's list as The Academy (and Mr. William Bile walks round with attentive eye in the interest of *Pictorial* to see what pictures are in what



СЕРГЕЙ ДИОНАТОВИЧ
(From a Photograph by E. F. C. Poirer)

pictures at the Academy representative of *Etzel* and *Wille*.

In strong contrast with the meteoric movements of these latter hits is the sober pace of the critics. But even here there are exceptions. Mr. Andrew Lindsay, for example who to all appearance merely

A few already tired have thrown themselves on the seats and pushing back their hats gaze at the walls with an expression very like despair. Mr. Harry Lunn sits about sketching in merry company with Mr. Farnham as they determine upon the skirts which

thrown and what import into works are him of which nothing had before been heard. Mr. Charles Morley performs the same service for *Pictures of the Year* and Mr. Blackburn for *Academy Notes* while Mr. W. L. Thomas for the *Graphic* smiles pleasantly is

saunters leisurely round the rooms and then after resting languidly for a few minutes disappears with seemingly but a very incomplete notion of the exhibition. But read his brilliant article in the next Saturday's *Daily News* (for the Press is requested to publish nothing about the exhibition till after the private view) and after seeing how accurate and all embracing a note he has taken of it all you will wonder how it was done. Mr. Humphrey Warl even though he bears Atlas like a poor man's shoulder the weight of the *Times* does not begrudge himself a few minutes relaxation in conversation with his brother and sister critics. Of the latter indeed as I have already hinted there are legion. But among them are a few who are a honour to their craft. Mrs. Brumington Aldin

for many years connected with the *Pictorialist*. Miss Dyer the regular representative except at the Academy of the *Daily News*. Miss Posa Gill of the *Exchange and Mart* whose intelligent criticisms and unusual knowledge and appreciation of the technical

qualities of engravings as well as of pictures make her it must in fairness be confessed notable among the critics of any sex. "Lady Coln Campbell sometime amateur punter and now the critic for the *Herald*. Miss Whitley of the *Ladies' Pictorial*, Mrs. Humphrey of the *Evening News* and especially Miss Hepworth Dixon—these are of the best and most deservedly known of the lady writers.

Continuing our walk around the walls we pass Mr. F. G. Stephens to whose services in the cause I have already alluded. Crippled in his long familiar soft felt hat he keeps his eyes severely on the pictures missing nothing and sparing not a moment to glance about for his *Attention* articles alluded to his *Sidon* series at this season of the year keep him to it like a galley slave. Closely Mr. Frederick Wedmore is preparing his dainty essays for the *Standard* and Mr. Phyllis Jackson the unique possessor of *Loyal Academicians* for immediate ancestry on both



M. PHILLIPS JACKSON
(From a Photograph by E. F. C. Poirer)

his father's and his mother's sides is similarly engaged for the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr George Augustus Sala, the *doyen*, if I am not mistaken of the art critical body, is here, as usual for the *Daily Telegraph* sometimes accompanied by Mr Le Sage the managing editor, maybe also, Mr H P Stephens is seen who ere now has acted as Mr Sala's understudy during his absence from town, just as Mr Woodroffe and Miss Dyer have "backed up" Mr Lang for the *Daily News*. For the *Pall Mall Gazette* appears Mr George Thomson and sometimes its editor Mr E T Cook, the eminent Ruskinite who is the Sage has himself declared knows the Ruskinian utterances and philosophy even better than does the author of them. His masterly and unconventional articles are always one of the interesting features of post-Press-day literature, indeed, somewhat contemptuously opposed to technical criticism. He is always 'on the side of the angels.' Here is Mr Reginald Hughes or some other representative of the *St James's Gazette* (for the post of art critic to that paper is more or less in commission) and there side by side,

former, too, the writer of the weekly 'Art World' column in the *St James's*, and his companion usually identified with 'Art and Artists' in the *Globe*.



F. T. COOK

(From a Photograph by the L. & A. Sturges & Co.)

The latter journal is represented by Mr Deane, who also acts for the *Graphic*, and the *Morning Advertiser* by Mr Callingham. The *Morning Post* sends Mr Danphie, and the *Sunday Times* Mr Malcolm Salaman who, as ever, saunters amiably through his task, while *Truth* was represented up to some months ago by Mr Bernard Shaw—Atheist, Socialist, Vegetarian, and much else besides as he has himself declared—whose brilliant pen has also been at the service of the *World*. Mr Cosmo Monkhouse, poet and essayist, well known and esteemed by my present readers, represents the *Academy*, Mr George Moore, the *Speaker* and Mr Cornish,

the *Spectator*, Mr Ashby Sterry is here for the *Daily Graphic*, and also, maybe for *Punch*, Mr Lionel Robinson for the *Illustrated London News*, Mr Walter Armstrong once identified with the *St James's* and with the *Guardian*, but now chiefly occupied on the *Manchester Examiner*, Mr Claude



J. FORBES ROBERTSON

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry)



CLAUDE PHILLIPS

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry)

Phillips, in French eyes perhaps the most capable of all our critics, for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, the stand, Mr Huish and Mr Lewis Hind, respectively editor and assistant editor of the *Art Journal*—the

Phillips, in French eyes perhaps the most capable of all our critics, for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, the

Gazette and other journals, Mr Henry or Mr Charles Whitley, for the *National Observer*, Mr Villars the chief of foreign writers for the *Debats*, the veteran Mr Forbes Robertson for several papers beyond the Tweed, Mr Kaus Jackson, for his paper, the *Artist* or Mr Baldry, Mr Swile Clark for the *Court Journal*, Mr Joseph Tennell for the *Star*, Mr Iope Stule, for the *Echo* and *Journal d'Art et d'Industrie*, and Mr Ernest Rulford formerly for the *Observer*, are all to be found preparing their own particular answer to the public's fateful question: What is this year's Academy like?

In addition to these we find Mr Harry Quilter sometime critic of the *Spectator* and more lately of his own *Laurel Tree*, Mr Edmund Gosse for many years identified with the *Pall Mall Gazette* and now in the *Saturday Review*, Professors R. A. M. Stevenson and W. M. Conway late of the same paper. These with Mr Pooty and many others almost as well known representing clubs provincial and foreign found in weeklies and monthly magazines and reviews were rarely absent on this occasion besides these are the specialists Mr Edward Loder comes on behalf of his paper the *Essex* to look after the theatrical pictures, scenes as well as portraits, Mr W. B. Feggetter or Mr Harrison Weir for the *Pencil and Brush* journals to see how brilly nature is treated in the art of the year. Mr Stuart Samuel for the *Teutonic Chronicle* on behalf of the Scientific element and Mr Wilfrid Meynell (John Olden's) of *Merry England* and other Catholic organs, while the papers of fashion and fashions send a solid phalanx to write only of the smart people and smart millinery displayed upon the walls.

Such are the men—the art critical Three Hundred—in whose hands rests the Academy literature of the year: men who in their occupation at least follow in the footsteps of Dr Johnson and Peter Parker of Dr Richardson (the *Tricky Doctor*) Hazlitt and Mr Puskim of Town Tylor, Dante Rossetti and his brother Mr William Rossetti of Mr Swinburne, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens of Mr Theodore Watts William Hall Scott and Mr William Black—men whose influence on public taste is greater far than the public knows or the artist will admit and who carry on honestly to the end their thankless task oftentimes amid the doubts of the men they help and the public they teach the victims of the fumes of an incompetent minority and of the very qualities which go to form a catholic mind and critic.

As lunch-time approaches the fagged-out writers struggle out to refreshen it in storm or fog singly or in groups for a hastily snatched mouthful with now and then a measure to restore their exhausted vitality. Indeed the inability to procure

any food by purchase within the Academy walls is one of the critic's most serious grievances of the day, for he is thus compelled to waste an hour or more away from his work—the precious minutes of a day all too short for the task and no more often I apprehend not all too dark and foggy for him properly to judge or even to see all the exhibited works upon which he is summoned to write. In other galleries refreshment is in most cases hospitably provided and sometimes even pressed upon the writer, but this other extreme he not only does not want but usually resents. All he asks is facilities for making the best use of the short time at his disposal and that at his own expense.

And thus the day wears on. Men come and go as we work manly resolutely on from room to room pressing in careful review every picture on the wall and at every step looking to see what has been picked up or skid—eager and anxious to blame the Hanging Committee for the alternative errors of injustice to good pictures or over-indulgence to bad. As each room is done the sense of weariness grows greater and ever greater for the interest and pleasure in our work are not proof against the dizzying effect of hours of picture-gazing. To look for hour after hour, from one scheme of colour to another, with not as much as a minute for each and what I have always found infinitely more fatiguing and unproductive of 'Academy headache'—as frequently to change the eye focus to meet the varying scale and subject distance as well as the actual distance of each different picture is one of the most trying physical occupations of the professional writer of today. And all the time is the wretched uncertainty the threatening horror of being unable to hurry through the pictures by dusk or closing time even though exhausted nature asserts itself not too strongly for it only too often happens that a dark and rainy day settles down into a foggy and slaty afternoon long before men or women's capacity for work is at an end. Even so when the fates are propitious and a clear sky is overhead is it any wonder that the Sculpture Room the Water Colour the Pencil and White and above all the Architectural Rooms are left over for future and highly problematical consideration? Could those who doubt—and doubters are not unnumbered among my brethren of the Pen—but see the forms and faces of those who leave the building as the shades of night are falling in and note their wearied gaze and worn expression as they cross the courtyard and emerge into the evening life of the picture? Is it just or right they would certainly ask themselves that the Academy should practically make impossible the proper execution of the task they invite—to examine and write calmly and

judicially on two thousand works of art in a single day—and, moreover, is it just to the public, or even politic in the interests of art?

The answer and the solution are

patent enough. If Press-day is to be rendered efficacious as an institution of the public is to be properly served and the artist and his work to receive the respect and attention that the very establishment of Press-day implies the critic must be allowed the time and be provided with the bare physical comfort which

To mention these desiderata would one would think, be sufficient for the Academy authorities to give effect to them as lovers of justice and men of mercy; but the petitions and even covert threats which have been forced from our journalistic Sebastianus have as yet left untouched the stony hearts in Burlington House. It is devoutly to be hoped that matters will ere long be bettered, and if the critics' unanimity is thus brought about and the Academy desires to add grace to justice, let it follow the lead of every other gallery in the kingdom and let the Press-view ticket convey a season's right of entry.

One advantage at least to the critic distinguishes the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. His notice is requested to reserve his articles for two days so that the gift of novelty shall not be taken off the Private-view day. The writer is thus permitted to sleep in his work so to say, until he commits his mature judgment to paper on the morrow. But in the case of other shows the articles must be written by the critic when hot from the gallery; he reaches his home, the club or the newspaper office, and as a necessary consequence he may perchance set down in writing that which he sometimes would wish to recall.

Such is Press-day with the incidents and questions which affect it. If its establishment has done nothing else, it has at least cleared the critic from the mud cast upon him in bygone days by the most eminent of them all—Mr. Ruskin. 'He marks the picture which the public press and its patters with praise the canvas which a crowd crowded from him. His judgment depends upon doing so.' Thus in 'Modern Painters' in the year 1841. Since then Press-day has forced the critic, willy nilly to lead the public verdict on the subject of a display which as yet it has not seen, and therefore upon which it has had no



GEORGE THOMSON

(From a Photograph by C. Howard Esq.)

are essential. "If form" is a word beyond all others hateful to the small but powerful majority of Academic ears, so I will submit the following resolutions as of burning necessity.

(1) The Press-day should be increased to at least two days. I have myself had the privilege of for-

winding two letters to the Academy, signed by nearly all the best known London critics respectfully and as we thought convincingly setting forth the necessity of the proposed alteration. These letters have been followed by a more pressing representation on the part of the Institute of Journalists, but all these attempts in the interests of justice (not to say humanity) have only received a bare, though courteous acknowledgment and remain under the blight and withering frown of the Academy's careful consideration. (2) Refreshment should be purchasable within the precincts of the Academy in order that one hour or two, during the best light of the day, should not be absorbed in a necessary visit to club or restaurant.

(3) On cold days the building should be heated so that the considerable fatigue of returning heavy overcoats and wraps all through the day should not be thrust upon the writers.



BERNARD SHAW

opportunity of pronouncing or bespitting either with praise or abuse. Criticism may or may not, as he has asserted, be 'returning to artistic simplicity'—leaving technique to those

to whom it is addressed—printers. It is certainly coming more and more into line with a lucid thought of the day and with historical knowledge, even though it set not itself to preach to the public or to the artists of glazes and semi-luxes of pigments and mediums of chrysosene and colour liniments. Yet I might add that it is distinguished by an appreciation of technique altogether absent from the work of the former school of criticism. Critics are unquestionably not all capable, but there is more in artists. And until they are allowed the same consideration in their work that is accorded to every other section of intellectual workers

neither public nor artist will obtain from them the best or the most valuable work of which they are capable and which for their own reputations

sale they are so desirous of accomplishing.

NOTE.—Since this article was in the hands of the printers and had been sent to press the announcement has been made that a concession of some importance has been granted by the Council of the Royal Academy. The two letters of

consideration should be continued. The Institute thereupon pointed out that not 'consideration' but an additional Press day was what was sought for—a statement of fact that at once succeeded in obtaining the change for which the critics had been asking for five years. The following letter records the concession as it is here set forth for its historical interest:

"Royal Academy of Arts,
London W
March 11th, 1903"

Sir,—I am desired by the President and Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter on the 15th ult., and in reply to inform you that the subject of it has been frequently under consideration and that they hope to make, this year, an arrangement by which in addition to the one day Wednesday, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. four hours on the following day, Thursday 9 a.m. till 1 p.m., will be given to the representatives of the Press. They

trust that this will at any rate to some extent meet the wishes of the Institute of Journalists.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FRED A. EATON."

The action of the Royal Academy in so far yielding to outside appeal is notable in more ways than one. But chiefly by conceding that to the Institute of Journalists which it had for years denied to a handful of individual writers—disregarded though they might be in their own line

—the Academy has admitted the force of a just demand when brought perseveringly to its notice by the Press represented by its incorporated Institute, it has acknowledged the power of the Fourth Estate and illustrated once more the strength of union and the value of combined effort.



J. ASHURST STERBY
(From a Photograph by C. J. Waller)

the critics have referred to as having succeeded only in obtaining a polite promise of its consideration was followed by one from the Institute of Journalists on behalf of the descriptive writers and reporters of the English Press. The reply it received was a courteous undertaking that the con-



LEWIS HIND
(From a Photograph by J. C. Turner & Co.)



C. J. CORNISH
(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry)



negatives in which his graceful groups, statuesque in beauty and simplicity even when apparently full of complex drawing, or when reproducing sordid types of man and woman. Never is there at the bottom of a complete picture in which you get the qualities of carefully selected form and such a richness of texture as usually is associated with oil painting. As to the sources of this style, one can only guess. Probably it springs from Du Maurier's French origin and sympathies, and from

not possessed by the other. And in the enormous vignettes by Millais in the early pages of the same magazine one may see the expressive free handling of lines much as one sees a broad brush that comes out in Du Maurier's later *Punch* work—all these influences probably wrought like other light unconsciously and at unlikely times. So much for the outside of the style. As to the subtle fantasy of the thoughts, this was also in the air of the studios of Millais and Spinks and others who

have or have not entered into the vision of their first-minded. It was the way then with the Pre-Raphaelites and theirs and has not yet been the way now. The

Seraphites appeared in the *Cornhill*. A gallery of wall paintings rears its shining line through the dusk in a hall of cyclical crosses the clock face recedes on deck and directs the men, the same grim pleasure in a new life of danger as in Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris*. The epoch is a misgiving, a vision, a more or less impressionist and but it is even possible that Keats's *Hyperion* is a further passage in his work. How quickly it

all passed away and we plunged into science and the plain appearance of things. How very old Pre-Raphaelitism seems just now! But perhaps the penulum is at the edge of the action swing.

In another *Occurrence* the same vision continues that strange suggestive drawing by Millais

Death of John Arden is Charles Peck's and "Paul Heyman" an illustration to which Du Maurier's final power seems to come forth to its full. Miss Boston, the nurse and the sailor, with only survivors of a long starvation, a victim in a prison but are getting fat on the shores of an island made into ships. From out of the tropical forest and trees and wood many birds come to roost and the three haggard skeletons who have just escaped with life from the desert of the sea and the expression of a vain wish for the wistful to be a triumph of a lion. The last is a sign of that coming—of the light to the



FAREWELL TO PANDY

(Drawn by George du Maurier. From "Peter R. M. M.")

the presence of Fred Walker, Peter and Miller, and a work which is steadily stirring and level in the course of that time, and what more let it be a story or a tale or a life or a death perhaps. And one can see the way in which the work

The first of these by Du Maurier in *Occurrence* is a work which is steadily stirring and level in the course of that time, and what more let it be a story or a tale or a life or a death perhaps. And one can see the way in which the work

"GAME BIRDS AND SHOOTING SKETCHES"*

MR. J. G. MILLAIS who inherits not a little of his distinguished father's talent in the use of In his treatment of his subjects—cupercaille black game grouse and ptarmigan—Mr. Millais has set



MALE VARIETY OF CUPERCAILLE.

(Drawn by J. G. Millais. Engraved by G. C. C. Lint.)

it pen it—and that in spite of every discouragement offered during the period of his boyhood—has devoted his leisure to drawing the habits, modes of capture and stages of plumage of game birds and the hybrids and varieties which occur among them.

ment the Collie or Morris of the field and moor and his future works will be looked for with interest.

* "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches" By J. G. Millais. F.Z.S. With numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations (Sotheran and Co. 1892)

upon paper practically for the first time every phase and detail of game bird life and by the admirable manner in which he has drawn his profession of illustration he steps at once into the first rank of sportsman naturalists. This kind of some folio indeed is the fruit of several years of close observation and is a revelation even among the class to whom the author especially appeals. To the readers of this Magazine the book is interesting firstly as a typical example of the best sort of natural history draughts in which for it must be remembered that where the representation of animal life is a matter of the first importance the intrusion of artistic merit which departs to how ever slight an extent is scientific element—secondly as showing some of the masterpieces of the wood engraving of Mr. Loe (who carries on the tradition of Bewick's engraving of the facts of animal life and the work of whose graver—unimpassable in its special line—is seen all too seldom nowadays)—and lastly as containing a drawing of singular beauty by Sir John Millais. This drawing—a portrait of Bewick—appears as the autotype frontispiece of the volume and it is here reproduced engraved on wood from the original drawing. For it alone the book will be precious to many a possessor but it would be unfair to Mr. Millais to suggest that the contribution of the father absorbs any of the interest properly attaching to the work of the son. Mr. Millais is becoming by right of his future works will be looked for with interest.



THOMAS H. ICK

Drawn by J. A. M. L. J. E. mood. R. T.

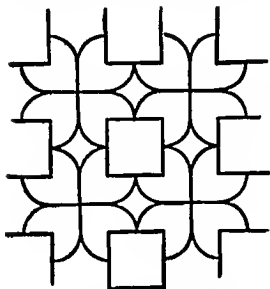
ARTISTIC HOMES. THE DECORATION OF CEILINGS

BY G. T. ROBINSON, F.S.A.

WHAT shall we do with our ceilings? That, indeed, is a serious question—in fact the difficulty of answering it has too frequently crushed its consideration and so nothing is done, and they

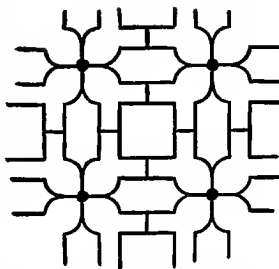
our ceilings bald, barren and naked was not only uncharitable neglect but a grievous blunder. The first essays in the Anglo-Dutch style—miscalled Queen Anne—did not do much to help, but the feebleness of that scrap-book eclecticism by which this strange hybrid was begotten manifested itself in its weak-minded progeny and the truer insight into the need of homogeneity in decoration now drawing has more fully taught the lesson that the ceiling has a decorative function to perform which demands the most careful consideration.

How careful that consideration should be will be apparent when you reflect on the many things it has to embrace. The first is the structural condition in which you find it, and secondly, its relative proportion to the walls of the room. Then comes the question as to how it receives its light by day, whether from the ends or side, or both and the quantity of that light. Thus for example, a long low room lighted from one end naturally demands an entirely different ceiling treatment from a wide high room lighted from the side. Nor should the mode of artificial lighting be might be without thought of for the true value of your design depends equally on each of these considerations. You have then to consider the purpose of the room, the style of the treatment of the other decoration and not the least



DESIGN FROM HISSA CASTLE, LIVLIETHOOD.

are left in grunt nakedness to dominate over luxurious walls and gaily elid floors. Yet when you consider that the ceiling of a room is the largest unbroken area it possesses it is evident that its tasteful treatment is one which ought to be well considered and accomplished. And in periods of good art, by which I mean when art was felt to be a necessary adjunct to life, this has always been done. Go back so far as you will you will always find that until the commencement of the nineteenth century—in rather until early in that century's career the ceiling secured at least as much and frequently more, artistic consideration than either the walls or the floor. Egyptian, Greek, Persian, Roman, Byzantine, Mediaeval, and all the varied phases of the Renaissance styles show us how the artists of those periods revelled in the adornment of their ceilings, nor until the stern severity of the pseudo-Grecian phase, which, darkening the early years of the present century, cast its gloom over English art were these ever neglected in our own country. From that gloom we have emerged. "The Gothic Revival" about some of those who have not lived through it now scoff at it did us that good service—it taught us that to have



DESIGN FROM KING CHARLES CHAMBER, WINTON.

important of all, the amount of money you are intending to expend upon it. Herein we English

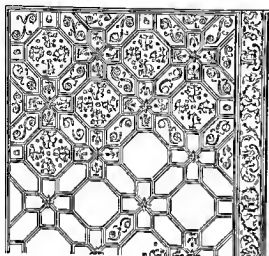


T L W FOO ST R TP YARMOUT
(To a Plot in the A Free) h



T L B O D h L R C S O S

figure work to the simplest ornamental detail can be done in it. As I am writing for the average English home I shall not now consider the sumptuous palaces of Italy or France but briefly refer to some of those examples of the formative ceiling found in our own country which are suitable as suggestive examples and as in early illustration refer in the first instance to the one still remaining in the Stn Hotel Yarmouth (See p. 237). This is earlier perhaps in design than in date retaining as it does a



DESIGN FROM BURTON KIRK

very large amount of that late Gothic feeling which was gradually being supplanted by the incoming Renaissance brought by those Italian stucco workers whom Henry VIII induced to visit this country for the decoration of the new Vinland Palace of Nonesuch. The room shown in the illustration was the principal apartment in the house of an old merchant of the time of Elizabeth and affords good evidence of the wealth and taste of the merchant adventurers of those days who between legitimate trading and a taste for privateering laid the foundations of the commercial prosperity and the naval supremacy of England. The ceiling it will be seen is divided into square compartments each filled with a slightly concave panel ornamented by fluted but tracery from the centre of which depends a small pendentive boss.

There is a very interesting example of an early Elizabethan ceiling in the replica of one recently added to this tracing house the South Kensington Museum. This is taken from a moderate sized room in Sizemore Hall, in Westmoreland where with the original Tudor mansion it presents to us a good example of a parlour or withdrawing room of the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a ceiling of pendentive character, a type peculiar to England

and which hardly exists in any other country, and seems to be a free translation of the stone frieze which formed so distinctive a character of the late Gothic vaulting in the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. If you have not already seen this it is quite worth your while to do so as it is a genuine specimen and the geometric distribution of the small ribs is very suggestive of other arrangements either with or without the pendants. As you see it in the reproduction it is simply in the white plaster, but these English ceilings were resplendent in colour and gold and always excited the admiration of our foreign critics. Spenser tells us that

Gold was the purgess in the ceiling brought
Distinct all-seely with great plates of gold."

And I have frequently found traces of gorgeous colouring and rich gilding beneath the successive generations of whitewash which hunt and blur the delicate modelling our forefathers bequeathed to us. This ribbed division of the ceiling developed itself into an infinite variety of geometric combinations of squares, octagons, and circles and you have only to turn over the pages of Nash's *Mansions* or any work treating of the domestic interiors of the times of Elizabeth and James I to find many marvellous suggestions for the recomposition of a few simple figures arranged in almost infinite variety. It would occupy too much space to demonstrate this adequately, so I must content myself with a single illustration. On page 25 are two examples of the use of the square quatrefoil both in Scotland and dating from the time of James I and VI in whose reign these formative stucco ceilings were introduced into that kingdom and where this particular figure of the square quatrefoil became pre-eminently popular, though it is by no means rare in English work. At first sight it is somewhat difficult to recognise that the basis of such of these combinations is precisely the same. In the first which is taken from Innis Castle, Louthgow the quatrefoil is complete the cusps alighting upon a square, in the second which comes from Winton House the quatrefoil is simply severed at the points of the cusps and elongated by the addition of a straight bar which is again connected with the central square by rectangular ribs. There were many other combinations of this quatrefoil arrangement a favourite one allowing the square angles of it to overlap each other in a greater or a less degree, or by simply touching at their angles. The ribs which formed these figures were at first simply moulded the modelled ornament being placed on the field of the ceiling as shown in the design on this page where the octagon is the principal form and which is taken from a ceiling at Burton Kirk. Here the spaces between the reticulation of the ribs are

somewhat small so the ornament with which the fall of the ceiling is charged is simple but where the canon was larger important pieces of history have been wrought into such as achievements of arms, rebuffs of quaint allusiveness scenes from classic

Biblical history the mitals of the husband and wife twined with a time I vers kn t and many a pretty fancy. This surcharging of the fall caused the merely moulded ribs to appear too meagre and thus a iteration of the same shaped space was then found to be too restrictive. Moreover the disadvantage that the geometric pattern did not work equally to the edges of the ceiling unless that area could be divided into equal squares and itself more manifest as the size and slope of the rooms developed themselves, so the ceiling then came to be divided into four equal parts each part filled with some convoluted figure meeting in the common centre which was usually completed by some moulded or floridly painted panel. Nor did the large size of some of our old stately rooms deter the bold attempt for I know rooms in which the drawing of the pattern for one of these quarters is eleven yards long and five yards wide filled with a marvelously drawn curves or meandering lines involved and contorted with quaint unexpected quips and cranks a time parallel to the quaintly involved literary fiction of the time. Of such treatment our illustration on p. 236 affords an example taken from Lord Braybrookes study at Audley End—a room some forty feet long and twenty feet wide—so that the drawing of the pattern is twenty feet long and ten feet wide the meandering line being admirably distributed leav-

ing no empty spaces nor undue crowding in any part. Nor were these ribs merely moulded as in the earlier example of the painted ceiling before referred to they were frequently broad and flat with milled edges and this surface was impress-



BORBOIR ALDLEY END

(From a photograph by E. J. Ford, 1891, and C. J.)

a fine and light ornamentation produced from a rolling wheel like the knurling of a pressed or woolen mould. Such a treatment is shown in the border of that same fine old mansion. A heavy iron—some of which in the walls is examples of the best ceiling all of which were erected about 1611.

The severe feeling of the English architecture introduced by Henry Jones in Charles I's time restrained this somewhat too redolent ornament

and large surface were left for painting severe architectural distribution, the formative character of the plasterwork. The tradition which dominates the Cromwellian interior is best to be seen in the time of Charles II. a reversal to more decorative character of ceiling took place partly because of the enforced

introduction so largely during the reigns of William III and Queen Anne the prevalence of rectangular forms again returned the ceilings then having generally rectangular panels round the outside with a smaller panel in the centre this being filled with well modelled and often very interesting plasterwork whilst the rectangular ones were filled with cor-



CEILING AT ASTLEY HALL.

(From a photograph by A. Easton.)

richness and severity of Puritan time and partly because many of the once more wealthy class had been living abroad where the Spartan discipline had not been felt. Works of natural flowers and composites of circular form were prevalent and in almost all the ceilings of this time you will find rectangular distributions of space. The illustration given on this page shows to what extravagant excess this manner of treatment was carried—beauty of minute detail being considered quite irrespective of general effect—of all the florid work charmingly executed. Of this class of work more restricted and better expressed you will find good specimens in the church of King Charles the Martyr at Tunbridge Wells. With the formal Dutch feeling in

ventilation movement. Of this date a very charming ceiling designed by Sir Christopher Wren in which painting and modelling are combined exists in the Board Room of the New River Water Company (see p. 277). A little later on the influence of the French taste became generally manifest and the imitative translation of the Louis XV style popularised in this country by the designs of Chippendale, Lock and others. Many of the ceilings yet exist in one or two houses in London though as fashionless and far from its old quarters they are not seldom seen by those who can appreciate them. Of the new technical means adopted which succeeded the true mode of execution and of our modern means of decoration I must treat in another article.



CHARLES MERYON

(From the *Revue* July 11, 1871)

MERYON



Fall the stones of artists' lives—lives spent in devotion to art, lives of men seeing no thing but the beauty that surrounds them in doing no thing but the work within their lives embittered by the cold chill of neglect—none excels in pathos and

tragic fate the romance of the career of Meryon. This man early recognised by the few as the greatest etcher of modern France and so proclaimed in this country by Mr. Huntington four years before his pitiful death was he who struggled not so much against the indifference of a public which prides itself on its artistic temperament and artistic appreciation but rather against failure and even hunger. With misery ever staring him in the face with the specter of the workhouse shroud wing him on the one side, and that of the madhouse on the other his life blighted with the knowledge that of his father he could know nothing publicly and that his mother's name could only be mentioned with shame, galled by the thought that his genius was fettered

by the so-called connoisseur and was the prey (too little used and spoiled) of the ordinary print-seller he became finally the victim of his delicate temperament, and the balance of his mind was destroyed. But nothing could quench the fire of his genius and even from his retirement in the darkened rooms of Charenton he sent forth plates only less interesting than those which were the delight of the few who understood his power and befriended him and which to-day are the coveted objects of contention of the true amateur. In the world of art which is so rich—so sadly rich—in the record of disappointed lives of crushed hopes and flouted genius there are few examples indeed of such tragic romance as is associated with the name of Charles Meryon.

The story has been told simply and pathetically by Mr. Frederick Wedmore in his *Meryon and Meryon's Paris* and to his intimate knowledge of the details of the artist's life and work the author has brought in the new and extended edition published by Messrs. Depeux and Gutkunst and now lying before us all the resources of his literary ability, and the polish and daintiness of his style. A

sad yet an instructive lesson it shows not only the authors acquaintance with "states" and "issues" and strange facts as to lettering and paper set forth in the spirit of the collector but the deeper feeling of the imaginative critic and the appreciation of the true artist. We venture to think that Mr. Welmore is not sufficiently protected the mind of the etcher for his readers—not enough dwelt upon his characteristics as displayed in the work of his hand and in the amazing facility in execution of his etched line. He has not insisted on Meryon's dual quality—what Mr. Hamerton calls if we may so say, his discipline phantasy—which results in man passed richness of picture-sequences and suggestion combined with the frankest simplicity. But Mr. Welmore has done perhaps more for Meryon in this country than any of the few who out of their knowledge have raised him to his proper pinnacle in men's esteem. He has shown us the man better than anyone else and has dwelt with perfect good taste on the period of his madness and his residence at Charenton. He tells us how when Meryon was tossing restlessly in bed before his removal to the asylum his friend the distinguished artist Flimeng visited him there and made a drawing of him. Of that drawing we have pleasure in having before the reader a reproduction (reduced to about one third of its original area) and we may add at the same time

that two other portraits of the master exist—a seated figure and a head, both etched by Bracquemond.

We have drawn particular attention to Mr. Welmore's book because the acquaintance with the work of Meryon cannot be too much forced upon the public, nor is it easy to over estimate the greatness of his art. The revival of pure etching or rather of its acknowledgment and we would fain hope its appreciation and its rightful place in the order of the arts encourages us to regard its future with hope. It must not be forgotten that *quality* and not *effect* is its real function and its true mission. Nor can it be said when France, England and America have given us such etchers as Meryon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler that the nineteenth century is lower in the scale of art production than its predecessor, nor that the art has suffered from want of brilliant expositors. Its line has been the adoption of etching methods in response to public demand by reproducers of pictures for a purpose for which it is primarily suited. But with Mr. Whistler and Mr. Haden as living examples and with Mr. Short, Mr. Strang and others to uphold the manly and pure and mission of the etched line we may hope that public education in the matter of etching will at least keep pace with the work accomplished by the masters of the art. S.

"ON THE ROAD—WALLACHIA"

PAINTED BY ADOLPHE SCHREYER ETCHED BY I. KRISTOWITZ.

THERE are few foreign artists of the first rank so little known in England as Adolphe Schreyer and few who better deserve recognition. Born in Frankfort in 1828 of good family he has had every advantage of education and foreign travel he could desire and this coming to the help of an intensely artistic temperament, impulsive energy, and a touch of true genius has combined to accord him a place by the merit of his achievements in the first rank of living painters. To Schreyer's artistic character there are three distinct facets and of his artistic labours three distinct divisions: he is the painter of battles of horses, and of character.

In the Crimea in 1855 he served his apprenticeship to battle and in the train of Prince Taxis regiment he obtained the knowledge that he afterwards used to such good purpose. Among his best war pictures are his *Battle of Waghshel*, *A Cavalry Attack*, *The Wounding of Prince Taxis*, and *Charge of the Imperial Guard in the Crimea*, the latter being for the Luxembourg, in 1865.

No less in his battle pictures than in his pictures of national characteristics does Schreyer show him

self a man of strong originality, unconventional and unacademic, and broadly on his merits he was placed by Théophile Gautier beside Fortuny, Delacroix, and Decimus. The north of Africa and the south east of Europe have been his most fruitful hunting grounds and no scenes of life have more inspired him and engaged his pencil than Wallachia. Into his Wallachian canvases he has delighted to introduce not only peasant life, but especially that phase of it which deals with pasturing riding and stabling. The quaint *attellages* comprising rough haired horses in every stage of robustness and decrepitude—in strange contrast to the horses in his military pictures—have so long and so successfully occupied the artists pencil that it is difficult to say whether Schreyer takes his highest stand as a painter of national life or as a painter of horses.

'On the Road' is one of his best known canvases in a class which includes *Wilhelman Posture*, *A Stable on Fire* and many others. To the work of the artist his interesting career and the position which is his among the artists of to day, we propose to return in the near future.

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN.

II—THE WATER COLOURS

By R. JOPE SLADE

THE water colours in the Dixon bequest number just over two hundred and fifty with the exception of about a score of drawings the work of recently dead, and of the older school of living aquarellists. The three De Wints are very delightful ex-



BEVERLEY

(From the Watercolour Painted by Peter de Wint)

English artists. They have been selected on the whole, with sound judgment and are mainly representative of what might fitly be called the third period of British water colour art and therefore possess considerable interest for the historical student. Of Paul Sandby, Sir John Cooper, J. A. Atkinson, Pars Hooper, Edridge and such men there are no examples nor even of Tom Girtin, Flinders companion and immediate forerunner, but there is a fine drawing by John Varley, while Glover and other original members of the Old Water Colour Society have not been forgotten and the greater men, David Cox, De Wint, George Catmole, James Holland, Mount Copley, Fielding, Duncanson, and William Hunt are very satisfactorily represented. Then come the works of the more

amples of that magnificently strong and manly English painter an impressionist in the truest and best sense of the word who realised the richness of feeling and colour of our English landscape which he knew when he commenced a drawing exactly what he wanted to say and at once dashed in his broad full washes of the intensity desired and thus preceded by the simplest and most dignified means to the accomplishment of his purpose. The first of the De Wints is a bold sketch—a large which has just passed through a windmill, grained lock and a slow stream creeping through the level plains of Lincolnshire that county of noble skies and broad spaciousness so beloved of the painter.

Bevelly, reproduced on this page is fuller of incident, though it conveys a message no less simple

concentrated and effective. A mill lifts its buoyant arms in the right foreground and a wagoner drives his team to the left, in the middle distance the yellow plow stretches towards a belt of leafy trees, and beyond the towers of church and minster rise in the light above in undulating wood while distant hills zone the land with quiet grace. It is patiently intended with what ease De Wint exercises his knowledge of the exact spot in which to drop his figures. Cattle, cattle sheep all occur, rather than misplaced exactly where the balance of the composition calls for them and exactly where they give to the sentiment of the drawing its greatest authenticity. In his smaller "Council with Harvesters" De Wint betook himself to a more sequestered and sheltered corner of England where nature is deeper in tone and life gentler.

The View of Wyndeshill near Kendworth by David Cox has something of the feeling we are

accustomed to associate with George Barret. The tints are so disposed to the right and left of the foreground as to frame in the far receding plums in the distance which are bathed in golden light. The feeling of the drawing is quiet and happy and it is always the case with Cox the particular sentiment or poetry of the entire composition pervades every detail. The water colour landscape is of to-day have much to learn from the older men as to the value and charm of consistent unity of purpose.

From David Cox to Mr. Barker Foster is a long stride. But Mr. Dixon must have been catholic in his tastes as he has brought together one or two of the best of the drawings of the artist who uses his brush paint almost as though it were a pen. The Fosters are small in size and whilst a sunset over a flower land is a careful bit of colouring by far the most important and most characteristic drawing is the "Gleaners Resting at a Stile" on this page. A little group of rustic children have washed a stile and are resting with their laboriously collected sheaf before going further. The archers are ruddy and healthy, but not quite so healthily neat as Mrs. Allingham sees them. The eldest girl has that little



GLEANERS RESTING AT A STILE.

(From the Water Colour Painting by B. K. Foster, F.R.S.)

accustomed to associate with George Barret. The tints are so disposed to the right and left of the foreground as to frame in the far receding plums in the distance which are bathed in golden light. The feeling of the drawing is quiet and happy and it is always the case with Cox the particular sen-

mother look, so common amongst the children of the poor when there are many little ones to be looked after. The dog a sad mongrel but a lively playmate mischievously sniffs at the straggling straws in the apocryphal gleanings. By the side of the stile stands a pollarded oak with tufts of lily downed



summit I was. In the distance, rather the purpling or mauve grey thunders clouds. Mr. E. ten so much effects. It is impossible not to feel the artist's tender sympathy for the scene he depicts and it is impossible not to wish that he had seen it to express that love in a manner less pitifully pretty and more spontaneously stirring.



WAITING FOR THE SHIPPER

(From the Hall of Fame by Edwin Easton)

Amongst the largest and most attractive of the kind types is a View of Chiwena North Italy by H. Gastineau. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship by a man who was a consummate master of the technique of his medium. But it troubles us with a reluctance of finality and variety—a river tumbling through a fertile verdant valley which is walled in by precipitous rocks and in the distance the snow-crowned mountains wreathed with purple vapours. Such scenes are hardly paintable but the uniform quality of the work and the effect of simultaneous accomplishment are remarkable. A very much more pleasing drawing is this artist's large View near

Trinco Vento Island, a ruined abbey rising in stately grace from the lush meadowland by the side of a quiet stream, the entire composition flooded with mellow light and very tender in feeling. Gastineau has tried to put many views in his illustrations, but carries through Wales—Jones's Views of the Seats of Noblemen and such work little

lived nearly eighty years and found time to do drawings which were works of the mind or as we say, works of the temperament and to hold them as David Cox did very far before pictures of places. He must have been a true master and his water colours are held in increasing esteem by the connoisseurs of to-day.

The William Hunts are very strong. Hunt was born in Long Acre to paint rushes with a fidelity to facts never before attempted and flowers and fruit for the first time as they grew or fell on mossy banks and not as all previous painters had treated them on plates of gold or in jars of porcelain, ready for the service of the rich. His *Harvest Lessons* in this collection gives us a luminous cottage interior full of pleasant moving light and a chill wool-gathering and unpretentious directly she is withdrawn from the open and listlessly standing up to meet a task to her mother. The girlish attitude of the girl the crisp clear touch with which the work is done and the notes of sparkling red so happily introduced in the little effects on the mother's table all distinguish this as a fine example of the master. James Holland is also very notably represented by some of his gem-like bits of Venice with those bright crimson and cold deep greens in the water which modern men do not see when they visit the Queen of the Adriatic.

George Cattermole was left to all things an manager of groups. He would have made an ideal stage manager. Every figure in his composition is just where it should be. Every attitude expresses the meaning of the drawing. His faces are really uniform in expression, and seeing that they are all painted with pinkish body colour with black lines for features there is little cause to wonder at this. His costumes are of no particular date but belong to what is historically called the historic period. George Cattermole just lived to see the days of strict archaeological research set in. His training as an

architect gave strength and reality to his *mise en scène*. There are few English artists living who could tell a story so dramatically as that narrated in Cattermole's "The Civils Departure." Chas. Cattermole several of whose drawings are amongst the collection has caught his uncle's unorthodox method but he does not in an equal degree display his spirit.

With the Cattermole's it is exceedingly interesting to compare the work of the veteran President of the Royal Water Colour Society the "Scout from Don Quixote" painted when Sir John Gilbert's powers were at their fullest. Here each face is of a different significance. The Don sits at the head of the table a high born long lean faced enthusiast declaiming in his writhing ecstatic way on chivalry. Sancho Panza with an expression of stupid good-natured incredulity sits on a tub by his side. The serving woman behind the knight's back glances at his hallucinations which to her appear merely vulgarly comic. But very different expressions sit on the faces of the ladies and the knight at the table. The first is set out of doors, and a waiting maid comes for tea, listening down the verandah steps. The composition is distinguished by drifty balance and symmetry, the drawing of the figures is free, bold and graceful, the costumes are correct as to period charming alike in design and colour, and the technique is bright and transparent—it was done before the day when Sir John's eyes began to see so much black in the shadows. As a talker this work is as eloquent as any of Cattermole's but it is full of fine quality and varied subtlety of detail. Very different in treatment is

A* Moonlight Cafe at Fiddlers. By Mr Arthur Croft a large and very clever drawing of a group of white-clad Arabs crowded together over the glowing coffee apparatus, in a square white walled building with the deep blue sky for roof. It is possessed of great charm and distinction and is vaguely suggestive of Mulla.

Mr W. C. T. Dolson R.A. is a veteran like Sir John Gilbert. He began to paint in water-colours late in life—somewhere about 1870 and soon abandoned it as a constant practice though his nearly life-sized Head of a Girl here reproduced was executed in 1880. It is solidly painted after the manner of an artist accustomed to work in

oils. Some of the flesh tones and reflections in the rather massive neck and shoulder are very clever. Mr Dolson tells me that the year after the exhibition of his first water colour at the Academy he was made an Associate of the Royal Water Colour Society and was under the then just-amended regulations the first Academician who



GIRLS HEAD

(From the Water-colour Painted by W. C. T. Dolson R.A.)

was allowed to accept membership of an outside society.

Mr F. Wain Baker's "Left in Charge" a little girl keeping watch and ward over a basket of oranges whilst her father a coster is away slaking his thirst and "Waiting for the Skipper" an honest frank faced sailor boy dressed in a light blue guernsey waiting for some lobster pots for the skipper's orders to go aboard again are early drawings of the artist—carefully drawn and in point of colour entirely pleasant transcripts of just such subjects as the public love best to purchase for the enrichment of their homes.

Like most successful painters of animals, the late Frederick Tayler loved to live with and study his model. Love animals of serene their graceful movements and at every turn they present beauty of form and colour to the eye and every walk which you take will be at once a lesson and a pleasure. Such were the general instructions with which this artist whose pride it was to have worked in the company

which is reproduced on p. 245. Easy and spontaneous, pleasant in tone charming if not very accurate in costume. Tayler's hunting and sporting drawings continue to delight us even in these days of a more exacting anatomical knowledge whilst few men have obtained such graceful results with such slight means.

Amongst the foreign water colours is a beautiful interior of the Church of St. Gervais, with



AN ITALIAN PEASANT

(From the Water-colour by Carl Haag, F.R.S.)

of both Landseer and Milne Ponheur and who had attained to the dignity of President of the Royal Water Colour Society, prefixed a delightful little volume of studies which he intended to edit, or so ago as a guide to painting animals in water colours and in all his drawings there is a sunny note of joyousness and manifest delight in the subject. In the Devon collection there are two drawings by Tayler both of a "Hawking Party" the more elaborate of

the characteristic black and white maillies of the Italian churches skilfully handled by Louis Haghe. Born in Belgium Haghe was intimately connected with England all his lifetime and his fine pictures of the interior of St. Peter's Rome constitute an important part of the Seely bequest at this museum. Hardly less English by association is Mr. Carl Haag whose vigorous Italian Peasant striding along over the sunny campaign is reproduced on this page.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

SEVEN of the most recent acquisitions of the National Gallery are here reproduced. Of these no fewer than four import fresh names into the National Gallery catalogue. The Virgin and Child by Bernardino Fungui of the Sieneſe ſchool was preſented by Mr William Conaſt Junr. The Adoration of the Shepherds by Bernhard Fabritius introduces one of the pupils of Raphael. In the "Landscape of Solomon" included the work of the greater Jacob Pissarel is here first seen as also is Jan Wouverman with another Landscape. In addition to these an Ecce Homo of Giovanni Antonio Bazzi—in whom the student will recognise the master better known as El Solomero—will reinforce the beautiful Madonna and Child which

unlike rather than painted life size studies by Landseer for his Trifalgar Square commissions which were recently bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr T H Hill. To that gentleman they were presented by the artist with the following letter—

St. John's Wood

N W

March 11th 1860

DEAR HILL,—I know you like water better than oil. In spite of your love of paper painting I venture to beg your acceptance of oil studies which you will receive as old friends from the Zoo. In some respects they will recall the interest you took in my labours for the Nelson lions at Liverpool will always remind you of my admiration for your kindly nature both to man

and beast to say nothing of my endless obligations to your assistance & desire to aid a poor old man nearly well up.

Dear T. H. Hill ever sincerely yours, E. LANDSEER



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD SURROUNDED BY CHERUBS
(By Bernardino Fungui, recently acquired by the National Gallery)



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS
(By Bernhard Fabritius, recently acquired by the National Gallery)



ECCE HOMO
(By Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, recently acquired by the National Gallery)

nine years ago was purchased from Mr Fairfax Murray. In the British section are the two ad-

The penultimate picture for the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall upon the series for which

Like most successful painters of animals the late Frederick Taylor loved to live with and study his models. Love animals observe their graceful movements and at every turn they present beauty of form and colour to the eye and every wall which you tale will be at once a lesson and a pleasure. Such were the general instructions with which this artist whose pride it was to have worked in the company

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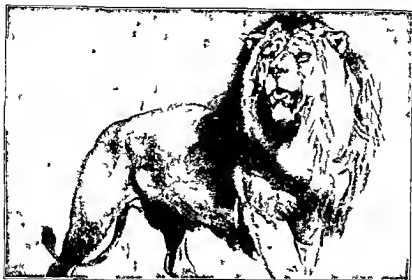
(From the Water Colours by Carl Haag, P. 15)

of both Lanier and Milk Bonheur and who had attained to the dignity of President of the Royal Water Colour Society prefaced a delightful little volume of studies which he issued a decade or so ago as a guide to painting animals in water colours, and in all his drawings there is a sunny note of joyousness and a manifest delight in the subject. In the Dixon collection there are two drawings by Taylor both of a Hawking Party the more elaborate of

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The reredos designed by Dalton and Co for St Clement's Church Salford is interesting for its novel application of ceramic decoration. It is of terra

cotta and the figures of the work generally have been treated in the manner of sculpture, the outlines being rounded in clay and the colours floated into the spaces



STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LION.

(By S. Edgar, Esq., R.A. Recently begun on the Victoria Gallery.)

cotta with a glaze of greyish green. It is ten feet six inches wide and eighteen feet high and the upper part under an elaborate canopy a panel also in terra cotta is painted in the impasto process

The work is then fired in kilns so that the colours are of course permanent.

Of the nine works which during the past year were added to the National Gallery of Scotland two

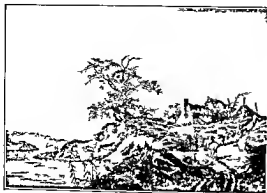


STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LION.

(By S. Edgar, Esq., R.A. Recently begun on the Victoria Gallery.)

with a representation of the Crucifixion. On the upper part of the east wall are figures, larger than life, of St. Clement and St. John. These and the

are here reproduced. The portrait of Jean Fouquet (10 inches by 2) painted by his friend Allan Ramsay has been acquired by purchase. This,



LANDSCAPE

(By J. M. W. Turner R. A. 1843. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)



LANDSCAPE

(By J. M. W. Turner R. A. 1843. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)

Mr Fort Madox Brown has for some years been his health he was indisposed to encounter The event here de- j etel with all that power of invention for which the artist has always been famous represents the opening of the Birkwater Canal by the enthusiastic Duke in 1761 and records certain incidents of the day in order to save the art at the labour and physical his connect with the ceremony and with the eminent comfort which at his age and in the condition of but wholly illiterate engineer Brinell.



THE OPENING OF THE BIRK WATER CANAL

(By Fort Madox Brown R. A. 1861. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)



J. M. W. TURNER

(By J. M. W. Turner R. A. 1843. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)



DUTCH BOYS DRINKING

(By J. M. W. Turner R. A. 1843. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)

The reredos designed by Doulton and Co for St Clement's Church, Salford is interesting for its novel application of ceramic decoration. It is of terra

ornamental portions of the work generally have been treated in the manner of *clouonné* the outlines being raised in clay and the colours floated into the spaces.

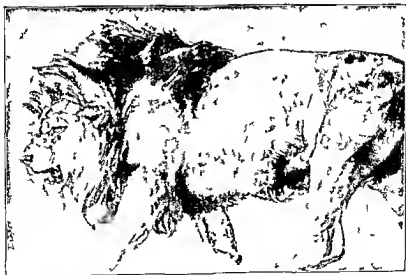


(Du S. Ed. La d'over R. 1 Rec 17 beneath d to the National College)

cotta with a glaze of greyish green. It is ten feet six inches wide and eighteen feet high and the upper part under an elaborate canopy a panel also in terra cotta is painted in the impasto process.

The work is then fired in kilns so that the colours are of course permanent.

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(By S. Edwin Leifer, P.A. Recently interviewed by the National Gallery)

with a representation of the Crucifixion. On the upper part of the east wall are figures larger than life of St Clement and St John. These and the

are here reproduced. The portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau (50 inches by 25) painted by his friend Allan Ramsay has been acquired by purchase. This



LANDSCAPE

(By John Constable. Reproduced by the National Gallery.)



LANDSCAPE

(By J.M.W. Turner. Presented by the National Gallery.)

Mr Ford Madox Brown has for some years been engaged has recently been completely and forwarled to its destination. Described in his coloring and coloring it has differently from the majority of the others been executed in oil upon canvas in order to give the artist the labour and physical discomfort which at his age and in the condition of his health he was obliged to encounter. The event here depicted with all that power of invention for which the artist has always been famous represents the opening of the Bridgewater Canal by the enthusiastic Duke in 1761, and records certain incidents of the day connected with the ceremony and with the eminent but wholly illiterate engineer Brindley.



THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL

(By Ford Madox Brown. For the Manchester Town Hall.)



J. J. ROUSSEAU

(By A. J. P. Rousseau. Reproduced by the National Gallery of Scotland.)



DUTCH BOOPS DRINKING

(By J.M.W. Turner. Presented by the National Gallery of Scotland.)

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STUDY FOR THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

(By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Recently bequeathed to the National Gallery)

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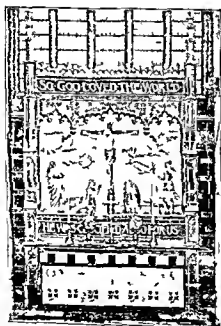
doubtless is the picture sold by the artist to Mr Richard Davenport on the 8th of July 1767 as certainly in the Royal Treasury before the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I: it is mentioned in the inventories of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I: it is thought that James I gave the cup to Velasco the Spanish ambassador in memory of the peace between his country and ours after the destruction of the Armada. This fine mediæval specimen of the goldsmith's art is enamelled with numerous scenes in the life of St Agnes and for many reasons it is to be hoped that the money will be forthcoming to secure it for the British Museum.

We are enabled by the courtesy of Messrs. Weithemer to publish a drawing of the great gold cup thought to have belonged to Henry VI's Treasury and which is a royal relic—

the relic of the Sacred Treasures of England—it is sought to be given for the nation for the sum of £5,000—the price paid by Messrs. Weithemer. Of this sum the Treasury has granted £500 and only about £2,000 remains unabsorbed. A few years ago in Spain and in Paris sold the cup to Baron Pichon from whom in the present owners recently purchased it. The Iron



HENRY VI'S GOLD CUP
(Proposed to be purchased for the Nation)



RELIQUARY AT ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH
SALFORD



HENRY TATE, ESQ.
(From a Photograph by Mr. J. H. Morgan, London)

ascertain its identity from an inscription on the cup. It is believed to have belonged to Charles V. of France and through his grand daughter to have come into the possession of Henry V. of England. The cup was certainly in the Royal Treasury before the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I: it is mentioned in the inventories of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I: it is thought that James I gave the cup to Velasco the Spanish ambassador in memory of the peace between his country and ours after the destruction of the Armada. This fine mediæval specimen of the goldsmith's art is enamelled with numerous scenes in the life of St Agnes and for many reasons it is to be hoped that the money will be forthcoming to secure it for the British Museum.

To the death of the late Mr C. J. Lewis F.R.S. we are indebted last month.

Mr Henry Tate—the withdrawal of whose generous offer to the nation of his pictures and £80,000 wherewith to buy not only them but future contributions from others has been the great event of the art season—is a native of Liverpool. His efforts in the direction



THE LATE C. J. LEWIS, B.A.
(From a Photograph by Mrs. J. A. J. Chubb)

of public usefulness have by no means been confined to the encouragement of artists and art knowledge alone. Literary and educational movements having found in him a

ART IN APRIL.

MR. TATE AND THE BRITISH LUXEMBOURG

The withdrawal by Mr. Tate of his offer of his collection and the withdrawal of the handsome gallery to contain such part of it as his trustees might accept is a blundering end to a splendid business. Had Mr. Tate accepted the suggestion which we called attention to last month, the matter might have been carried through with little delay, and with the greatest advantage to the public. But owing to stipulations as to certain non-available sites, and misunderstandings on the part of the Government Mr. Tate finds himself not only disappointed in his noble intentions, but actually ridiculed and grossly insulted by certain persons in the press. The treatment he has received has, we regret to say, borne heavily on Mr. Tate, but he knows at least that he has the respect and gratitude of the whole nation, even should his proposals prove abortive. We believe that this is not finally the case, and that it is possible that we may still congratulate ourselves on one of the most munificent public benefactions of recent times. In any case, it should be remembered that it is not so much the works of living artists that are now required by the nation for the formation of a true National Gallery of British Art as those of our deceased masters, and it must be ever borne in mind should after all the Tate Gallery come to pass, that the masterpieces of such as are not represented in our national collections should have the first attention and be first acquired.

A WARNING.

It is perhaps rather late in the day for us to warn our readers against the concern styled "The International Society of Literature, Science and Art," as its absurd claims to public respect and its members' wish have been sufficiently exposed in *Truth*, and in the past and present of the so-called "curator," Morgan, have been laid bare. As, however, this "society," which grants "fellowships" on payment of guineas, and impudently throws in permission to wear a hood and gown, has just issued an "official journal" called *The Pantheon*, we think it right to remind our readers of the ridiculous pretensions of the concern. Morgan's antecedents are a matter of notoriety, and his declared connection with the "Artists' Alliance" is not a fact that would tend to increase the confidence of any genuine artist.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

In consequence of existing misapprehension as to the circumstances attending the foundation of the New English Art Club, we place the following "true facts" before our readers. The idea originated solely with Mr. W. H. Bartlett and a dealer, the latter of whom arranged with Mr. Colnaghi to participate in the scheme. So far, then, the first active step (apart from Mr. W. Bartlett) was directed by art-dealers. The first meeting was convened at the studio of Mr. Bartlett, and was attended by four or five

persons, among whom were Messrs. Fred Brown, Tuke, Gotsch and Kennington. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, contrary to what has been stated, took no active part in it, even if he were present, nor was he so enthusiastic in regard to the proposed club as other moving spirits. Some time later—just before final arrangements were made to hold the exhibition—but after the works had been selected by the dealers who were managing it—Mr. Colnaghi found himself unable to give his gallery for the purposes of the show. Mr. Landry, since then a constant contributor, came of course forward and became a guarantor for the whole rent of the gallery, and the exhibition proceeded. It will thus be seen that the Club as an exhibiting body, was in reality founded by Mr. Landry single-handed, for without his interposition no show could have been held, and the whole affair would have fallen through. The subsequent defection or semi-retirement of the Newlyn school under the pressure of the Whistrian element was not so ruinous an event as it has been constantly represented, while the present policy of the club, as to selection, is a matter of more recent introduction.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The conditions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours are, indeed, vastly changed since the time when the Society held its modest exhibitions of works of the members in the gallery in Pall Mall. In the present or seventy-fourth annual collection we have three great rooms filled with between seven and eight hundred drawings, illustrating all that the art of the aquatintist can essay, hope for, or accomplish. The President, Sir JAMES D. LINTON, delights us with one of his scholarly and refined studies of a shepherd's, standing crumpled in hand, as she murmurs Goldsmith's lines—

"Ah me! when all I marry me!
Lovers are plentiful but fail to relieve me."

whilst Mr. H. G. HINE well supports his position of Vice-President if only in his particularly beautiful little "Afterglow" landscape in which the charm of the paling light of the sky is in harmony with the misty shadows of evening night. To turn to pictures, in which the exhibition is not least as strong as usual, we had two notable specimens in "Entrance to Portmouth" by Mr. EDWIN HAYES, and "Waves, Finamor Strand," the sea breaking up at low tide on a rocky coast, by Professor HANS VON BARHUIS. Everyone must be delighted with another of the sketches of the ruined abbey of Yorkshire in "I containe Alder," by Mr. BERNARD INNES, and "Evening, a wooded glen," by P. AUGUST BROWN, fully realises the artist's motto. The progress of our younger painters is always a matter of interest, and has forcible illustration in the very clever "Gipsy's Warning" by Mr. EDWARD HUNTER, whose not only skilful, but works as if he loved labour. "The Start of a Changel, from Postford Lake, Surrey," is a gloriously

treated wooded scene, by Mr HUGHES STANTON, and "Gone Away," a carefully-drawn study of a hunter watching from a ditch into which he has been thrown his riderless nag, by Mr A. CHANTREY CORBOLD. The various galleries show something more than the ordinary number of contributions by lady artists and among these we noticed those of Miss A. M. YOUNGMAN, Miss AGNES G. KING, Lady LINDSAY, Miss HENRIETTA CRESSWELL, Miss ROSE RAPTON, Miss DEMAIN HAMMOND, and Miss JANE M. DEALY.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers includes this year some representations of the art of VAN DYCK, as in previous years it has represented Rembrandt and Turner, and to represent Vandyck fairly, the show does not need to be very extensive. Carpenter, the authority on the matter admits but three and twenty plates as having been worked by Vandyck. Even these in their later states, were added to and what is called "completed" by certain reproductive engravers of the Low Countries, and the Society of Painter Etchers wisely exhibits in several cases Vandyck's early sketch upon the copper alongside of the more finished and damaged plate. Although in painting Vandyck strayed from time to time beyond portraiture—as, for instance, the noble and sumptuous *Minimo and Armida* at this year's Old Masters has shown—his labour with etching needle and aquafortis was confined to the counterfeiting presentations of a handful of distinguished men. One or two of the less instructed critics of the exhibition—practising draughtsmen, of course, rather than literary students—unaware of this fact, have taken the society to task for not exhibiting that which does not exist. The contemporary work, which forms, after all the bulk of the Painter Etchers exhibition, may be divided roughly into two classes. There is first the work which, by elaborateness of realism, aims presumably to be popular. This is very often that "large plate" which, in the opinion of more than one competent critic, "is an offence." There is, secondly, the work which, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, aims rather at suggestion than at realisation—the frank and vigorous, or the delicate and reticent sketch. The first class, perhaps, sells to the many, the second we surmise, rests, much of it, in the portfolios of a few connoisseurs and to the producers of it yields more honour than notoriety, and in the doing of it, more delight than gold. Mr WATSON, Mr MACNETT, Mr HEBBERMAN, Mr WILLIAM STRAIN, Mr FRANK SHOPT, Colonel GORR, the Dutchman, STOLM VAN GRAVESANDE, the French etcher, M. HELLER, Mr CAMEFON, Mr MIA, Mr PERCY THOMAS, Mr OLIVER HALL, and Mr CHARLES HOLROYD—these are, for the most part, genuine artists, practising with varying success, in the somewhat different methods that lie within the compass of the art.

The Glasgow Institute has this year adopted the Salon rule of accepting only two contributions from each artist, and its exhibition is accordingly characterised by even more than its accustomed variety. Mr L. A. WATSON is represented by his firmly pointed, but rather hard and ungraceful, full length of ex-Lord Provost Sir James King, of Glasgow, a commission from the Corporation. Mr JAMES GUTHRIE has a striking portrait of Mrs Spencer standing draped in a heliotrope gown, and Mr LAYLA exhibits one of his clever studies of female heads, "A Girl in Grey," and an important group of "Mrs. Lawrence and Edwin," excellent in the pose of the lady's figure and in the disposition of its draperies. A large domestic subject, by Mr MAJOR LEWIS, "The Children's Hour,"

will hardly increase that painter's reputation. In landscape Mr R. W. ALLAN shows a rich and poetic scene of dark poplars against a ruddy evening sky, and the delicate transparent quality of a sky of early spring is excellently rendered in the "Nameless Hills" of Mr JAMES PATTERSON. Mr GEORGE HENRY exhibits a curiously composed, potentially coloured "Ayrshire Landscape, and a delightfully decorative figure piece of children set in a garden about a blaze of crimson poppies. Mr HORVELL, who has been working on similar lines with Mr Henry, and has sometimes collaborated with him upon his pictures, shows in "Summer" a purely ideal or fanciful subject of figures and landscape, deriving its charm from its dexterous and accomplished combination of colour. Among the loan pictures are examples of CONSTABLE, CROWE, and COTMAN, of REYNOLDS and ROMNEY, of TRABER and COROT. Care has been taken to secure an unusually good display of sculpture.

REVIEWS

The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer Fowler and Etcher, by A. H. PALMER (Seeley and Co.), is a handsome volume—carefully edited elegantly printed, and enriched with admirable reproductions of some of the artist's poetic landscapes. These are among the few thoroughly original and beautiful works of their kind the world has gained since Eltzheimer, Claude and Gaspar Poussin ceased to paint. As illustrations of the progress and variations of Palmer's art and mental development, these plates have considerable interest, because, beginning with studies made from nature while the artist was almost without guidance of the higher sort—he was at work at Shoreham, in Kent—they continue to mark his progress through delicate and Claude-inspired landscapes made in Italy when he had not entered the middle period of life (see "Villa d'Iste" facing p. 60, which reminds us of that Claude of Claudes' "The Enchanted Castle"). The series advances with one of his earlier etchings such as "The Willow," his probationary plate engraved on his election to the Etching Club, 1830 and it concludes with "The Water Mill," a lovely and dignified vision of the "glouming." Thus this art has never embodied a more perfect type of noble sentiment as conveyed by a twilight landscape, where the sky is flushed with sunset glories and the shadows lengthen on every hand. The painter's son, in collecting materials for the appreciative and sympathetic biography of his father which forms the first portion of this volume, has paid a filial tribute of gratitude it must have been delightful to offer in performing this affectionate office, and has added much to the text which, in a less well illustrated and organic shape, he published some few years ago. He has corrected a few trivial errors and filled some gaps of inaccuracy which exist in the earlier versions of the "Life." We could not wish a better or more sympathetic memoir of this never-to-be forgotten or too often studied poet in painting. The letters which form the bulk of the book are entirely new, and are addressed to John Linnell, the famous land-scapest, to Mr E. Calvert, the painter whose rare merits and singular life were fitted to supply Browning with materials for a soul searching study of humanity, to Mr P. G. Hamerton, the well known and accomplished critic and etcher, to Mr J. C. Hook, renowned for views of British seas, to Mr George Joachim, R.A., to Miss Louisa Twining, to Mr L. H. Valsey, to the present writer, and to several other friends. One hundred and twenty-four in number, these epistles, although there are

considerable gaps in the historical and chronological sequence (completeness in which is always much to be desired) which obtains in them afford a solid and exact view of the character of the writer. Although this "Life and Letters" is not a book for those who read to amuse and running to it is a thoroughly interesting and fresh cue for those who care to hold their chess and solve riddles with the painter of "The Laundry Tower," "The Early Muhammad," "The Sleeping Shepherd," "The Rising Moon," "Tardus Bulbulus," and a hundred more noble grave, and pathetic pastorals, the majority of which are inspired by the virgin like verse of Milton, and are worthy to be ranked with the finest instances of our time.

"The Dawn of Art in the Ancient World" by Mr W. M. Conway (London: Percival and Co.), is an interesting and scholarly work. As he frankly admits, Mr Conway is of those who study art from a scientific rather than from an æsthetic point of view. However his method is never pedantic, and not only are his conclusions just and moderate, but he finds space for many excellent *after-dinner* thoughts. The book is not homogeneous, that is to say the first chapter has little, the last nothing, at all to do with the matter in hand, and perhaps it would be wise to acknowledge the diversity rather than to impart a spurious unity to the work. The study of prehistoric art—an important branch of anthropology—was never so popular as at present, and Mr Conway's chapters on the Stone Age and the invention of bronze are models of their kind. It is his purpose to suggest rather than to inform, and therefore it won't have been helpful to his readers if he had given them a list of authorities or supplied similar references in the foot notes. The last chapter on the book—"The Cats of Egypt"—contains an entertaining description of a cemetery of cats lately excavated at Balakuta. Some years ago an Egyptian tomb filled discovered beneath the level sand of the desert a vast mass of mummified cats. What has become of the hundred thousands of cats which have lain here for four thousand years seems uncertain. Probably they have been turned into pigments. But among the fragmentary corpses were not a few interesting *monstrous*—now in Mr Conway's possession—some of them coated with *gesso* and gilded. All of which proves that in ancient times, as among the savages of to-day, it was a blessed thing to be a totem. I am told, unlike a prophet entering into with the greatest honour in his own tribe and entering into his kindred.

Two columns were lately seen and described by a group of MM Perrot and Chizez. Though the learned authors have come to the end of Oriental art and not yet reached Greece, the history proceeds on as simple a scale as heretofore. The "History of Art in Phrygia, Lybia, Caria, and Lycia" (London: Chapman and Hall) has but an archaeological interest. Attention has recently been called to Phrygia, and modern research has brought to light much that is interesting concerning the political institutions of that country, but this fact scarcely justifies MM Perrot and Chizez in devoting 250 pages to an art which is little better than barbarous. The rock-cut facades with their coarse diamond patterns in the neighbourhood of Jash Kari are merely curious, while the dominant characteristics of the great lions in the Azæene necropolis is a rude savagery. However, Phrygia is just now the fashion among scholars, and thus the ill proportion of MM Perrot and Chizez will find a ready consolation. If they have lingered too long in Phrygia, they have done less than justice to Lycia. Into the question whether the tombs and reliefs found in the neighbourhood of Xanthus are of

Greek or Lycian workmanship we need not here enter. At any rate they are Greek in character, and MM Perrot and Chizez have a right to reserve their discussion until they come to treat of Greek art. But it is difficult to understand the priority in accordance with which they describe the Lion Tomb in the British Museum and make no mention of the far more famous Harpy Tomb preserved in the same treasure house. Would it not have been wiser had they presented an account of all the Lycian monuments in the chapters devoted to Lycia, and given the necessary reference when they reached the early art of Greece? Nor is it sufficiently clear why the two marble reliefs found in the tumulus of the Ban Tepe Sarkis, should be omitted from the Lycian chapter. The "History of Art in Persia" is far more interesting than the volume which precedes it. Whatever be the shortcomings of Persian art, it was neither barbarous nor primitive. It was already hushed and adroit, and its exponents if not original, had derived their knowledge from the best sources known to them. Assyria, Egypt and even Greece taught Persia the most vital lessons which the sculptors and architects of the Great King were quick to learn. The Persians, too, had over a genius for colour as is proved by their marginal extant textile fabrics and the splendour of their pottery, and such works as the friezes of Naqsh-e Rostam must have been dreams of beauty in spite of their Oriental fantasy. Yet the least remarkable illustrations in the volume are the numerous restorations of M. Chizez of Persepolis and its monuments. The translation of both volumes is faithful, lucid, and sometimes idiomatic, which need of praise to unimpaired predecessors did not merit. As the work is essentially valuable for reference, it is a matter for regret that the indexes are neither exhaustive nor intelligent.

The importation of china from the land of its manufacture by the Dutch merchants in the seventeenth century had a fatal effect on the art wars of Europe. French and Italian mythologies, and all similar wars, were done from that time to its appearance before the porcelain of the East, still more before the imitations of that costly material. For, as delft had dislodged the wooden trencher and the plaster platter so earthenware dislodged delft from simply utilitarian considerations because it had a harder body and a finer, thin, transparent, hard glaze. There was a discovery made in the endeavour to imitate the porcelain of china. Another and very artistic war was a result which sprang out of the introduction of this Eastern import. Efforts were made to imitate it as a material not for every day use, but as one that had a beauty quite its own both in texture and in its power to take colour. In the absence of the knowledge that it was made of a simple natural earth—"kaolin," various imitations were made that would it was hoped rival the transcendental beauty of the original. Among these imitations those of the French chemists of the last century are the most remarkable, and the outcome of their labours was the "faïence tendre" of Sevres, certainly the most beautiful and complete of the many successful guesses at the original china body that were made. It had a translucent body and a soft glaze that took the pigments used in its decoration in a peculiarly beautiful way, but it failed as an imitation of porcelain, inasmuch as it would have fused into a formless mass if it had been exposed to the heat of a porcelain kiln—hence its distinguishing name—"Soft Porcelain." This manufacture was the delight of kings and collectors in the last century—a delight that lasted through all political troubles—until the commencement of the present century when the general discovery of

kaolin which led to the manufacture of true 'china,' thru it as the beautiful 'jatte tendre' completely and for ever. These remarks are suggested by the appearance of a sumptuous folio dealing with the history of the *Soft Porcelain of Siles*, by EDOUARD GARNIER (Nimmo), illustrated with 240 fully coloured examples of the ware. The whole book is done in a way only possible with best French work. Each piece illustrated is worthy of a monograph to itself and of a place in a national museum. An ample and exhaustive table of artists' marks will suffice, with one or two other observations, to give the collector an ability to detect forgeries, an enormous number of which exist. We may honestly say this monumental work is worthy of its intensely interesting subject.

The picture lends itself exceptionally well to photograph and in consequence the photogravure preserves more than is usual the refinements of the artist's work.

Jersey mounds may be as lovely amongst mounds as are Jersey cows amongst cattle, but they are not so much talked about. Mr Edwin Douglas has painted a picture and the Antotype Company has reproduced it in a very good plate, entitled "Daughter of a Channel Island," in which a Jersey maid appears amongst Jersey cattle. It is a pleasant picture for cattle lovers. We doubt if those who prefer a pretty maid to a pretty calf will appreciate it so highly.

OBITUARY

MR HENRY DOYLE, C.B. R.H.A., Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, died on the 17th of February. Educated as an artist, he practised his pencil metacritically in comic work—a good deal under the influence of his famous brother Richard—in the early pages of *Punch* and of the extinct *Great Gun*. In 1858 his unique contribution to the Royal Academy was made—a portrait of Cardinal Wiseman through whose interest he was made Commissioner for Rome in 1862 in connection with the International Exhibition. Mr Doyle was appointed Art Superintendent of the Dublin International Exhibition in 1865, honorary secretary at the exhibition of 1872 of the National Portrait Gallery, director of the National Gallery of Ireland in 1869, member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, in 1862, and Companion of the Bath in 1880. His chief work was his extraordinary success in the development of the collection under his charge, and bringing it to a position of absolute unimportance into rank with the second-class collection of the world, and that on an extremely small grant. But his judgment was almost univalued, his taste pure, and his knowledge profound, and he often recognised and secured treasures masked by grime at nominal prices which other judges of world-wide repute had passed by unsuspecting. He is succeeded by Mr Walter Armstrong.

The late Mr SAMUEL HADDOX, sculptor, to whose death we recently referred was a pupil of Mr E. H. Baily, R.A. His works frequently appeared at the Royal Academy between 1842 and 1871. His "Feidita," which occupied the place of honour in 1847, was much admired, and besides many other works of the same description, he exhibited a number of busts of distinguished persons and personal friends. He had recently lived in complete retirement, having lost most of his intimate friends, amongst whom were Foley, Dalnes, Samuel Cousins, Hossett, and Charles Keene.

NOTE.—Our attention is called to the fact that, in connection with Mr LEWIS DAY's recent articles in these columns on "Wall papers," the "poppy design" is that of Mr G. F. Catepole (not Mr Brophy), and that it is known as the "Kelvin pattern."

A short time ago we criticised with some firmness the mistake committed by the Art Union using the engraving for its annual plate in preference to employing one of the manual arts—steel or copper engraving, mezzotint or etching. The Committee of the Union ask us to state that only once has this step been taken. We are glad to make known the fact, more especially as the explanation would imply that this error of judgment, which was made in 1880, is recognised and will as it was the first, be also the last.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

A very good reproduction of Mr STRIDWICK's picture, "Elaine," has recently been issued by the Larkin Photographic Company. It was painted in illustration of the lines by Tennyson—

Let us look—
That last time we had good father Elmo
Sift of the case and read the naked tale,
Now grown a little less meaning in his arms
Now made a pretty boy to break
Of every last a word had beat in it.



classical subject "When the World was Young three girls at a bath two of whom are playing at knucklebones whilst the third sleeps and Mr Albert Moore has a gem like study in "Dreaming" a handsome young Pagan leaning listlessly over the side of a marble balcony as he gazes into the waters of the intense blue sea beneath. Mr Watts P.A. shows catholicity of spirit in the way he freely exhibits some of his finest productions in galleries other than at his own society the Royal Academy

silent form rigid in the solemnity of death. The design may not appeal strongly to the multitude but it will to the thoughtful and the lesson will not pass unheeded from the mind. Just above this impressive subject is an example of M. Fernand Khnopff in a painting without title but with the words by Christina G. Rossetti—

I lock my door upon myself

the study of a girl with crossed hands and face full



SCOTLAND

What I spent I lost What I gave I lost What I did I did
(From the Poem by C. F. Lee RA)

He is a work of his powers in the collection I am discussing. His winged Cupid Albert Moore on the sea with the little gods bow and arrows partially submerged in the wave is it I lost precious in the quality of his and the same must be sterner and more solemn composition. See Turner.

What I spent I lost
What I gave I lost
What I gave I have"

that of his and with. With genius that has a will run. Mr Watts compared his and with equal skill in portraiture classical style and even as we see the occasionally adopts the role of the preacher and speaks of time and eternity. The painter represents the form of a dead knight covered by a white flag. Upon the ground at his feet are escutcheons, lances, weapons of war a golden hawk upon a perch the laurel wreath with which the victor was crowned. But if a man worth and glory have passed away and all that remains now is that

of sorrowful thought turned towards the spectator. Mr Albert Moore whose work always fills me with a sense of lovely form and refined colour exhibits in "A Revery" a charming woman seated with

A look of sadness on a resplendent face"

the subject being altogether in higher sense decorative in treatment the rich yellow dress light blue headgear and clear mind with mother of pearl forming a sunny two settings to a figure every line of which is full of tender grace.

The North Room is quite lighted up with the "Alcornoque Flower Stall" by Mr Robert W. Blyth A.A.A. who has found motive for a varied colour exercise in a mass of flowers of all kinds presided over by a handsome rather luxuriant native of Albion who is arranging roses pinks lilies and a vast store of like floral produce in a basket and upon the bench before her. Whether it is extremely pretty refined looking or a little bit of hat and white dress resting on a stone wall as she gazes out to sea is

the generally recognised version of the Black-eyed Susan with whom all of us are familiar or not she is an extremely sweet personality in Mr G. H.

that is all It is a simple study of a fisherman busy mending his nets with his wife seated beside him When the boats are idle in the bay "



OPULENT JUNE

(From the Poems of Frank Heine.)

Poultions picture and one feels well content to accept the artists rendering of the character. There is what one might term just a souvenir of Mr Starling A. I. does A. A. in the edition and

in the distance being a fishing fleet at anchor Mr Ionless mystery co. at the Royal Academy in 1891 perhaps with one or two postal days to expect some thing very wonderful in a little picture



"I LOCK MY DOOR UPON MYSELF,"
 (From the *Painting by Bernard Knapf*)



A HAMPSHIRE RAYING.
 (From the *Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.*)

I have been alluding to its artistic and true in feeling. Of several contributions by Mr Philip Burne-Jones the best perhaps is "Bedtime" a young mother with her little child going into the

from its character of childish innocence and a certain reticence in a rather original scheme of colour.

An *Ann to Lance at the Luncheon* a French of art in which the British school has ever asserted



WALTER CRANE, ESQ.

(From the *Painting of 1871* by G. F. Watts, P. 1)

moonlit sky a work not without thoughtful sentiment and sense of harmony in the tender light. A quiet looking old man in full length upon The Red Sea by Mr. Monet London chronicles

its pre-eminence. A Hampshire Haying 1891 by Mr. David Murray. A violent storm disquisition but is a powerful representation of storm effect in the summer time. A bit woolly landscape with distant

village and church seen through the trees whilst loaded waggon are being driven in the shilshon river the jolly led of which immerses a letter roadway for the wheels than the marshy meadows. The sky is obscured by lighting riven clouds and so strongly is the artist realised the idea of tempest that one almost seems to feel the oppressive heat of the atmosphere. To turn to another scene in

almost filled from the historical spot he has here illustrated and whilst silvery clouds somewhat obscure the Flax mill above the shrouds of night land mystery to the dimly seen landscape. Again the scene changes and In Opulent June by Mr. Fred Walton we see one of our own fair English views in all the glory of a cloudless near mid day sun. Flour meadows partially sheltered by great



THE RED SOFA.

(From the Poetical Works of the late Mr. J. W. Davis.)

which the effect is very opposite and not less beautiful in April in Night Camp le Cœur—Is de Calais by Mr H W L Davis P A we find nature in her one of those poetical aspects in which this artist delights. Mr Davis is one of us are aware has happy hunting grounds in and near his residence in the vicinity of Poulgney and his Camp is one of them. The tenki light of day has

traces and wealth of new mown hay in the foreground of serviceable in the distance in farm buildings and pillars busy at work with waggon and by stacks. A laughter scene or one in suggestive of the heritage plenty of a land that wayward such men as Constable and Canborough it would be difficult to imagine. Then Mr J. M. Hart a delights us with a still pathetic indication of the dying year in his In the Autumn Sun shine rich in ripened tints of foliage in full maturity. Mr Fred Hall will arrest the visitor as he gazes upon his

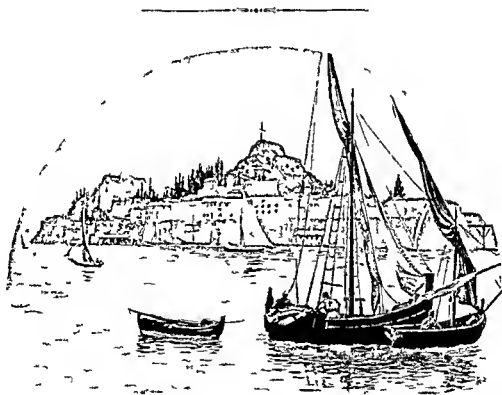
Twilight a girl taking home her charge of ewes and cattle under the rising moon and fields partially veiled in the mists of evening. Mr J. Donovan Adams challenges admiration that will not be withheld for his powerfully effective study of The Glory of Dying Day the last gleams of the setting sun striking with strange brilliancy on the upper portion of a lolly landscape down the winding road in which a herd of cattle is finding its way homewards. And yet another example in this ever varied book of nature we have in Mr Adrian Stokes Roman Campagna.

Early Spring a pitifully elaborated and faithful transcript of the undulating lands with mowed meadows and frozen ground of the famous scenery in the vicinity of the City of the Seven Hills. I am unwilling to pass over such fine illustrations of work of the class as Mr R. Thorne Wates Up with the Sun a rich pastoral with waggon crossing a stream in early morning light or Mr Alfred Fests Down a work in some

sense with not dissimilar motive, but in so large a collection it is impossible to do more than barely mention a few of the pictures which have in especially representative character.

But happen what may one thing clearly should not be omitted even in this brief notice and that is some comment on the work by July artists which forms both an important and interesting portion of the collection. Mrs. Anne L. Swymerton sends a small but capital picture in *Mid Summer* a chubby little country lass leaning with crossed arms upon a limb of stile in the background being a cornfield. The picture is skilfully painted throughout and the expression in the girl's face

particularly good. Another and highly imaginative design by the same hand is *Viter Triumphalis*. The limbs of the figure are somewhat heavy in outline whilst there is a certain metallic appearance in the colouring, that is quite apart from the idea of the flowing life blood in a human body. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes indulges in quiet humour very prettily expressed in her *Jean le jeune et Jernette* a rustic maid seated on a wheelbarrow boy fishing in the stream and his aunt a goat. Mrs. Alvan Taden has painted a couple of gulls. The Wood wonders engaged in holding and winding wool. It is a nice little exercise scarcely very serious but is not uninteresting and is decidedly well painted.



THE HARBOUR CORFU

(Done by T. T. T. T. T.)

CORFU

by THIRAM ELLIS

THE traveller starting from Brindisi and bound for Athens after a twelve hours steam across the restless Adriatic sees land ahead with a feeling of unpeakable gratitude. The sharp peak rising some two thousand feet into a deep blue sky is the hull of San Salvador and behind it lies the town

of Corfu. The steamer shapes her course to the south passes into smooth water and half an hour afterwards drops anchor in the roadstead close under the little island of Vido. A flotilla of boats surround the vessel and you soon hear the shrill voices of the Corfiote watermen busy in the chaffing

of the place. The harbour is small and suitable only for yachts and small fishing vessels and almost directly on landing you recognise Italian influence in the prominent buildings. For the

lawyers. The male costume is for the most part poor. In the influence unpleasantly pronounced and where there is picturesque it is due to the presence of Turks and Albanians. The

dress of the women are more pleasant to look at and of course it is in the present class that the most striking forms are found. The women are no workers fully jewelled with necklaces of amethysts and pearls and long fitted dresses closely and evenly that the pavement looks like a giant will lounge on its side. The houses are whitewashed and in the noon sun the glare is excessive. The eye is only relieved by the green Venetian shutters attached to every window and here and there by the parti coloured signboards hanging over the doorways fantastically shaped and showing the trades of the shops within. The medians that run at each side of the street give little spaces of shadow very grateful in the prevailing glare. If we pursue this street we pass through the heart of the city into a narrow alley on the right ground under the castle. It is an old fortification—the foundation of it but six centuries ago and the strength of it increased by each successive conqueror of the island. It was built in 1493 and



CORNER FROM THE KING'S GARDEN

(Drawn by Thomas F. Lee & engraved by C. Carter)

from the blue of the sky and the deep red of the walls—out of the old fortifications of the town—and find yourself at once in the principal street of the place which serves as the main thoroughfare of the city seen from the rows of Chester piers or certainly the streets of Ancey on the left. Except in the heat of the day the scene is very agreeable—light colours unmarred if not beautiful frescoes and the shrill voices of jellies and

before the days of rifled artillery and even now its position makes it formidable enough. It is immediately reached with a double rail separated from the mainland by a deep and wide fosse surrounded by a wooden bulwark strongly built but if not absolutely destructible.

Many foreign towers in town have occurred this fortnight. Starting with the earliest authentic records we find that at the commencement of the thirteenth

century the Venetians took the island and held it by the strength of their fleet. For four hundred years their dominion continued not a continuous rule but with gaps and breaks as was indeed inevitable for it was not an easy country to rule. There were the complaisant tribes that generally follow when the governing people are of one race and the subjects of another for the Coriotes were Greeks. The Venetian government sent their rulers and their governors who were insolent and unprincipled and the whole history is one of oppression and corruption. I have said there were gaps in the continuity of the Venetian rule. There was one such in 1537 when the Turks came down under Sulaiman and besieged the city. The siege was short and the overthrow complete and the victorious Sulaiman carried off some twenty thousand of the inhabitants captive to Constantinople.

In the illustration on p. 29, the citadel looks modern enough. The rows of white barracks, indicating the English occupation still look new and are as unpicturesque as any of our own barracks at home. They occupy however a singularly picturesque site perched on the summit of a rock, they are backed by old grass grown mounds and ramparts crested by cypress groves and dominated by those two rocky peaks before mentioned. From the summit of the citadel one can look down on the red tiled roofs of the city. It might be a piece of Brindisi or a corner of Florence with the church towers omitted for in Corfu the campaniles do not contribute to the beauty of the prospect.

For taking leave of the city with its cathedral and citadel it were well to take one note of the immense system of fortifications which protect the

town on the land side. They are so extensive and such that it would take at least ten thousand troops effectually to man them. They are further strengthened by the outlying forts of Castellanovo and St. Alibon the latter a mighty mass of ruined masonry,



WELL AT CASTANOWE

(Drawn by T. T. Ellis, & engraved by C. C. C. C.)

was almost entirely destroyed when Corfu was ceded to the Greek Crown. The fortification of the town was completed by the works constructed during the English occupation of 1810. A mill wheel at the entrance of the town from the sea, the two opposite harbours—what it was for the protection. At the time of the occupation it was a great stronghold and was never given up. It had not long

From within the gardens of the king's palace one gets a very characteristic view of the double conical citadel backed by the snow clad peaks of the Allamur mountains. In the foreground the rich undrained foliage of the island shows conspicuously—also thickly peopled with espesses tulip trees and aromatic shrubs of all kinds. In the autumn the leaves of the maple and beech trees are wonderful in

of the old Cretan occupation still survive in the name of Palupolis given to the whole of the promontory. The One gun battery a well known point in the island is now a museum. There is no visible battery but from the circular platform where it once stood there is an unrivalled view of the Island of Ulysses. It is a small rocky patch on which is built a monastery surrounded by cypresses.



ULYSSES ISLAND CORFU

(Drawn by Theodore Ellis)

their tints and contrast with the dark foliage of the laurel. Here too growing luxuriantly, the emulphus and silver olive are found in the mountain firs.

The whole promontory to this point is the site of an old Greek city. The Corinthians founded the colony of Corcyra in 734 and Corcyra growing in strength and Corinth waning in importance the two Powers—mother and daughter—were opposed to each other in war. The war is known in the history books as the Peloponnesian War for such it ultimately became and the battle is memorable as the first recorded sea fight in the history of the world. To this day the legends flowing in the earth come on traces of classic times—bits of pottery found in fragments of ancient bricks

The sketch on this page is not taken from the battery but from an olive grove immediately beneath it. The little island to the right with a church upon it known as Rat Island is often mistaken for the Island of Ulysses. It is used as the station of the ferry boat that plies across the entrance of the Hylline harbour.

It is in the villages we see the peasantry in their staid costumes which certainly in no way suggest much influence of the Parisian models. An enormous crown of fine hair veils the head of all proportion and curiously enough vanity and thrift are able illustrated by this singular head dress for the end of hair is only in a sense false. It has all grown on the head which it seems to

wear down. The hair which comes out from day to day under comb and brush is jealously gathered in for use and so the older the woman gets the more hair she is able to show. This hair is often covered by a veil of muslin which is sometimes dragged over the mouth after the fashion adopted in Mohammedan countries—an inheritance from the Turkish occupation, and so timed by the example of the Albanians on the opposite coast. The bodice is low and buttoned in front with three silver buttons for these peasants have their little bits of yellow which descend as henlooms from mother to daughter. The low lalces are so short that the skirt comes out below and forms a band of white full all round the waist. Over this is worn a jacket always of some fine stuff often of bright colored velvet or plush trimmed with gold and yellow and in under this in many folds straight from the waist hangs the skirt broken in front by an apron of some contrasting colour to the

dress and itself ornamented with embroidery. It sounds more like the costume for a fancy ball than the ordinary dress of Roman peasants, but of course when the girls work in the fields they try to use the jacket and the dress is then admirable for their work.

The Turkish occupation of the island though short left traces of its influence also in the architecture. At Gostown there is a well known all over the country side is the Well of Hinnus. Its water is said to vary in temperature inversely with the seasons in summer it is very cold and in the heat of winter the water drawn from it gives off vapour. The country people ascribe thus to magical influence though it is the ordinary incident of spring water rising up from a great depth preserving all through the year an even temperature. This spring is covered by a vaulted building resembling in outline a Turkish or Arab tomb though the cross surmounting it and the icon in the apsidal niche show Christian influence.

"THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST EMBRACING ST JOHN"

By GUIDO PENI

GUIDO PENI has always been unfortunate in that which he has rarely occupied the position that was exactly proper to him. His work has been over or underestimated and in less recent years than his own days. Now first and slightly in his lifetime he is in rose after his death to a position in the public esteem considerably above his merits and it is only a record that Sir Joshua Reynolds placed a tone almost apologetic in placing him at his proper level—in detaching him from his perch beside or even above, Pygmalion. It is hardly to be imagined that the commoners ever jangled with the great public in their excessive worship of the master, but that Louis artistic apotheosis was a century's phenomenon as is unquestionable as that he has suffered in these latter years from the reaction—from undesired neglect and we might almost say from contempt.

That Guido never occupied his merited position and was not properly understood was more the fault of the public than his own. His first method rather more than harmonious had given way to a style more varied and infinitely better in point of grace, harmony and execution. While the public applies attention to his performances was carrying him higher and yet higher on the tide of success he began for a first time to change his manner. He sought for ideal grace for some his, for soft sentiment—all lost, one might say, for

sentimentality—and as his more superficial beauties caught the popular eye his finer qualities disappeared. His *ingra* to which had been the cause of admiration and no little jealousy gradually disappeared until his painting became thin and pale. His rich palette was exchanged for one almost colourless in its neutral in the tints for he could find the palette with purely tones (well fitted to his work but pretty subjects and handling) and diminished the variety which was one of his chief merits. The result was inevitable. He was slowly but surely found out and to this day his best works suffer in reputation for the faults of the rest.

To his last period the picture of 'The Youthful Christ Embracing St John' would appear to belong. Painted with not a little of the affliction which was his chief approach in his latter days (though it must be admitted without much of the refined grace of design or vigour of draughtsmanship which certainly were his) it is nevertheless good in expression and in solidity of painting.

The picture painted 1811, hangs in Room VIII of the National Gallery. For many years it formed part of the Cambrun collection at Rome, whence it was imported by Pichman for Mr. Hayne in 1805 and at the death of Mr. Jeremiah Hayne it was acquired for the National Gallery for £409 10—a month or two before the purchase of twelve pictures of two worse if more imposing examples of Renaissance



THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST EMBRACING ST. JOHN.

ALFRED STEVENS

By COSMO MONKHOUSE

I know of but one Art *

THE quiet intellectual face which looks out upon us from the frontispiece of this latest memorial of Alfred Stevens* has no very striking characteristics which would make a passer by single it out from work and yet without a portrait by some sympathetic hand without some details of personal history our knowledge of great men is at best incomplete. In Stevens case the materials of bio-



ALFRED STEVENS

(From a Photograph by W. S. E. R. L.)

a crowd. It is a face of great possibilities. It might have been that of an actor, a scholar, a lawyer, or even a man of business. It is taken from a photograph. One cannot help wondering, that some painter like Mr. G. F. Watts had given it that touch of personality which we miss. The artist is, in the ultimate best sought and most surely found in his

graphy are unusually scant. He kept no diary, he wrote few letters, he was, Mr. Stannus tells us, a solitary. For the greater portion of his life he seems to have been practically without relations except his mother, with whom he communicated apparently through a third party, and without friends except his pupils and employers.

The collection of the artist's work at South Kensington Museum the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1890. Mr. Walter Armstrong

* Alfred Stevens and His Work. By Hugh Stannus. F.R.I.B.A. With fifty-seven full-page Autotype Plates. (Autotype Company, London.)



ALFRED STEVENS' FALLING QUIFF
(Derivat. in Part of Alfred Stevens)

volume devoted to the genius of Stevens, and some stray papers in this Magazine and other periodicals have done some thing to make the public acquainted with one of the greatest names in English art, but there is much yet to be done before Stevens receives due honour, and my only regret is that this work be useful and comprehensive as it is, does not go yet farther. 'The Complete Works of Alfred Stevens' is what I should have liked to have seen, but such a book is it present—perhaps always will be—impossible. We may be sure that the committee of the artists pupils and admirers by whom it has been so carefully compiled have done their best, but yet the very title page pleads imperfection. It professes only to give 'in account of his principal productions,' and of these only 'so far as they are known.' This is what comes of a genius which, if not quite neglected, was too little prized for others to preserve a careful record of its productions and of a character too careless or too modest to keep a record for itself. There is only this compensation we may yet trace some other of his works which are at present unknown or unassigned.

With such a feast before us, and

perhaps 'piggins and cheese to come,' we may at least be content for the moment, and say our grace to Mr Hugh Stannus, the editor and lithographer, to Mr W S Bird the *entrepreneur*, to Mr Henry Hoyle and Mr Penben Townner, the quondam pupils of the master, who together have furnished our entertainment and also to many other gentlemen who have lent their drawings and paintings and casts to be photographed for the purpose of this beautiful volume. If we look at it a little curiously we shall find that we have fifty six autotypes (including engravings and autotypes) from works of the artist and one from a photographic portrait, and a memoir which contains an account of his known productions with special reference to those illustrated. Further we shall find that the plates are arranged as far as possible in chronological order so that they run in sequence with the memoir. If they could be only visible at the same time the arrangement would be perfect but the plates are all together by themselves at the end of the book.



FIGURE STUDY

(By Alfred Stevens. Is the Pusses of Herbert Singer. E o)

In the letterpress Mr Stannus has adopted the singular plan of numbering his paragraphs (or rather sections) and printing the facts in large type and his comments in small. Perhaps we ought to be thankful for any helps to reference in a work of its dimensions and include the free use of capitals in our gratitude but altogether these devices give an uncomfortable disjointed look to the pages as though they were constructed of many short advertisements rather than paragraphs of one solid narrative, and I say this with the less compunction as I have little else to say except in praise of this terse memoir which Mr Stannus has built up with almost architectural severity.

The illustration at the bottom of the opposite page is from a drawing by Alfred Stevens in the possession of Herbert Singer Esq.—a chill study for his contribution to the fresco painting exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1844. He did not compete at the previous exhibition of cartoons. The scene



TRUTH

(From the Cartoon Model for the Wellington Monument)
By Alfred Stevens

selected by Stevens was from Richard III Act 4 Scene iv and thus was the study for the figure of the Duchess of York as she says

I had a Red and Yellow with a black skin
I had a Red and too, though I hate to kill him

According to Mr Stannus this fresco (No 42 in the catalogue and only 7 feet wide by 21 high) did not give evidence of his later vigour of manner and he certainly does not overpraise this rival study when he calls it an *interesting* example of the artist's way of expression. At this time he was about six and twenty and had been more or less engaged in art study since at the age of ten years he left the school at Hamford House where he was born. For some time he had helped his father in his business as house painter, decorator, sign painter &c. at that place. In 18 he had been sent to Italy with £60 in his pocket and had remained there till 1842 when he returned penniless to England. The seven years spent in Italy had



VALOUR

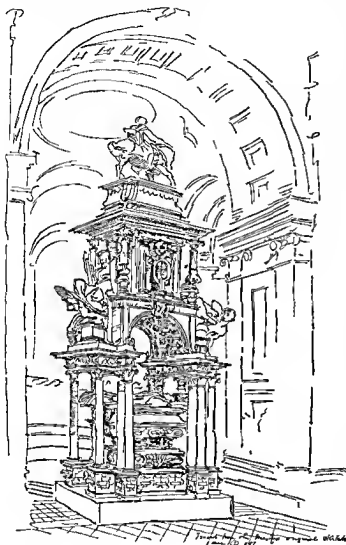
(From the Cartoon Model for the Wellington Monument) By Alfred Stevens

been unusually well employed. At Naples (1833) he had copied Andrea del Sarto and the Giotteschi, at Florence he had copied largely from the painters of the fourteenth century, he had seen to Pompeii and Capri (1834) in Rome (1835) and back through Siena and San Gimignano to Florence,

that master left in 1842 Stevens elected to come away too.

Though a student all his life, he probably felt that he was ready to commence original work, and we are told that he "fructified like a caged eagle" at Blindford. There he made sketches in illustration of Homer, which are in the possession of Mr Stannus, together with an ingenious but half-finished hygieine, and there, also he taught the constructor of a home-made ophiocline how to cut a sheet of brass the right shape to form the mouth of the instrument. In 1844 he came to London with £40 borrowed from his constant friend and helper Mr Pegler, and though he did not succeed in the competition of fresco paintings, his wide art knowledge and varied skill attracted notice for he was appointed in the following year to a post at the School of Design at Somerset House. The government seems to have felt the truth of Stevens' motto "I know of but one art for they appointed him to teach architectural drawing perspective and modelling, and ornamental painting if required."

The illustration on p. 304 takes us to 1855, and is one of a series of panels with figures from Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which he executed as decorations for the wall of the drawing room in Kensington Palace Gardens, then inhabited by Don Christofel de Munieta and now by the Marquis of St Urce. This figure represents "Amoret." In design no less than in execution, it is marked by those qualities of tenderness and decision which Mr Stannus notes in connection with this exquisite series. In the justness with which the design fits without crowding its panel, we see how completely he has mastered the spirit of decorative art, and in the figure itself, with its strong yet elegant disposition of the limbs, we see no less the student of the great art of the great age of the Renaissance in Italy. It has the dignity of Michelangelo, combined with the grace of Raphael, and one can trace in it what is called the influence of other artists as Andrea del Sarto. As Mr Stannus does not fail to point out, Stevens was an eclectic, but he was an eclectic in a good sense in the sense in which all great artists—Raphael and Michelangelo themselves—were eclectics, that is to say, his art was based on that of his great predecessors, whose work he studied not to plagiarise, but to inform and develop his own individuality. He did what almost every artist since the days of Raphael have tried to do and



EARLY SKETCH FOR THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL

(By Alfred Stevens. In the possession of the Royal Academy)

when he stayed till 1859, copying the old masters for details and learning how to paint in fresco. That he had established some reputation would appear from his being employed by the Austrian government to superintend the modelling of the Glorification. In the same year (1859) he was at Milan studying architecture under Albertoli and at Venice painting Titian's Peter-Martyr. In 1860 he was employed by Thorwaldsen in Rome, and when

failed he earned on the great tradition and at no lower level. It is not of decadence that his work tells but of the sustained life, the eternal freshness of time and art.

Between the Duchess of York and Amoret eleven years had passed full of its varied labour which marks his career. His artistic energy was ready to pour itself into all channels as reliable one of the artists of all days than of this. Now it was decorative painting (like the beautiful designs of the Sciences at Deysbrook) now Shrike-speare or the Pike now a military uniform which engaged his attention now it was a picture of Judith and now a railway carriage for the King of Denmark, now it was designs for stoves for Birmingham or daggers for Sheshell now a pavement for St. George's Hall Liverpool or the little lion which sits on the railings of the British Museum.



VASE IN MAJOLICA STYLE

(Designed by Alfred Stevens for the Prince of Wales and the People's Palace)

can say nothing, and of the splendid sketch for the medals for South Kensington the drawing of the gates for the Geological Museum the elegant design of the Monument of the exhalation of 181 the glorious vision of the decoration of the chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral which are also preserved for us here we can only profess our profound regret that such noble conceptions should remain unused.

Those in these and other pages listed in the present publication have been written at it Stevens has test with the Wellington Memorial but our illustrations of these it represents the of special interest is one (p. 106) represents the which is undoubtedly a masterpiece and will be the subject of judgment which they have lost through the misapprehension of poor taste of a Dean and Chapter. The other shows the first that it of the great all-gone if groups which are among the masterpieces of all time (p. 105). Specially



FRIEZE IN VASE

(Designed by Alfred Stevens for the Prince of Wales and the People's Palace)

designs and many other the volume contains it is interesting is the figure of a knight clenching at the hilt of the sword. But of these I the angel of the judgment. The artist evidently felt

the figure wanted more support and so interposed the orb between the architect and the hand thus giving the needed rest without destroying the sense of centrality.

The beautiful majolica vases which Stevens designed are the subjects of the other illustrations and are another proof of his wonderfully comprehensive art gift for which in thing was too high or low, as long as he could penetrate it with beauty. Much as we admire the example which he set us in this Victorian age which then it first needed it so much and thankful as we are to him for the new life which he imparted to modern design in domestic things, even the Victorian fireplace and fender and the German stove into things of beauty it is yet impossible not to regret as a loss to humanity that

a man of such supreme power in creative design should have left behind him nothing to rival the Wellington Memorial and the Holford mantelpiece. The motto which he adapted from Michelangelo that there is but one art is profoundly true, but it has its dangers. It is too apt to lead to the erroneous conclusion that a man is not an artist who cannot achieve success in every art and that a man who can design a Wellington Memorial is equally well employed in creating a fire stove. But it was a motto that Stevens was personally justified in adopting for there are few artists of any time who have felt more deeply the essential truth of the unity of art and could point more confidently to their work as an illustration of it.



RELIEF FOR VASE
(Designed by Josef von S.)

"THE OLD SPINET"

PAINTED BY H. POSTZELBERGER

AMONG the Austrian painters of the day Herr Postzelberger is one who is taking high rank and who is rising fast into well merited popularity. The reason of his success may be fairly judged of in the picture which forms the frontispiece to the present Part. The subject is indeed well worth not to say luckeered. But its treatment is such as to make it as fresh and engaging as if

The Old Spinet "Memories and The Same Old Story" had never before inspired painter or poet. How many times have we not seen a graceful girl standing beside a piano her fingers straying lightly over the keys? Yet in the picture before us there is little that prejudices us by reason of its being a repetition, nothing that repels as banal. The attitude of the girl is graceful and elegant without a suggestion of posing, it suggests a very pretty sentiment and the line of the composition is simple as it is harmonious in its setting. But it is not actually the lighting of the

picture that lends the chief interest to the work and which sets it completely out of the commonplace. How it plays with the line of the delicately drawn head with the numerous—almost too numerous—folds and touches up with well judged flicks the various parts of the picture not only imparts interest but gives balance to the composition. Herr Postzelberger has justified by his study in the school of Munich although he paints chiefly we believe in Vienna. But Munich has as completely supplanted Vienna is the art centre of the German speaking countries as Paris has superseded Rome is the art centre of the world the quality of its art is as superior both in earnestness and execution as its conception no less than the artistic attitude of its disciples is more dignified and virile. Herr Postzelberger has done much more important work than this plate before the reader but nothing which more clearly exemplifies his frankness, his artistic fibre and his agreeable power of pleasing.

MISSEN TERRY...

Queen Katherine

Seeking a tongue for tongueless shadow land
 Has Katherines soul come back with power to quell
 A sister soul incarnate and compel
 Its fleshly voice to speak by Griefs command ?
 O'er its Katherines self returns to stand
 As erst she stood defying Wolseys spell —
 Returns with those wild wrongs she fain would tell
 Which Memory bore to Edens amaranth strand ?

Or is it thou dear friend this Queen whose face
 The salt of many tears hath scarred & stung ? —
 Can it be thou whose genius ever young
 Treating the body with the spirit's grace,
 Is loved by England — loved by all the race
 Round all the world enlinked by Shakespeares
 tongue ?

Charles Watts



Brook Park, N.Y. 1911

GEORGES VAN DER STRAETEN.

THE SCULPTOR "OF FANTASIE."

BY N. H. SPIELMANN.

EVERY art has its minor as well as its great masters and even as Literature including in her wide embrace the epic poet and the dainty maker of *vers de société* accords them both their place on Mount Parnassus and awards them both a niche in her temple of fame so Sculpture may recognise as worthy votaries the mighty master of the plastic art and the little master of *fantasie*. Watteau and Lancret or even Greuze do not count for less than their merit demands in the roll of art because they lacked the power the dignity and the higher qualities of men of genius far above them. Cassini and L'Amey are not less painters of grief in the city—their claim upon our respect is not the slightest—because they lack not the brilliant vigour of Poysselle or the mind of Hogarth. Each stands by himself and upon his own merits must be judged.

And just as we may turn from the rushing of Tennyson or Browning to the lighter fancies of Trollope or Lockyer or Ashby Stearns or St. Leger and find pleasure in their own peculiar qualities of touch and flavour so may we look from the splendid earnestness and richness of artistic power of John or Edwin of Meville or Alfred Gilbert to the dainty and tender elegance of Van der Straeten—and that too without feeling that with a nobility of idea and greatness of execution we have lost the sense of mastery which belongs to the man possessed of surpassing excellence—even though his walk in life be on a lower plane. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not claim for Van der Straeten a high position as a sculptor. Judged by the standard by which mere "artists" may be measured he does not challenge our verdict. I could never compare him with those in the Académie des Beaux Arts for the

commission for a great public monument. As in the field he is the joyous grasshopper among the academic ants leaving to others the intense study that the highest wills of art demand and contenting himself with what is pretty charming dainty and amusing. Herein he excels and herein lies his claim on the recognition and appreciation of the people.

Van der Straeten was not always intended for an artist. As with hundreds in his present walk of life, he was brought up in a firm more practical school from which he broke away by sheer force of character. Born in Ghent in 1837 he was educated with a view to practising at the bar. His study was chiefly directed to the classics and jurisprudence, but while he attended the lectures at the University his love of practising sculpture—of a sort—became inimitable until he finally threw off the legal yoke and openly devoted himself to art. His conversion came



GEORGES VAN DER STRAETEN.
(From a Photograph by F. J. van der Straeten.)

about by a curious chance. Although in the nature of things it could not have been long delayed in accordance with the practice of the whole population of Belgium he was wanted to pay an annual summer visit to the seashore. In the year of which I speak the port and sea wall of Ostend were in process of construction and the young student found one of the daily crowd that visited the works. Here chancing upon a quantity of loam or clay he possessed himself of a lump and took it home. Setting to work he produced a statuette—poor enough, no doubt, as one can imagine, but yet good enough to delect his father a good judge of art and an amateur artist himself to yield to his son's solicitations and to place him with a sculptor as soon as they returned to Ghent. He attended for a short time the studio of M. Kosterlyn who

imparted to him the first principles of sculpture and set him to work at ornaments. But the impulsive young sculptor preferred to turn his attention to portraiture, and taking leave of his more cautious master he worked for some time at busts of members of his family. This occupation revealed to him in some degree the extent of his artistic ignorance. He forthwith joined the School of the Society

as simple statuettes and groups. With the feeling which animates the favourite subjects of Signor Locardi Van der Straeten's work had much in common for the artist was obviously in close sympathy with the humour and misery of the more light-hearted and characteristic types among the poorest class. It was in 1878 that our sculptor became known as one of the most prolific exhibitors



PAVANE. (1880.)
(By G. Van der Straeten.)



COTTESSA. (1880.)
(By G. Van der Straeten.)

Artistique of Ghent where he worked every evening for four years modelling from nature while during the daytime he continued his University course.

At about the time that he completed his law studies Van der Straeten began to exhibit at Ghent taking chiefly as his subjects *peasants* and *negatives* who afforded so many opportunities for the display of character and humour. A little later just when he was called to the Bar he turned his attention to Brussels and exhibited *peasants* and *beggars*

in Brussels and all the while he was modelling his little groups he was phoning at the Court of Appeal. At the end of four years he changed his style and choice of subject. His *peasants* with their pathetic tenderness and sense of poetry involving the feeling of the English clown gave way to such subjects as the circus rider the *acrobate* and the *perrette*—figures stimulating that devotion to feminine beauty which has since been one of his distinctive qualities.

It should be remembered that these sudden changes are characteristic of the work of Van der Straten.

His development has been rapid and his improvement startling, but his progress has been made by starts and bounds and not by that gradual growth common to most artists. The fact is natural enough, however, for the temperament of the man is electrical and impulsive ever open to new influences and always ready to recognise such faults of taste and execution as he can detect in his own work. Thus it is that the Van der Straten of to-day is no longer the Van der Straten whom the world laughed with and whom artists were impelled by their consciences to blame for his lividity even while they praised his extraordinary cleverness at the exhibition of the Salon Prieux in Bond Street some seven years ago. So perfect like he has shed his skin and the plastic historian of misanthropy now stands revealed as the conqueror of the leanities in their most innocent and unsullied aspect of the dimly periods of the great Lamps in the first Empire.

In 1881 then Van der Straten suddenly turned to his allegiance for a time from masculine humanity to such games and

chie as may be found in the *l'Art et la Vie*. The whole atmosphere of the subject lent itself to a certain grotesque treatment, the pseudo-daintiness of the Queen of the Circus was in a admirable foil to the clever but sickly efforts of the laughing clown and the sent of the socialist and the stable hand struggling around these groups. But the glare of the flashlight was inevitable and it fell upon the taste of the sculptor and another element took place. The natural transition was made from the *danses* to

the *demi mondaine* the only lapse of taste to which the artist need plead guilty, for under his hand

the clay became flesh, the very truth with which he presented his clever scenes imparted to them a suspicion if not of vulgarity, of suggestiveness which offended many. His power of reproducing facial expression was absolute, he could with a touch not only show us the subject of the conversation but even endow his hands face and limb with a *finesse* more subtle than one can point to in the work of any other sculptor. Only in the black and white work of Charles Keene of Mr Abbey and perhaps of Mr Bernard Partridge at his best can we in London seek for a similar capacity for the rendering of the more transient forms of expression.

It was about this time that an event that was to prove of considerable importance occurred to Georges Van der Straten. He contrived a group entitled *L'Amant de César* to the Ghent exhibition and having visited the gallery to see how his work was placed and how it looked he saw standing before it the painter M. Jan Van Biers who being introduced straightway counselled him to repair to Paris where fine and



IN THE COUNTRY (1891)
By the Sculptor G. Van der Straten

good teaching both awaited him. He did not hesitate turning his back on the Brussels Palace of Justice for good and all, he arrived in Paris very soon afterwards with his box and with his latest terra cotta under his arm. From that moment the law existed for him no more (save as a *censor morum*) and he became the most intimate and familiar friend of Van Biers towards whom he was drawn not only by feelings of private friendship but still more by the sympathy in taste that existed between them. They had both of them in fact adopted a new style—the *genre*

Parisien. Fellow town men and endowed each of them with a love of the lighter form of art and a passion for its more elegant and amusing side they had enough in common to draw them together. M. Van Leers had certainly the greater experience his training had been long and severe, his eye was highly educated his drawing correct and his knowledge and expression of form distinguished. So far as his friend was he superior

not occupy the same studio their inter-communications were frequent and they doubtless exchanged ideas and influenced the other each in his separate art.

Since then every change in Van der Straeten's artistic aims could be followed in the annual exhibitions of the Salon. What has been called the

"Luminisme" era first exhibits itself in those displays of mirth and joy which while saving from



"KISS ME!" (1883)

(From the Group by G. Van der Straeten.)

Van der Straeten recognized in him a master but his own taste was already formed his fancy was at least as lively and his invention as bright and prolific as those of his Damon. Although they did

not stand out of art which the painter had set up, stampelling him a fantastic humdrum of great power and is an observer of altogether exceptional keenness. Those who saw it will not readily forgive

the group representing a *tit-tit* of a lady and a young gentleman who has evidently dropped into the willing ear of his companion an anecdote not intended for family telling, nor will another world have passed from their minds—that rapidly executed sketch of a French girl seated on a pedestal while she holds the cord encircling the neck of a very woolen but a form-misshapen. This sketch was one belonging to a series of more serious and than the former it showed a cynical intention in an attempt at painting a moral that is to be sought in vain in other works of the same order.

From this moment that is to say in 1856 or thereabouts a painter whose sentiment seemed to flow from Van der Straeten's work. Still a young man himself in the then a youth of a young and sunny disposition indulging himself in the narrowst capital in Europe his name familiar in every circle himself a popular among artists of every profession connected and clearly sought after—he had still a while in that which shows life and liberty without the seriousness of true art. For a brief space he sought his model among the water lilies he sewed his will into the roots in a fertile field which grew weeds as well as grain and his harvest was a crop which transcended out of its kind perhaps yet left a taste in the English mouth not entirely in harmony with the idea of art pure and earnest and a position to our frankest sympathy.

Yet with all changing his and yet he soon altered the tone for the better. His suggestiveness and pun

love of mischief now became tinged with a more serious intention. His *petites dames* were as seductive as heretofore and his masques as lippety and careless

in their enjoyment of life. But the sculptor roused the corner of the veil and showed us again his *dianthus* women for all their daintiness and charm began to declare the true weakness, their virtues the golden youths became more and more shallow and even more idiotic. His growing contempt for the former objects of his idleness was unmistakably pronounced.

It was clear that the artist had come and seen and conquered. He had tasted and rejected and henceforward as I have said his art was of a more genuine sort. As great a votary as ever of plenty and feminine charm he had learned that it was not to be found in a world untroubled in that world whence the painter and sculptor would naturally have more easily drawn their inspiration. Disappointed in the real he had now sought a new life in the ideal, and thus it came about that about 1862 the *dianthus* and one of his earlier boys he sought the ideal that had inspired that night of chance. Watteau and his followers Pacher, Fugonard and Lancret. I would even add the name of Eisen to the list. Never I believe has anyone lived so happily in the realm of dainty grace



WATTEAU LADY (1858)

(From the Statue by G. Van der Straeten.)

which inspired those painters of the pretty things, an entirely human interest to the refinement of charm and sweetness, the polished but luxurious taste of the fourteenth Louis and his time with its re-

humour, sweetness, and warmth of love than ever were dreamed of by the designers of Dresden shepherdesses and the huns of plastic Saxony



THE BILLET DOKX (1885)
(From the Statette by G. Van der Straeten.)

This is the point which Van der Straeten has reached and which sitting as it does has come is destined to hold him for some years to come. Portrait busts and statuettes may engage his chisel from time to time but even then—as in his portraits of Smith Bernhardt of Van Leeuw of Monseur Worth and others—there is always some beauty of arrangement some charming departure from the conventional which is eminently characteristic of the artist. Even in his more realistic work he is as individual as in that in which his fancy has free play and he is one of the few who finds in the creations of the dreamer of to-day opportunities

as delightful as were offered by her of 1806, or by the nun milliner of the time of Watteau.

The illustrations accompanying this article fairly illustrate the latter phases of our sculptor's art his power of characterisation and his robust sense of humour being reserved for possible demonstration in the future. They need no special reference in explanation at my hands what has gone before has sufficiently set forth the conditions under which they were produced the disposition and temperament which inspired them.

If Van der Straeten has made no bid for the highest favours of the Goddies of Sculpture we



THE DLET (1886)
(From the Group by G. Van der Straeten.)

are not the less indebted to him for his charming embroidery upon the fringe of her mantle. He is content in the world of song to be the *généraliste* in comic opera—to cheer us with his light heartedness to amuse us with his drolleries to refresh and stimulate us with his grace. His elegance and his refinement. And as he has the judgment to sound and to know his strength he has had the wit to probe his weaknesses and to measure his limitations. He was not made for a sculptor of the impressive and the academic sort. Although a very fair anatomist he would not hesitate to take liberties with the human form if the result were in additional charm to his work—not from reckless disregard of the rules of art in miniature but from the intensity of love for the special beauties he aims at displaying. He may take

a pocket henna with the muscles and joints but he smilingly lures his breast to the critics spear and if he has not succeeded in his fancy, he calmly receives the thrust. And when the work is done—the last touch given to the flimsy turn of the graceful wrist, the last dip made into the corner of the smiling lips—he wends his way cheerily in the direction of Montmartre. Half an hour later he strides with buoyant step into the studio of Van Dicks and throwing himself down in a chair, as the painter quietly turns his head with a smile of welcome to his visitor he greets him with a lively *Jan mon vieux viola—le petit groupe est fini!*

[The illustrations on pp 311-313 are published by permission of the Société des Bronzes de Paris and those on pp 314 and 315 by consent of M. Lot.]

SCENIC ART—II

by PROFESSOR HERKIMER R A



BEFORE passing further into the stage picture I am anxious to praise and consider its frame or in other words the proscenium.

It is to be said that the proscenium should be to the stage picture what the frame is to the easel picture.

It should separate the picture from the surroundings. But the stage picture, just as the painted picture, should in that case reach the frame. In most cases the proscenium is built so high that it is considerably space has to be covered with curtains to make the opening in any way intelligible. Why is this so persistently done?

The architect may tell you something about its saving dignity to the proportions of the house or tell you—which I suspect to be the real reason—that it is customary to build them in this way. And so year after year the theatres are built without inquiring what may be the real function of the proscenium. How funny it would be to send a picture to the Academy in a frame that was a foot too high for the picture, having the vacant space modestly covered with a bit of "Liberty silk." Is it not the other just as ridiculous? Now let us suppose a proscenium to be built according to the necessities of its function—namely to enclose the whole stage picture. Is this all that is required? Not for I have still a further improvement to suggest—perhaps the most novel that has yet been suggested to the theatrical world.

I suggest that the proscenium be made to contract and to expand. Now every good artist knows that the size of the canvas upon which he represents his

subject has as much to do with the success of the work as the proper placing of the subject within that space. On the stage however with a fixed proscenium the poor man's cottage or the garret has to be represented of the same size as a palace, a corridor in a castle wherein much plotting is done (generally by two people) must be of the same size as the banquet hall. Or as Mr Jones has just hinted to me a house is first represented and then a room in that house—which room is always much larger than the house. Thus the eye of the spectator is never properly prepared for the great *climax* in because the trivial incidents leading up to it have been presented on such a large and disproportionate scale. This contracting proscenium is in no way difficult to make or to apply to theatres already built and ought to be workable by one man. There are so many incidents in plays that come to ones mind in which only two or three actors appear on a scene requiring no depth that such a contrivance would be an inestimable boon to the scenic artist. But beyond this I look to the very foundation of composition in art which for the balance of the whole, requires not only most careful consideration of parts but demands that the human figure shall be *well displayed*. The scenic artist by the aid of this contracting proscenium could with the collaboration of the stage and acting managers carry out all the laws that govern pictorial composition. There need be no fear that the occupants of the lower side boxes would see less than they do now when the action happens to take place on their side. And as for the higher side boxes—let them

perish¹ In my model I work it snugly with a left handle and right handle screw thus enabling one man to make the sides of the proscenium come

imperfectly without knowing the intentions of the stage and setting machine. In fact it is hard for me to separate these things personages. Stage work

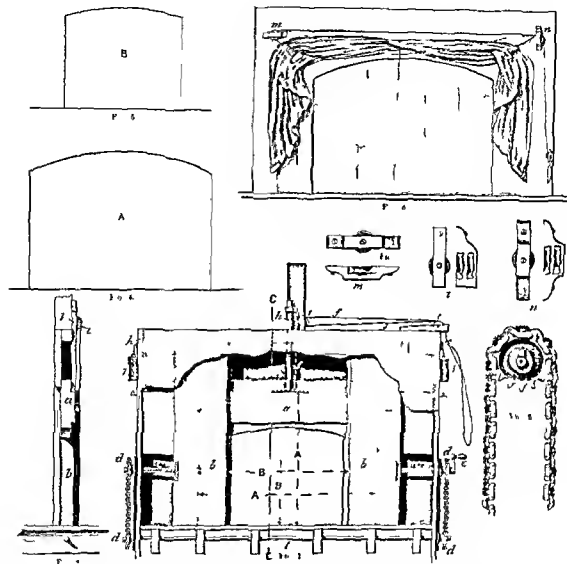


FIG. 1.—Back of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene.

Fig. 1.—Back of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 2.—Front of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 3.—Plan of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 4.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 5.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 6.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 7.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 8.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 9.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 10.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 11.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 12.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 13.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 14.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. Fig. 15.—Section of Proscenium Stage with Contracting Fly Scene. 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closed together. The upper part is arranged for a counterweight.

And I will let you at last see the curtain open from the center if you please and take the stage and the whole of the plastic into consideration. The subject is so vast that I scarcely know where to begin, especially as I find the time already limited at that the scene artist can do his work, but

at last I know and with marvellous results with the author's stage machine, which is perfect in its construction and in its working, in separate pieces but so firmly and so mysteriously joined that I have no right to address you on scenic art if you expect me to have been brought up in that school. On the other hand I do not despair of being able to set you thinking from my standpoint.

warm in colour in the pink sky—in effect in nature that deeply moves every imaginative painter, and which has been most nobly rendered by the painter, George Mason. With but little hastening of nature's tune—the forty minutes of the act would be long enough to represent the first rays of the sun casting its long shadows from the distant objects on the distant slopes—time enough for the land to darken into that bewitching colour which is to be seen between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon. Then for the moon to increase in strength as it rises (correctly) into the sky showing a hint of ever increasing brilliancy as the whole scene darkens almost into night when the curtain must shut off the picture from the eye of the spectator.

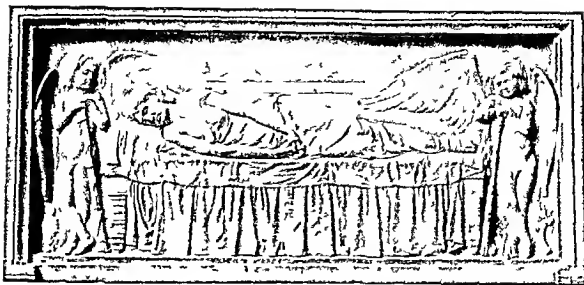
Now I reasoned that a painted sky could not be changed in colour and a painted distance could not first give me the long shadows and then the absence of all shadows. The other alternative immediately presented itself to me—of making the distance in relief—strongly enough modelled to catch the light and cast the shadows. I came upon this as a natural inheritance for my grandfather had already done the same thing—not for the stage but for the church. He was by trade a mason and by nature an inventor of the first order. His opportunities for the display of his inventive faculties were most limited having had, from an early age, the care of the little firm property. But his artistic instincts were so strong that he set to work with his boys to make these little pictures in relief of figures with complete backgrounds, that we still see in the churches of Southern Germany. The nativity was a favourite subject. Heads and faces of the figures were carved in wood and the draperies made of red material dipped in glue, which stiffened when dry. Trees were modelled partly with natural twigs and partly with mosses and rocks and banks were all built up and coloured afterwards. In my boyhood standing at the bench of my beloved father I made many such pictures in relief but my subjects were purely of a romantic character. I made forests with distant mountains to shut them in and I carved the animals and carved the hunters. Therefore modelling the distance in my play was simply to carry on the work began and practised two generations before me. This modelled surface properly lighted appeared from the auditorium almost stereoscopic in its reality. For this modelling I used a mixture of plaster of Paris glue and stunged paper sometimes adding tow. Then local colour was given with the ordinary tempera colours. Let me now for a moment leave the background and speak of the sky.

The sky was shut off by the houses to the right and the left of the stage. This made it easy for me to stretch the gauze across the stage. From the

backs of the house I could play various lunelights upon the front of the gauze surface which started from behind the hills in the distance—I therefore was free from it. It was made to lean forward so as to give opportunities of throwing lights upon the canvas of the painted sky which was behind it and close up to the wall. This gauze produced an atmospheric effect far removed from the ordinary painted sky. No form of painting could have rendered the various tones of that sky so truthfully. No pigment could have equalled the colour I obtained by the illumination of the gauze by the lights passed through coloured glasses. This surface of gauze is a perfect foundation for a nature's grey in skies—that subtle tone which baffles us so much in painting it is also a foundation for a soft blue when the painted sky behind it is lighted up. With such a foundation of tones which are not produced by means of a pigment on a flat surface wonderful atmospheric effects can be obtained. As forms can be thrown upon the gauze surface by means of lanterns clouds can be made to chase each other across the sky. From sunrise to sunset from steam to calm all sky effects can be produced with a mystery and withal truth to nature utterly denied to the brush alone. Having space on both sides of the gauze the surface can be used as a transparent medium to soften harsh colours or as an opaque surface upon which colour and form can be thrown from the front. I see endless possibilities for starting work with this material. I see a possibility of bringing living people within the focus of a lantern so constructed that they shall be reflected back on to the gauze surface and again be repeated innumerable times until the heavens would live with spiritual figures. If life were only not so short—if man were only more plentiful for such experiments—if somebody else could only do my painting work I would produce a fairy playland such as man has only seen in his dreams.

And these are some of my dreams when I lie awake at night for the love of stage work has deep down in my soul—a gift no doubt from my father who with his brothers and sisters were all Passion players for that play was at our time performed in our native village in Germany which with its present 1600 inhabitants boasts of a theatre that cost them £600 to build. But forgive me I had forgotten sentiment is my theme. Now this at most here gauze sky is no dream. If I were building a new theatre in London I would arrange a gigantic gauze screen to be brought up out of the bowels of the theatre off the scene was set and the principle of adjustment should be similar to that on the latest thesps whose covers turn back on a hinge and usually settle underneath. None but electric





IN MEMORIAM
(On Onslow Ford's 44th)

ONSLOW FORD AND ART

BY MARION HERWORTH LIAON

IT might be thought to be a new term, too curiously were we to seek to gauge the import and meaning of French ascendancy in sculpture. Yet the folk were not in unprofitable one. The manifested bent of a people which in other phrase is the spontaneous and unconscious expression of its genius should have an interest for other than the mere student. A brief history of national tendencies—shall we call it?—were it to be traced would teach us something of those special influences which have made England great in poetry and in landscape painting. It would show us the ground plan the foundation of such agencies as have made our Celtic neighbours the brunt and the sculptors of the modern world. But for the moment it would be wandering far afield. To take the thing at the first flush then to merely graze or scratch the surface we may say what indeed is pretty evident that the French have a passion for form. This is true not alone of their art though it is so manifestly true of both their plastic and dramatic art. But it is true of their religion their laws their architecture of their very social life and institutions. We see it in their love of a well high drastic kind of etiquette in their approval of that arrangement known as the *marriage de convenience*.

In England in what a recent critic has pleased to call our Shakespeare riddle land no such love exists. In England the individual is more or less paramount

and artistic expression like the wind flows from any point of the compass. For this is well and therefore I doubt if we shall see a great school of sculpture in Great Britain though doubtless isolated sculptors (or even small groups of sculptors) will from time to time arise. Such men—and thus I venture to predict will be poets as much as sculptors—will speak to us with the charm of diverse tongue. But they will hold us not so much by the commanding force of a Balzac or a Flaubert as by the cunning of some hidden meaning some suggestive grace. I know not what of allurements by which we are beckoned into other and ideal worlds.

Such a man stands before us now, yet touched by the great time-spirit he cannot help but be something of a Pealst. A man of his time he cannot help being full—as his time is—of contradictions of qualities that is to say which fair and reasonable in themselves seem to give the lie to each other. The problem whether Onslow Ford should be reckoned among the Pealsts or the Idealists is a moot point. Every man who studies his work will answer the question after his own kind. Yet the least biased might waver if called upon to give Mr Onslow Ford his place—though not his rank—in contemporary art. On the side of imaginative sculpture we have but to glance at the artist's figure called "Folly" with its leeching flower-like grace of torso with its bony strenuous

ultimate aim To put the thing in a model If an artist will choose one of two courses He will sacrifice the unrelenting truth for beauty or he will sacrifice mere conventional beauty for truth Mr Onslow Ford has chosen the latter and the latter part It is this truth and unrelenting truth which has made him the force he is It is this and this alone which will make his work live

The mere outline of the life to which he can be given in a couple of lines I am in London in 1851 he received his art in

petits in Munich exhibited his first work in the Royal Academy in 1857 and was elected an Associate of that body in 1858 The author of "Folly in sooth has sought for adventures beyond the primary and primary of dedicating his days to art He has slipped through his forty years of life with what the French call a *flue* for and traveless Character and temperament have alike continued to hold him—Mr Onslow Ford—doof and the honours which fifty years have brought are such as have been thrust upon him Labour hard and unremitting has been the sum of his days though it may comfort the ungovernable to learn that Mr Ford had his moments of human laxity in youth like Keats the little Greek Like the famous Hellenist the sculptor who was so seized so much that was Hellenic in plastic art wavered in the choice of a career For drawing probably practised on the margin of a Latin primer was the chief concern of the Black

Lathe and this putting the as well and ostensible in a class with the as well and ostensible at the age of seventeen It was left for Munich and the famous German sculptor Michael Wagnmiller to give the young man his final turn and lent A two years study in the Bavarian city where he worked under the influence though not actually in the studio of the German professor cemented the tendency and from this moment there was neither turning back nor the thought of it

Setting his face in the direction of London the boy sculptor first exhibited a list of his wife Thus as I have said was in 1875 and was followed by strenuous application—its fruit long the prize in the competition for the statue of Sir John Lubbock which is now to be seen by all good citizens at the Royal Exchange A final of them if a parcel of critics and amateurs may be much led in the generic term well by this time narrowly watching the young artist who had found a temporary studio had by his fellow workers—Mr Gilbert and Sir Edgar Pochon Successful with the Portland Hill essay statues of Sir Charles Reed Mr Gilbert stone and that most picturesque of actors Mr Henry Irving as Hamlet



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS MEMORIAL TO GENERAL CORDON AT CHATHAM (By J. de la A. I. A.)

fill with The first two weeks elicited public attention the last application for Mr Onslow Ford's technical skill acquired as he himself constantlyavers in a laborious self taught fashion was a thanksgiving by banns and strides The claim of

stalk like Ibsen and we shall say here at my rate is an uncompromising Realist. Here is one to whom actuality is everything for whom pretty subtleties and compromises do not exist. Here is one to whom the whole truth and nothing but the truth is acceptable. But is this true in its cruder and almost model-like sense of the bulk of the sculptor's work? To turn to the artist's list called "Ivory" to the work exhibited in the Academy last year called "A Study" is to be convinced that there is something of the very perfume and essence of the young girl of what is for roundly rich like and yet almost removed and almost in its virginity was ever more subtly conserved in clay. Mr. Ford's "Study" is not simply a young girl it is the young girl soft breathing in her fugitive grace her exquisite unconsciousness. The head inspires in me in a degree with the motion which stirs in the Psyche fragment at Naples. In looking at it we feel that we have that evanescent and elusive thing which is called in the sternest of materials. It is in all its wrought in stone.

This identity forms a very conspicuous part of the artist's work yet strange to say it is the very thing and the main object of criticism to charge the sculptor with a lack of imagination. What critics it is to be that find him actually lacking in any large or in any sense of proportion. Such charges probably matter less to the artist than to those who may have to substitute them. What is noteworthy in this connection is that both small and large are traceable to one and the same source. Mr. Onslow Ford

I told it his something ideal in his nature and in his gifts. If his conceptions lean to the ideal in his manipulation and in his outward presentments he

has no law or sovereign guide but the real. Something in the ideal and special there is in all his efforts that quality we call style. He possesses in a prominent degree and a just and delicate perception of the ideal and inner meaning of sentient things. But with all these gifts—perhaps because of all these gifts—Mr. Onslow Ford will be found to approach nature humbly and reverently with a kind of subservience. I might call it which belong to the sculptor the surrealer



A STUDY
(By Onslow Ford. A.R.A.)

the seker. Hence arises a loving fidelity in all his essays and the rejection of all that is facile tricks and conventional in art. Such an attitude has potent and obvious merits though it lays the artist open as we have seen to more than one misconception. Educated as we are for the most part in a weak classical school Mr. Ford's unwavering fidelity to nature may strike—may does strike—many as being the result of a want of selectiveness in the subjects he chooses to portray. In a word surface critics quarrel with the sculptor's ideals.

All such criticisms however must be set aside if we would understand Mr. Onslow Ford's work in its large and real relations. The models an artist may select as well as the tools he uses are generally the best for him and effect only in a small degree the final issue of his hand and brain. What is vital beyond and above technical skill and that alluring quality called style is the sculptor's

ultimate aim To put the thing in a nutshell an artist will choose one of two courses He will sacrifice the unflattering truth for beauty or he will sacrifice mere conventional beauty for truth Mr Onslow Ford has chosen the latter and the latter part It is this final and unrevocable choice which has made him the force he is It is this and little else which will make his work live

The more outline of the sculptor's life can be given in a couple of lines I came to London in 1871 he received his artistic education in Munich exhibited his first bust in the Royal Academy in 1877 and was elected an Associate of that body in 1888 The author of "Folly in search of a soul" is for adventures beyond the primary and pedestrian one of dedicating his days to art He has slipped through his forty years of life with what the French call a *fièvre* for unobtrusiveness Character and temperament have alike combined to hold him—Mr Onslow Ford—aloof and the honours which forty years have brought me such as have been thrust upon him Labour, hard and unremittent, has been the sum of his days though it may comfort the more generous to learn that Mr Ford had his moments of human laxity in youth Like Keats he hated Greek Like the famous Hellenist the sculptor who was to seize so much that was Hellenic in plastic art wavered in the choice of a career For drawing probably practised on the mugs of a Latin prince was the chief concern of the Plat-

onist schoolboys painting the vowed and ostensible reason of a sojourn to Dink and Antwerp at the age of seventeen It was left for Munich and the famous German sculptor Michael Wagner to give the young man his final turn and bent A two years' study in the Bavarian city where he worked under the influence though not actually in the studio of the German professor created the tendency and from this moment there was neither turning back nor the thought of it

Setting his face in the direction of London the boy sculptor first exhibited a bust of his wife This as I have said was in 1871 and was followed by strenuous application—its fruit being the prize in the competition for the statue of Sir Powell which is now to be seen by all good citizens at the Royal Exchange A handful of them if a parcel of critics and amateurs may be included in the generic term were by this time narrowly watching the young artist who had found a temporary studio hardly by his fellow workers—Mr Gilbert and Sir Edgar Bachman Successful with the Lowland Hill essay statues of Sir Charles Reed Mr Gladstone and that most picturesque of actors Mr Henry Irving as Hamlet



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GORDON AT CHATHAM.
(By O. O. Ford. 11 A.)

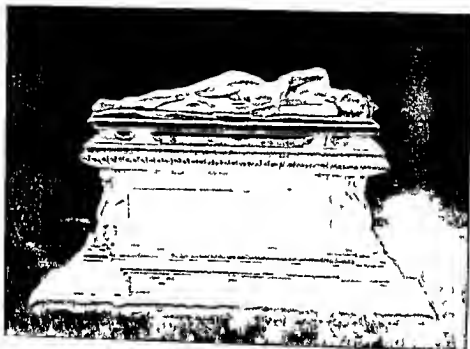
followed The first two weeks elicited public attention the last applause for Mr Onslow Ford's technical skill acquired as he himself constantly versed in a laborious self-taught fashion was a thing advancing by bounds and strides The charm of

the statue Folly following the monument to Lady Lanyon called In Memoriam * and Lancelotti was not however the outcome of any mere science or skill. There was inspiration in its freshness, its spontaneity its life. In purchasing it the trustees of the Chintrey Bequest seldom lighted on a better choice. The originality of the Folly apprized us of what was to come. More than the Lowland Hill or the Irving Hamlet it made the fortunes of its creator for here in a seductively

Dunbarish commission with the two figures The Dance and Music the first conception being one of the most graceful and gracious the artist has yet given us.

Coming to the present day there are the designs involving an infinity of labour for the new coming there is the much discussed statue to Lord Stirling and finally, there is Mr Onslow Ford's crowning work. There is the Shelley.

But of the poet or of this list thus inspired



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL

(Sketch of the Memorial as it will be seen in the Square at Farnham. By Onslow Ford A.P.A.)

breat and sing! in hisit in the soul for both fun and
and in his special gift

Such discoveries are never less than pleasing when they come from without and within but on further reflection the artist looked around him for a corner in which to work undisturbed and so looking delighted on a house amid the flowering trees and gardens of St John's Wood. Here he fastened for himself a studio where appropriately enough the characteristic strain of Percy saw the light. Much and excellent work has flowed from this effort which exhibited in the Salon and at Burlington House, made Mr Onslow Ford a member of the Royal Academy. There was the bust of his mother exhibited in 1889, there was the daring experiment of modelling a hero on a criminal in the well known Cromwell monument, there was "The Singer" and the Mahabharata of

* A copy of which work is to be found at Dresden.

presentment of him who shall speak? There is that about the great word painter which leaves us the toilers and makers somehow untroubled. Not far as was it to see Shelley plan. Those who saw him have passed away. What though he died never so recently and in truth it is hardly seventy years ago he is already an abstraction for us and our thoughts of him are coloured by what of passion of pathos of lingering tenderness their own chance to be in our own natures. A dozen men or hardly a dozen men in a century are thus enshrined in our imaginations. The portrayal then of any such man or any such abstraction has drawbacks obvious and manifold. The difficulties cry aloud of themselves. It is not alone that the creation must be a thing in itself beautiful that it must take as near as may be the outward and visible form of the actual man but it must re-disclose, if it has the element of a permanent success in it a vividly popular ideal.

All praise then to the sculptor who his dream and in his dream succeeded, in such a doubtful enterprise. The dream mixed of the project is as apparent as the success of it. The poet is represented as he was found on the storm washed shore of Viraggio lifeless, unbleeding but still beautiful in



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(Ed. Ours in Ford A.R. 13)

pressibly beautiful in death. A branch which is a wreath and yet is not a wreath of laurels encircles the poet's head. Beneath the figure and the slab on which the figure rests a youthful and tenderly abstracted muse leans over her broken lyre while two winged lions and some delicate leaf tracery complete the accessories of the monument. What is technical in the work speaks for itself. The skill and the learning in it are evident. A certain majesty too is conveyed in its very simplicity for Mr Onslow Ford has happily realised in this his last and surely most entrancing effort both the command and the power which lie in directness. In it is in all the better things he attempts the sculpture is completely outspoken. The motive is simple serious passionate,

all that Milton asked of a poet and in this representation of a poet we have had seized for us the very entity the very heart of that abstraction out of which, in some sort we have made and fashioned our ideal.

Large in conception there is a repose and unity in the work which satisfies and convinces as it satisfies. In no other way would we have had the passionate poet the passionate lover of the sea represented but in just this wise—locked in the sea and race white as the will smelt which engulfed him. Not other would we have the stormy end depicted but in just this high brave way. For what if we hear the booming of seas and wailing of winds in that last strife which was to end all other—let us



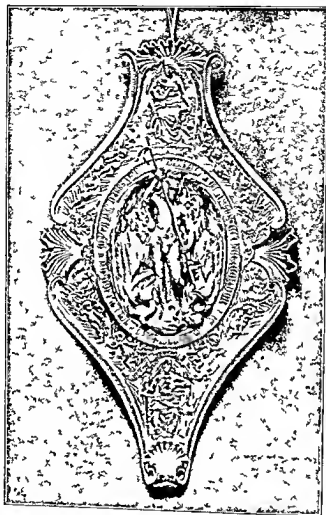
FOLLY

(Ed. Ours in Ford A.R. 13)

look to it let us listen and in a little while it shall be ours to hear a sound as of some celestial music proclaiming not only above and beyond but here below the immortality of the chosen ideal.

Thus then has been Mr Onslow Ford's task. A task not only of labour and manifestly stupendous labour but of love. Is such labour like moral excellence its own reward? Let us hope not.

Soth I might say Oxford is to be felicitated for it is in University College instead of in the famous Iowan graveyard that the memorial is to find a permanent and final home. Yet our gain in this



THE GORDON SHIELD

(By Onslow Ford A.R.A.)

Times have changed since the sweetest music maker of our century was held to be an evil thing. Times have changed since the poet was expelled the university which is now to receive him back with loyal courtesies. Times have changed indeed since Percy Bysshe Shelley flew the country of which he was to be the national saint and pride. We know better now, and in so knowing, may felicitate Lady Shelley no less than the creator of the work. In

stance is in no wise Italy's loss. A copy of the statue is to be raised to the poet at Viareggio the gift being handsomely tendered by the poets and literati in law and Mr Onslow Ford. The project is a graceful one. Shelley's centenary is hard upon us and little better tribute could be offered his memory than the erection of a monument by the self-same sea which on that fateful July day in the twenties gave up what was mortal of the singer who yet lives

CHARLES KEENE HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY H. H. SPIELMANN.

THE life of Keene was one that many an artist might envy. It was as is shown by Mr Layard's delightful volume a life in which he enjoyed all the quiet and repose he most desired in which he succeeded in accumulating for the benefit of those he loved the store of wealth for which he laboured, and in which he received all the recognition and more which he imagined his talents deserved. Its most exciting incident as he himself declared was a visit to the dentist, its chief interest apart from his work the pursuit of his refined and simple hobbies its chief the cultivation of music vocal and stringed moved thereto by a fine bass voice and a passion for the bagpipes. A chosen handful of friends a boxful of quaint tobacco pipes of the *Plague of London* period a sketch book a practising stick a few flint arrow heads and a golf club—these were to him the requisites of a happy life. In the enjoyment of them he lived and died leaving no man to speak ill of him. To Mr Layard's charming examples of Keene's chivalry to men I may add one of his gallantry to women for when it happened that he received a screamer as he called it for *Pinel* in which a woman was the butt he would transform her in his drawing into a man. No he would say in response to any remonstrance it would be cowardly to keep it a woman.

That Keene in the estimation of the world will

* The Life of Charles Samuel Keene. By George Somers Layard. With many illustrations. (Sampson Low and Co. 1899)

retain his position there can be little doubt. His name will be linked with those of the old great masters of the point of a pen and I think a little beyond them—with Federico Bops with Edwin Abbey with Menzel with De Nieuville and one or two others.

Yet at first his work was extremely tight though pregnant with promise of his feeling for character and light and shade. Judged by that no less than by subsequent work he has generally been thought—and Mr Layard mentions it in his book—to have been unquestionably an artist by nature and only a humorist by accident. That serious art would have claimed him had *Punch* not haply acted upon him as a loadstone as it has from first to last on so many others of our most distinguished artists and draughtsmen. But the fact has been lost sight of by all writers on Keene's art that he as well as Mr Tenniel had executed a series of



SLEEPING MAN

(From a Study by Charles Keene)

comic pencil drawings for *The Book of Beauty* (lately exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells) which wrought so early as 1846 proved by their genuine fun and farcical humour that the comic vein was in truth already strongly ingrained in him. His tightness of manner he gradually lost—began to lose in my opinion according as he forgot the use of the graver. For to Whymper the wood-engraver he had been apprenticed just as John Leech William Harvey Mr. Parker Foster Mr. Ricketts Mr. Shannon Mr. Walter Crane and others had each in his youth begun life in an engraver's studio, and when the narrow restrictions were lifted which the luminous imposes his

independence and originality were allowed full play. Perhaps the best example of the results of his emancipation may be seen in his illustrations to a volume not referred to by Mr Layard—*A Story with a Vengeance* by Albert Smith and Anon. B. Peich published in 1852 in which the name of the en-

vision and character is to be compared with that of any other artist—if his artistic virtues in that respect can be said to be shared by another—that other is indubitably M. Paul Penouard. His life was in his art his one passion outside of it being music—a passion which he shared with Cuns-

borough with Dyce, Pinner, Webster, Knight and so many other of our best known artists. Modest and retiring to a fault he yet never permitted his inability to be misfolded with but worked steadily to the end turning neither to the right nor to the left his power developing the longer he lived and more and more approaching perfection in that he chose to exercise. He was longer upon it than Leech but almost from the first he was a great draughtsman and perhaps he was the greater in his art that he was incomparably less of a thinker and if an original humorist.

His education was simple and his first placed in an architect's office he was removed to Mr Whymper's where he was also encouraged to draw while serving the time of his apprenticeship. He then took a studio in the Strand where he lived amid dust and cold—a skylighted attic which he has drawn more than once in *Pencil* and elsewhere and which he occupied for years dividing his time between his cherished pursuit of drawing, reading, music and collecting. Through his fellow student Samuel Coleridge he became connected with the *Mitford London News* and worked for it for a time while studying at the evening life-class of what is now the Langham Sketching Club. Soon after in 1851 he made some drawings for *Pencil* which were sent in anonymously by his friend Mr Henry Silver himself for some years on the staff of that immortal journal. Not for three years did Keene discover his identity but from that time forward he became one of the most constant and delightful

if not one of the most appreciated of its artists until his last illness—his first and last—snatched the pencil from his hand.

It is of a life smooth laborious and calmly joyous a life as simple as the lives simple ways that Mr Layard tells us. He seems unaccountably enough to have neglected wilfully to obtain personal and technical information from the school could best have supplied it—the publishers editor and fellow workers of *Pencil* with but one important



A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

(From a Sketch by Charles Keene.)

graver was a liveried though that of the young artist was not thought worth recording. At the same time there can be no doubt that to his knowledge of the art of engraving is due his extraordinary subsequent success in drawing on wood for the engraver—a technical accomplishment in itself.

Keene appears to have been influenced first by Menzel with whom he afterwards exchanged salutations in the shape of drawings and later by Mr Whistler. But if his power over expres-

exception. For that reason there are unfortunately deficiencies, errors, and omissions. The author has thus made his interesting book less interesting than

it need have been and certainly less authentic.

It is natural that in such a work as this the illustrations should form an important if not the more important feature. It must be admitted that they are charmingly chosen and display adequately the full merits of Keene's work. The beauty & the composition of almost every sketch here and tenderness of handling, his conscientiousness of design his charm in the arrangement whether of a single figure or group—and the masterliness in respect to the former is up to the best sight of in his finished drawings through the very excellence of his principal figures—all these are demonstrated by the various methods of reproduction. The resources of photo-

graphy and etching are used with instinct. Similarly the study for the *Once a Week* illustration is not only full of life—it is unflinchingly true and so certain in the draughtsmanship that we are made to share so to say, the artist's sense of ease and facility as we regard it. In contrast with this daylight study is that for 'A Fugitive Slave,' the admirable completed picture of which is also given in Mr Layard's book. We can see how different in temperament was the man who approached this drawing to that of his fellow pupil at Whymper's his great colleague on *Once a Week*—Fred Walker. Most of Walker's drawings were begun with indecision and out of his mind didn't miss a thing of beauty and of grace. This

study of Keene's on the other hand betrays no sign of hesitation. It is as positive as decisive and *l'air de chose* is the obvious character of the sitter. A further contrast is to be found in the

study of a Tree—as graceful as one of Mr. Mac Whittaker's sketches or Sir John Millar's fine more truthful than a photograph and displaying as much knowledge of tree character and structure is one of the studies of Mr. Inskip. I have included it as it is one of the many scores of studies which Keene loved to make in order to obtain a full ground of truth and beauty for the simplest of his black and white pictures, and which contain many of them drawings of sentiment that within their limits have never been excelled. And lastly there is the comic little sketch of an old lady showing her tongue to a chimney. What could be more rapid and direct,



A WOMAN'S DUTY

(From a sketch by Charles Keene)

vine collotype wood engraving and process have been brought to bear on their representation and the result is entirely satisfying and satisfactory. A few of these examples have been selected to illustrate this notice being chosen with a view to set forth the serious beauty of Keene's work and the various exquisites and grace of his studies for his finished drawings are well enough known to the world at large—the great public to whom his studies will come as a revelation. The *Sleeping Man* is obviously a portrait and one can see at a glance it is a striking likeness touched in with an economy of means and yet with completeness which are surprising while the *Representative of the Home* robs from it not an iota of the humour with which



STUDY FOR 'ONCE A WEEK' ILLUSTRATION

(By Charles Keene)

been excelled. And lastly there is the comic little sketch of an old lady showing her tongue to a chimney. What could be more rapid and direct,

and more completely suggestive? Yet so conscientious was Keene, and so eclectic in his taste, that one of his *Punch* pictures which I have seen at Mr. Barker Foster's was the *seventh* version of the subject, every one of the previous sketches failing to satisfy the critical faculty of the artist.

Excellent up to a certain point as is this 'Life and Letters' there are statements of opinion to which it is impossible to subscribe, and assertions of fact which cannot be accepted. To these I may I think profitably pay some attention not for the purpose of cavilling at good work done, but in order that this authoritative compilation should not in the subsequent editions

which are sure to be called for go to posterity with its blemishes upon it. Let me first take the errors of fact as nearly as possible in the order in which they occur. It may be objected that they concern merely matters of detail; this may be so, but a blemish by such as this is necessarily made up of details—in which indeed its chief value consists. Mr. Silver the artist's friend who introduced him to *Punch*, is made responsible for

the statement that, after Keene first added his initials to his drawings in *Punch* his previous signature of a hawk only appeared twice, in point of fact it appeared upon his drawings no fewer than eight times. In giving a list of the first four drawings signed 'C. K.," Mr. Layard in reality mentions the first three and the fifth, omitting the fourth—in initial letter 'W,' representing a Turk playing 'back' to a ball at cricket. To the second volume for 1866 he says he contributed only three drawings. True, only three signed drawings appear, but others there in which though unsigned are unquestionably from the hand of the great 'Cockle.' The author further says that the year 1866 witnesses Keene's first appearance in the pages of *Punch* & *Pocket Books*. That *object* was made in the previous year 1865 and with the dated filling plate and title page entitled 'Pun his Sporting Enquiries—Awful Explosion' (a misprint for 'Explosion') to mark one of his happy efforts as entering an attack on squatterdom, whereas as even John Leech himself can be called with. By a curious oversight, Mr. Layard after recording Keene's visit to Pitt Rivers in

1856, states that not until twenty years later, when he went for a holiday to Biarritz, did he again cross the Channel, yet later on speaks of an intermediate visit to the Rhine. Again he applies Keene's name in never repeating a joke which he or another had previously used for *Punch*, but Keene in truth had no better a memory than other *Punch* contributors. Doubtless he rejected all subjects which he remembered had appeared, but jokes infinitely cannot be indexed—they crop up in all sorts of fancies and in various guises and disguises and by unconscious combination are often revived or accepted as new. And in this way Keene not

only repeated other old jokes on several occasions but he actually plagiarized himself.

In his chapter dealing with the cartoons drawn by Keene in the absence of Mr. Trueman Mr. Layard is neither accurate nor entirely explicit. It may be well therefore to say plainly that for *Punch* Keene drew thirty-three cartoons, which were published on the following dates: the 30th April, 1864, 7th and 21st July, and 11th August, 1866, 18th July,

1968, 6th March and 3rd April, 1875, and the 30th September and 27th November, 1877, while five of them appeared in 1878, on the 7th 12th 19th, and 26th October, and 2nd November, respectively. One of these—'At the Head of the Profession' (a fraudulent bank director cast, broken-hearted, among house-breakers at a police station)—he describes as 'perfunctory,' but it is, on the contrary, a very admirable piece of work, nearly as good as anything he ever did, though a little 'off on' in importance through its being drawn and reproduced on an unusually large scale. As regards the portraits in *Punch* by Keene of himself and the *Punch* staff—(Mr. Layard wrongly says he never was actually on the staff himself, not being in receipt of a salary; but the majority of *Punch* staff artists are not paid by salary)—it may be said firstly that the figure on p. 70 of the first volume for 1855 is undoubtedly his, and possibly is no more than a portrait of Keene, as it is not in the least like him, while among the more striking of his caricature likenesses which Mr. Layard has omitted mention are of those on p. 279 of the second volume for 1858, p. 167 of the second volume for 1867, p. 192 of the



A STUDY

(By Charles Keene)

first volume for 1868 p. 134 of the first volume for 1869 on p. 76 of the first volume for 1870, and on p. 176 of the first volume for 1871. Moreover the portrait of Mr Stacy Marks R.A. on p. 24 of the first volume for 1866, is a far better likeness of the genial Academician than that which has been reproduced in the book. Another point in the way which Keene was in the habit of reproaching was that of his nephew, who was destined to work with him for some years in the same close partnership—Mr A. T. (anon).

In speaking of those to whom Charles Keene was indebted for subjects Mr Layard tells us of two or three of the more important who supplied the artist here. But he omits all mention of Mr Henry Walker of Worcester from whom Keene received a number of his best subjects for which he began by paying himself until the editor took over that duty, and he tells us nothing of Mr Ashby Storr, as the suggestor, little of Mr Hayd n who contributed also much that was published from his own hand (whose portrait Keene introduced into the Almanack for 1857 as the Little Angler's "Genuine Friend" and elsewhere) or of Mr Herbert Foster, nothing of Mr Callaway, Mr Smith Clark, and others. Mr Watson if I must like not was among the many whose first contribution to *Punch* was redrawn by Keene to whom it was forwarded from the office to fix it, another was Major General Rodley, referred to in the book as *plum Captain*, who afterwards like Mr Talbot, was published intact and who to this day is an enthusiastic sketcher.

Mr Layard is severe upon those who hold that Keene so far as may be judged from his work had little appreciation of or sympathy for, female beauty, and he cites the drawing of the Brittany peasant, in the number for September 20th 1866 as testimony of the contrary. He might fairly have added the pretty woman to be found on p. 188, vol 1 1869—very lovely young lady, this p. 222 vol 1 1862, and p. 118, vol 2 1882 as further evidence. But these pretty women rather serve to accentuate the ugliness of all his other women when they should most have been beautiful, and Mr Layard overlooks the fact that though in these isolated and I may say accidental cases the women are pretty they are certainly devoid of elegance. They are hardly more ladylike than his men were handsome or as a rule

distinguished, and when our author declares that no one can doubt that if Keene had chosen he could have drawn god-like heroes and be-worthful young



STUDY OF A TREE

(By Charles Keene.)

ladies as well on as stoutly as Mr. Du Manger, he will certainly find no one to agree with him. That the artist could have drawn such from life—apart from his *Punch* pictures—there is little doubt, but even then his method of seizing and translating character would not adapt itself most easily to the representation of more facial beauty. On the many

and more completely suggestive? Yet so conscientious was Keene, and so eclectic in his taste that one of his *Punch* pictures which I have seen at Mr Birket Foster's was the *seventh* version of the subject every one of the previous sketches failing to satisfy the critical faculty of the artist.

Excellent up to a certain point as is this 'Life and Letters' then are statements of opinion to which it is impossible to subscribe, and assertions of fact which cannot be accepted. To these I may I think profitably pay some attention not for the purpose of dwelling at good work done but in order that this authentic compilation should not in the subsequent editions which are sure to be called for, go to posterity with its blunders upon it. Let me first take the errors of fact as nearly as possible in the order in which they occur. It may be objected that they comprise much matters of detail, this may be so but a biography such as this is necessarily made up of details—in which indeed its chief value consists. Mr Silver the artist's great friend who introduced him to *Punch*, is made responsible for

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1856, states that not until twenty years later, when he went for a holiday to Biarritz, did he again cross the Channel, yet later on speaks of an intimate visit to the Blaine. Again he applauds Keene's care in never repeating a joke which he or another had previously used in *Punch*, but Keene, in truth, had no better a memory than other *Punch* contributors. Doubtless, he rejected all subjects which he remembered had appeared, but jokes, unfortunately, cannot be indexed, they crop up in all sorts of forms and in various guises and disguises, and by unconscious attribution are often received or accepted as new. And in this way Keene not

only repeated other all jokes on several occasions, but he actually plagiarised himself.

In his chapter dealing with the cartoons drawn by Keene in the absence of Mr Tenniel, Mr Layard is neither accurate nor entirely explicit. It may be well then here to say plainly that for *Punch* Keene drew altogether thirteen cartoons, which were published on the following dates: the 30th April 1864, 7th and 21st July, and 11th August, 1866, 18th July,

1868, 6th March and 3rd April, 1875, and the 20th September and 27th November, 1877, while five of them appeared in 1878, on the 7th, 12th, 19th, and 26th October, and 2nd November, respectively. One of these—'At the Head of the Profession' (a fraudulent link director cast, broken heated among house breakers at a police station)—he describes as 'perfunctory,' but it is in the contrary, a very admirable piece of work, nearly as good as anything he ever did, though a little 'open' in appearance through its long drawn and reproduced on so immensely large a scale. As regards the portraits in *Punch* by Keene of himself and the *Punch* staff—(Mr Layard wrongly says he never was actually on the staff himself not being in receipt of a salary), but the majority of *Punch* staff artists are not paid by salary—it may be said, firstly, that the figure on p. 70 of the first volume for 1868 cannot possibly be meant for such a portrait of Keene as it is not in the least like him while among the more striking of his anti-graph like nesses which Mr Layard has omitted mention are of those on p. 279 of the second volume for 1874, p. 165 of the second volume for 1867, p. 192 of the



A STUDY
(By Charles Keene)



SHELLEY

(Draught by C. E. Skelton - Set and corrected by Theodore Watts)

book covers too which Keene executed for the yellow back novels the pictures of which still serve to attract purchasers at the railway book stalls Mr Layard is silent. The general impression too that Keene entertained no feelings of friendship towards the Royal Academy is indignantly floated by him. Nevertheless, the belief—now disproved—that he had never even entered the rooms of the Academy was for a long time shared by some of his own colleagues, and the fact remains that while he richly spoke of the Academy with respect he steadily refused to the last from contributing to it although he did exhibit elsewhere.

And finally it is something of a pity that Mr Layard has adopted so unadvised a tone in defence of his hero—if defence it can be called when none attracts. He speaks scornfully of the journalists when they have not forebly and contemptuously of them when they tried to. In the first case he says they were ignorant of his greatness in the second they ought to exploit him—forgetting that it is no more reprehensible to write in article laudatory or critical about a man's life and work while he is among us than a book when he is dead. He refers to Keene's work for the *Illustrated London News* in which he was engaged as special artist as pot boiling but he fails to explain why it is less dignified to make a picture of an actual than of a supposed event—of a serious than a crime occurrence. This is doubtless characteristic of the author's unexpressed but pronounced

dislike of journalism and distrust of the public taste, yet he himself points out that Keene's artist companions at the Sketching Club could no more appreciate his work than the writers—though the former had ample opportunities of seeing and judging which the latter who were not professional artists, richly enjoyed.

Yet notwithstanding what I have ventured to consider as blunders the book in its kind is a very notable addition to the literature of art more especially of that narrower section of it known as black and white. It places before us the great master of the craft in his habit as he lived and wrote. And even though Mr Layard was personally unknown to him and has gained his acquaintance at second hand—partly through the contributions of several of the artist's friends but certainly not less through his letters—he has presented to us the personality of Charles Keene with completeness and tact no less than with humour appreciation and literary skill. He is perhaps with unshared modesty avoided any real criticism of the master's work: he has declined in consequence of the many difficulties that presented themselves to compile a bibliography of the works he illustrated, and he has chosen to consider that he has done little more than to compile a volume of *recherches*. But the reader will close the book with the conviction that here is a work of sterling worth a thing of beauty in itself, both as a work of art and literature and a memorial not unworthy of our greatest master of the draught-man's pen.

For the Shelley Centenary.

(MAY 1ST 4TH 1892)

*IN Christ's own town did fools of old condemn
A sinless maid to burn in felon's fire,
She looked above, she spake from out the pyre
To skies that made a star for Bethlehem,
When, lo! the flames touching her garment's hem
Blossom'd to roses—warbled like a lye—
Made every fagot-twigg a scented brier,
And crowned her with a rose-bud diadem!**

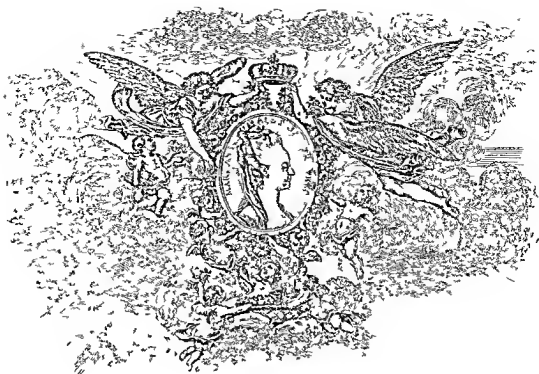
*Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong
Our Heart of Hearts hath conquered—conquered those
Once fain to work the world and Shelley wrong
Their pyre of hate now bourgeons with the rose—
Their every fagot, now a sweet brier, throws
Love's breath upon the breeze of Shelley's song!*

THEODORE WATT.



SHELLEY

(Designed by C. E. Sedgwick. Engraved by Thomas Wooler.)



HOMMAGE DES ARTS

(Portrait of Marie Antoinette by R. L. Prevost)

ON SOME PORTRAITS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

By LORD DONALD GOWER



MARIE ANTOINETTE

"Immortal par les fastes
de l'histoire." (Marie Antoinette)

I HAVE been asked to write a paper on the portraits of Marie Antoinette, and although I feel almost to know the face of that hapless Queen as if I had seen her at Versailles in her splendour and in the prisons of the Temple and of the Conciergerie in her misery I find it no easy task to convey on paper the impression of a face which will haunt all who have studied the manners and histories of that momentous drama the French Revolution. For many years I had collected every print and engraving relating to Marie Antoinette until I found that my collection had become so large that I had no room for it in my small Windsor house and after vainly trying to find a purchaser for it as a whole I had at length reluctantly to have it broken up and scattered.

There are two faces which will always be of deep

interest to lovers of history and romance. Both are those of Queens both born in the purple and both meeting after cruel sufferings most nobly endured release from those sufferings on the scaffold. A great authority on historical portraiture Mr Schuff the Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, is now engaged in writing an account of the portraits of one of these Queens, that of Mary of Scotland, a more interesting work of its kind will not be easily met with. I do not propose to undertake a similar task in here describing some of the portraits of the other Princess Marie Antoinette but will only attempt to write a short account of some of the most interesting of her portraits.

In a preface written by M. Duplessis (Keeper of the department of engravings in the National Library of Paris) to the illustrated catalogue of my collection of Marie Antoinette's engraved portraits published by Quatin of Paris—reference is made to the various artists employed to engrave portraits of Marie Antoinette commencing in the earliest days of her sojourn in France when still almost a child,

up to the last days of her life when her once beautiful hair had blushed from unceasing suffering
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentis mortuæ tangunt

Among the artists who painted Marie Antonette when she was Dauphine the names of Drouais, Michel van Loo, and Duerloo are best known. None of these portraits do justice to the beauty for which the youthful Princess was famous. They represent Marie Antonette with almost a plain face and without any of the charm which she then most undoubtedly had. I have passed the French school and thick the Austrian painting, I was left with a strongly marked. These features are also evident in the medals struck and in all of this early period of her life in France. That delightful artist Moreau has done in his portraits of the Dauphine drawings which the hand of such able engravers as Guéhen and Lezanne transferred to copper plates all those traits in the Princess's face strongly marked. Of that period of her life is by far the most attractive representation of the Dauphine is that beautiful engraving known as the *Hommage des Arts*—designed by Cochin and engraved by Levestre in which the profile of Marie Antonette is placed on a medallion encircled by angels and surrounded by the Arts in the form of graceful nymphs with attendant cupids around.

When Queen the full length engraving drawn by Tournier and engraved by Duflos is I think the one which gives the best idea of the majesty and grandeur of Marie Antonette and recalls the immortal description of her appearance in Edmund Burke's words—words so well known to me that I need not quote them. None of the engravings after the many portraits of the Queen by Michel Lezanne are satisfactory—the one best known of which the original is now at Versailles and wherein the Queen is represented with her children has never been well reproduced neither has a very interesting full length life size portrait of Marie Antonette with her children walking in the gardens of Trianon by the Swedish artist Westmüller a picture painted for Gustavus III of Sweden and now in the museum at Stockholm. This picture was exhibited in the gallery of the Louvre in the year 1785 and had I time been painting during the previous year at Versailles or at Trianon. In that year the Queen writing to her brother Joseph II says: "I feel more a Queen in my gardens than anywhere else. My trees and

my flowers do not fatigue me like the etiquette and representation does when at Court I am surrounded by devoirs and interests. A very few years were to pass when all she loved was torn from her her gardens and her trees and her flowers and later on her friends husband children



MARIE ANTONETTE.

(From the Engraving by P. D. for after the Portrait by Tournier.)

The Queen loved to be painted at Trianon in her straw hat and in a plain muslin dress with a rose or two in her hair—and these portraits are I think much more interesting and infinitely more touching than those in which she appears in Court dress. There are several charming portraits of her when at Trianon one especially by an unknown artist which has not been engraved.

Three years after the Queen's execution a visitor describes the once beautiful little house of rest at Trianon which Mary Antoinette had so loved and where we can still enjoy up her image surrounded by her children and friends as follows—

At the entrance of the little Trianon a notice—

BERNARD EVANS, R.I.

BY ARTHUR T. STIMP

AMONGST the many clever and talented landscape painters of the day there is perhaps not one who is more strongly individual or whose art is more strikingly original. The growth of his genius than Bernard Evans. Occasionally his works are seen in the exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and occasionally—still more occasionally—in the gallery of the Royal British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. But here is the most excellent exhibition because in the first place he is not a great producer and then what he does produce is eagerly picked up by collectors. One would like to have the opportunity of seeing in his



BERNARD EVANS, R.I.
(After the Self-portrait of 1871)

his works not only for the reason that they possess the quality of all superior art of the present, but also for the further reason that they carry in the best traditions of the great landscape art of the past. Some in consequence dub Mr Evans as of the old school, but it should not be forgotten that it is a school which has produced work that has never been surpassed and that bids fair to live when a great deal of the flashy work of to-day is utterly forgotten.

Bernard Evans was born in Birmingham in December 1848 and is the son of Walter Swift Evans the descriptive Gothic designer. When

young he received his commission for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament the elder Evans was appointed one of his assistants in the carrying out

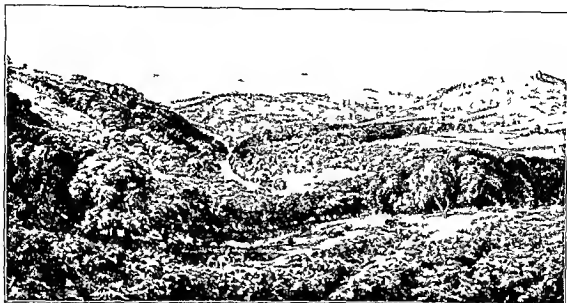
of the designs. His son later studied his first instruction in art from Samuel Laing, a well known teacher of drawing in Birmingham the scholar of the master of Wynne and Grosvenor the Academy. He subsequently received instruction under George Wallis at the Birmingham School of Art and a practical knowledge of landscape painting as a student of the late Edward Watts at the school of landscape art and received great encouragement from his master Mr. Lockhart Henshaw.

whose works it is predicted will some day be as valuable as David Cox's and strongly recommended him to devote himself to art.

Henshaw's insight was abundantly justified coming to London at the age of twenty he (Bernard Evans) had the gratification of seeing his drawing in a private "Climbing Pictures" on the line at South Kensington. In 1871 his water colour entitled "February" won for him a similar honour at the Royal Academy. The same good fortune befell him in the following year in a picture "A Lonely Valley, Cranbrook Chase, Warwickshire" and "The Villa of Tricketon, Cranbrook Chase."

In 1876 Mr Evans became a member of the

Royal Society of British Artists exhibiting 'A Fine work in the Society of British Artists exhibition
 Day in Winter, 'Peithshure Meadows and A These are just the points in which Mr Evans



UPPER WHARFEDALE.

(From the Painting by Bernard Evans R.I. In the possession of the Trustees of the Liverpool)

Valley Farm" respecting the latter the first strength lies. To use his own phrase he considers
Journal and In breadth and light effect of their weather the expression of landscape and his great



ST AGATHAN ABBEY

(From the Painting by Bernard Evans R.I. In the possession of the Trustees of the Liverpool)

atmosphere knowledge of cloud and hill form and and is always to reproduce the true feeling and
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BY ALFRED T. STOW.

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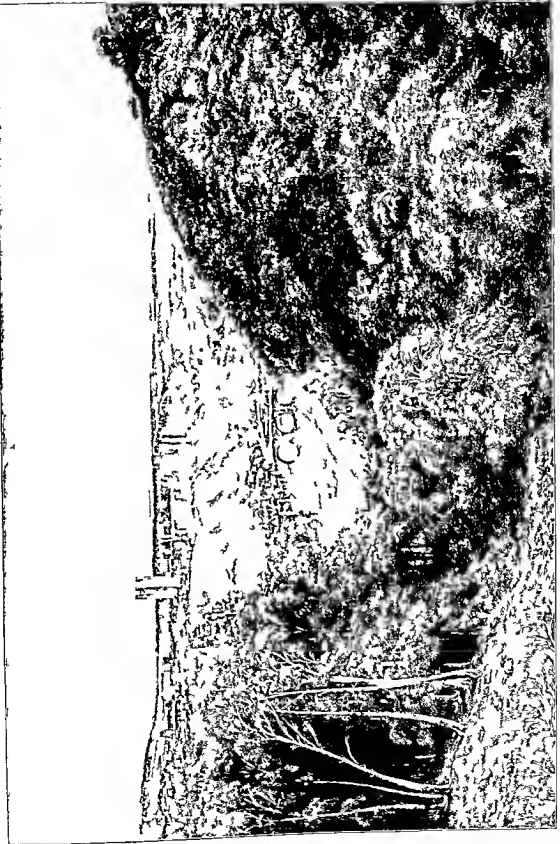
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BERNARD EVANS, R.I.
(From a sketch by the artist.)



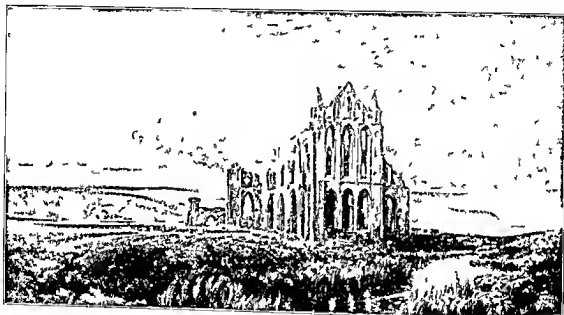
LICHMOND 10 KSHIRE

1 x 7 3 by 5 4 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

this respect may be gathered from a notice which appeared in *The Times* of 1881. Speaking of *The Valley of the Dee* exhibited that year with *A Passing Storm* the critic said: "In the former especially Mr Evans has attempted a great deal for the masses of cloud that roll across the background more vast and stormier than the ordinary winter skies to which, with but on the whole his boldness has been justified. The other and more perfect landscape is also of high quality."

Pivers, and if it should happen that he produces there still finer work than he has yet done his positions may look up at the recent affliction which dictated the wintering in a milder climate as a not altogether unmixed evil.

During the last five years Mr Evans has been busy chiefly with the Abbots of York in residence for the most part at Harrogate. He has already painted six of them: Pevsley, St. Hilary, Whitby, Ilton, Fountains, Ryland, and St. Agatha's Early,



ST. HILDA'S ABBEY

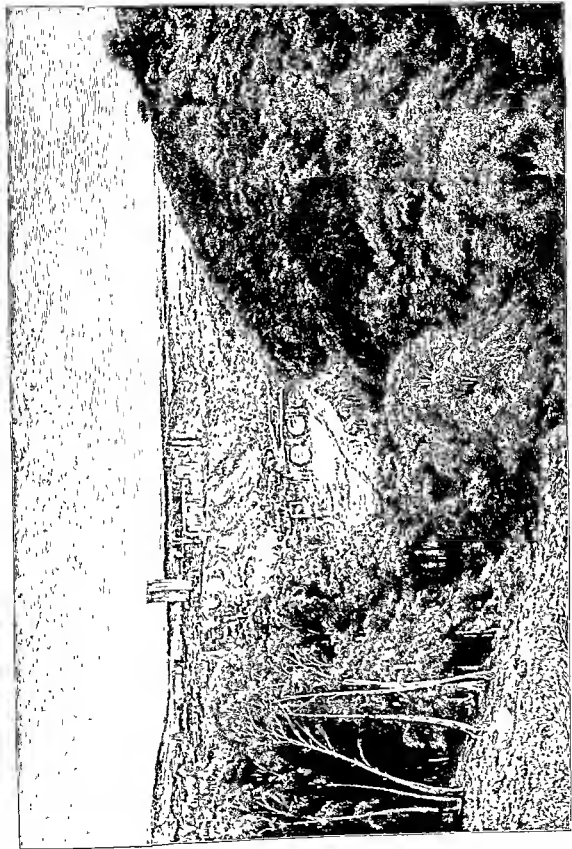
(From the *Picture Palace* in the *Illustration* of J. O. Rock, Esq.)

Since 1881 Mr Evans has exhibited through irregularly at the Royal Academy and the Royal British Artists and of more recent years at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours of which he was elected a member in 1898. The order of some of his works is as follows: In 1882 on the theme of the Academy, *A Fine Day in January*, the full wing year a study called *Laithes* and at Suffolk Street, *A Mountain Landscape* in 1883 and *Harmonious* in 1884. Later he exhibited at the Royal Academy, *A Fern Harvest*, *Cornfield*, *Clare*, and in 1886 *The Hunt Heath*, *Cannock Chase*. For two years the artist was incapacitated from doing anything in consequence of an affection of the eyes brought on by too much exposure in the pursuit of his calling for all his work is done out of doors. Fortunately for him and his art he is now quite recovered and good it is to be hoped for many a long year of work yet. During the earlier part of the year he was trying his hand in the pictures new of the

but as he intends to paint the entire series he has yet twenty to do—a good number. Of *Ilton* and *Fountains* indeed he has painted several views.

Languishing Winter Chills the Lap of Spring, which serves for one of our illustrations of Mr Evans' work is his latest *Fountains Abbey* having been painted in the early part of last year and is a fine example of the artist's more mature work. It presents the south side of the Abbey which is invested with an air of romance and mystery as seen through the tall trees whose fallen leaves give a still richness to the picture in striking contrast to the heavy masses of uprolling, emerald which laden with snow use the thicket of the ruins.

Neither in this nor in any of Mr Evans' later works is there any of the usual sketchy quality of water colour. He finishes with minute care and probably carries his drawings further than any other landscape water colour artist living. In his trees especially is this fact noteworthy. His foliage shows nothing of the clumsiness so common in landscapes



RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

(From the *Illustrations* by Bernard Evans, R.I. in the *Poems* of W. J. Fox, Esq. Engraved by F. J. Smith, R.S.)

Wint Cotman and Lulling as his masters, but, while adopting these as his exemplars, he has always gone to Nature herself for his inspiration and he expresses the impressions thus derived in his own way. There is an eloquence in his atmospheres and cloud shapes that needs to have been felt to be fully appreciated. Nor is he less deft in his treatment of woodland scenery for which he has a special predilection patiently when he can get it in masses. He has something of Turner in his grandiose method of composition thus investing his pictures with a fine air of fugeness and mystery. This arises in great measure from his use of the widest scales of tint in his colour, towards the more arid tones of colour and from the rigid avoidance of the pink and pea green in landscape. It speaks well for the appreciation in which his work is held that he seldom has any pictures in his studio. They are bought up as quickly as painted and he generally has commissions on hand besides. Some of his landscapes have gone to America others to the Colonies. His Cannock Chase and another were purchased for the National Gallery at Sydney while

A Sunset has found a place on the walls of the National Gallery at Melbourne. Three other pictures, Christ in Gethsemane, John the Baptist, and a large oil painting of Knave's Tongue from the Castle Yard were acquired by Mr Walter Hill

of the Mount Morgan Gold Mines, New South Wales.

It is worthy of remark that Mr Evans was the founder of the City of London Society of Artists started with considerable éclat ten or eleven years ago under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, the late Duke of Albany, the Princess Louise and the then Lord Mayor Sir Francis Truscott. The first exhibition was opened at Skinner's Hall in January 1880. Two other exhibitions were held in the same place which was lent to the artists for three years. The fourth was held in the disused law courts of the Guildhall which the society admirably altered for the purpose and was under the patronage of the aldermen and officers of the City. This proved to be the last exhibition the Corporation refusing to grant the room when asked to do so the next year and making use of it afterwards for an annual loan collection. When Sir Francis Truscott accepted the first year's presidency he said the City exacted with him its kind from a thing it had created and it is to be regretted that the Corporation did not regard his promise as limiting the more so as it is historically and in regard to the sale of works the exhibitions were a decided success the last one particularly so. In fact in it was gathered the finest collection of sculpture ever brought together by living English artists.

THE GRAFTON GALLERY

By M. PHIPPS JACKSON



WITHOUT entering closely into the question of the true purpose of pictorial design it may perhaps be accepted as a general principle that the love of fine art in a people is an evidence of progress. If we

were to measure the taste of our countrymen from only a period not antecedent to the time when the British Institution closed its doors by the number of permanent galleries of greater or lesser importance that have since sprung up in the metropolis the result would be not a little astonishing. The first great institution important alike in its motive and institution that has practically ceased to exist as representing art is the Grosvenor Gallery. What that delightful and most popular resort did for the cause in which it had its being it is need less to mention here, but it may, I hope, be asserted without offence that the vacancy thus caused has not yet been quite filled. As to what may be accomplished in that direction can perhaps be judged by

the particulars I am about to furnish of a grand artistic edifice in the course of construction scarcely more than a stone's throw from the gallery I have but now alluded to.

Started as a company, with a share capital of £20,000 and a like number of shares a site has been secured for a noble range of galleries, the principal entrance to which will be in Grafton Street New Bond Street whilst the rear will extend very nearly to Bruton Street. The actual space covered will be not less than 270 feet in length with from 20 to 30 feet in breadth and with corresponding height. Whilst the illustrations published with these notes gave a fair idea of the structural nature of the undertaking it may not be uninteresting to explain that the chief entrance to the building in Grafton Street will be into a handsome hall, this leading to the suite of galleries of which in order to realise their importance it would seem to be desirable to give the dimensions. The first reached is the Octagon Gallery, which is 35 feet by 33. From this entrance

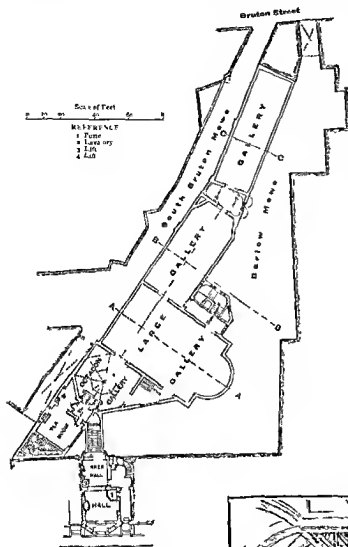
is obtained to the Large Gallery: a splendid room 62 feet long by 43 feet broad. Passing through this

The architects Messrs J T Wiggins and Arbuckle of 25 Beekville Street are also making rather a special feature of the lighting of the galleries which having regard to their artistic purpose will be illuminated not from the immediate centre of the ceilings but from windows contiguous, somewhat after the fashion as some of us will remember of the Salon in the Champ de Mars.

In addition to the chief entrance in Grafton Street the building will be open on both sides so that two carriage entrances can be made from Pruton Street one of them communicating with Hay Hill Berkeley Square. It is also not unlikely that in course of time another handsome entrance to the galleries may be acquired in Bruton Street.

Having given some idea of the building in its mere structural aspect, and considering the vast importance attaching to the management of so great an undertaking it may be well to briefly allude to that branch of the subject and then conclude with a reference to the more particular artistic features of the scheme.

When on a long lease with satisfactory terms the site was taken over by the company from Messrs Thomas Denman Croft and Francis Gerard Prince as vendors it was felt how essential it was to secure a very powerful directorship and it should be some guarantee that the management of the company will be



PLAN OF THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

We find the Middle Gallery which is 59 feet long by 28 feet broad, and finally after crossing a lofty the Long Gallery, a spacious apartment no less than 68 feet long by 20 feet 6 inches broad is reached. This imposing suite of rooms will be on about the same plane as the entrance in Grafton Street. In the basement and elsewhere in the edifice there will be rooms for diners, teas and suppers whilst the kitchen and other domestic offices will be amply provided for.



THE LARGE GALLERY.

carried out in an efficiently business manner when it is to be noted that Viscount Linn, MP, Lord Croft Esq, Alfred Fugahar Esq, the Marquis of Granby MP, W G Littlejohn Esq, Lord Hotfield, Lord Lerdown, Esq, QC, and the Earl of Wharncliffe have agreed to act as directors. The various duties of secretaries have been entrusted to Mr Henry Dishop who was for about two years engaged at the Grosvenor Gallery. The offices of the company will be at 8 Grafton Street, W, where all particulars may be obtained.

A regular and more numerous purpose of this important addition to the Metropolitan Art Society, there appears to be a collection of motive sufficient to ensure popularity. It is the intention of the

is hoped that by generous treatment of such works to make their authors feel they are to experience the consideration due to professors of so high a

branch of the fine arts. It is well to add that the general exhibition scheme is comprehensive in character and may as time and opportunity serve include not only specimens of painting and sculpture but also of objects germane to these arts.

Such is the undertaking it will be long before submitted to the public. It is not intended that it should supersede or interfere with existing institu-

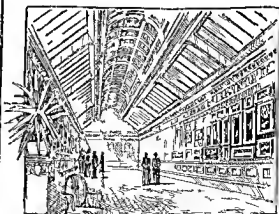
tions of the kind but rather that it should supply any want that may still be felt in similar societies. Stated with a desire to spread knowledge of the arts of leagu among the masses with every arrange-



THE OCTAGON GALLERY



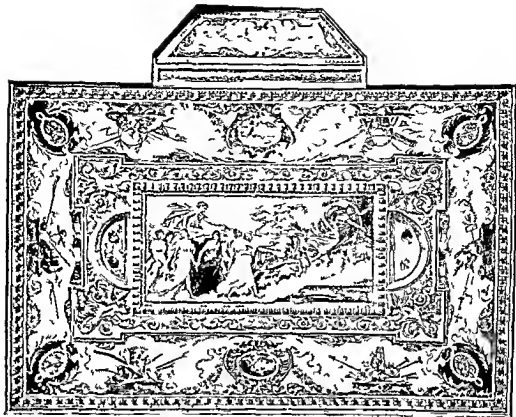
THE LION GALLERY



THE FVD GALLERY

directors to exhibit periodically the very best examples of current art both British and foreign that are obtainable. The branch of sculpture also enters somewhat prominently into the programme and it

most careful faith will be supplied as to architecture and the comfort of visitors the Grafton Galleries would appear likely to command success.



GLICK BLAIS ALLOPS IN THE DRAWING IN CEILING AT ASBRIDGE
(1840 by T. S. S. S.)

ARTISTIC HOMES THE DECORATION OF CEILINGS—II

By G. T. ROBINSON F.R.A.

MY first article on the subject of the decoration of ceilings was mainly occupied in tracing the way and fall of that wonderful stucco work which made them a remarkable and peculiar feature in our English homes. Nor is this reversion to their past history a matter of merely archaeological and antiquarian interest for the present is born of the past while in literature in art and

As in of old fables come from the green grove
So of old books can we find our new news

and the cunning knowledge of to-day springs from the seed sown broadcast by our forefathers. I have the more especially reverted to this old practice of making and hanging plaster models expressly to suit the shape and altitude of the particular ceiling as I am greatly lessons of seeing so beautiful an art process more graciously revived. It has well nigh passed into the limbo of forgotten things and it is painful to record that its death blow was dealt by an architect.

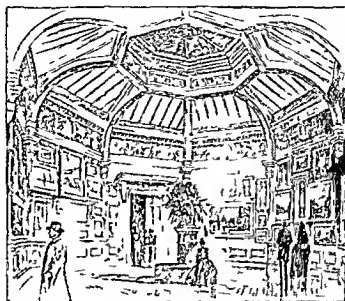
When Violet Adams returned from her study of old Roman architecture in its most unadorned phase he brought with him a new fashion directly derived from the degenerate decadence then prevailing in modern Italy. Instead of seeking to execute his designs in the old modelled stucco work by which they were originally executed he borrowed the craft of the cheap picture and mirror frame maker and brought with him a band of Italian workmen endowed with the knowledge of a secret composition itself the ultimate offspring of the noble old art of working in gesso. This was a pretty like mixture pressed into box wood moulds and from this pretty cool ware of pliant material made a few trifles of honey-suckle ornaments in vases and scrolls he arranged often with grace and elegance light murmuring festoons and garlands which were not by any means without merit but which by constant iteration became their tannaceous. The illustration on page 350 will give a good and

carried out in an efficient business manner when it is to be noted that Viscount Baring M.P. T. D. Croft Esq. Alfred Farquhar, Esq., the Marquis of Granby M.P. W. G. Liddell Esq. Lord Halditch E. M. Loder Esq. Esq. Q.C., and the Earl of Wharncliffe have agreed to act as directors. The various duties of secretary have been entrusted to Mr. Henry Fishwick who was for about two years engaged at the Liverpool Art Fair. The offices of the company will be at 8, Grafton Street, W. where all particulars may be obtained.

As regards the more immediate purpose of this important addition to the Metropolitan art societies there appears to be a catholicity of motive sufficient to ensure popularity. It is the intention of the

is hoped that by generous treatment of such works to make their authors feel they are to experience the consideration due to professors of so high a branch of the fine arts. It is well to add that the general exhibition scheme is comprehensive in character, and may as time and opportunity serve include not only specimens of painting and sculpture but also of objects pertaining to those arts.

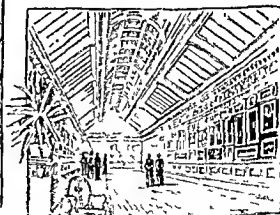
Such is the undertaking that will ere long be submitted to the public. It is not intended that it should supersede or interfere with existing institutions of the kind but rather that it should supply any want that may still be felt in similar societies. Started with a desire to spread knowledge of the arts of design among the masses, with every arrange-



THE OCTAGON GALLERY



THE EAST GALLERY



THE WEST GALLERY

directors to exhibit periodically the very best examples of current art both English and Foreign that are obtainable. The French of sculpture also enters into what is undoubtedly not only a programme and it

most careful thought, it could supply us to architectural fitness and the comfort of visitors, the Grafton Galleries would appear likely to command success.



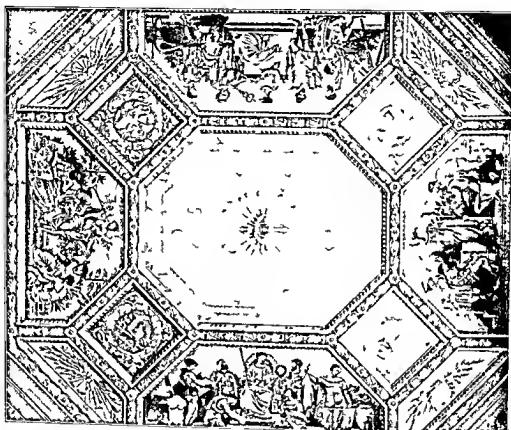
CLIPPO RENAISSANCE "ACTORS" IN THE DRAWING ROOM CEILING AT ASHMOLEAN.
(By a Drawing Room)

favourable example of this class of work as designed by its supporter at its best.

There was one redeeming quality in Adams's own work—he did provide entrenches for low relief figure work or for paintings by such elegant artists as Cipriani or Angelica Kauffman and other painters of inferior grace and equal decorative value as

picture frames, musical instruments and the other pieces which had found wrought carving hitherto had occupied.

Once let loose the new process ran rampant and the grace and elegance which brought it into vogue soon disappeared at the order hands into which it afterwards fell, it became bad in manufacture and



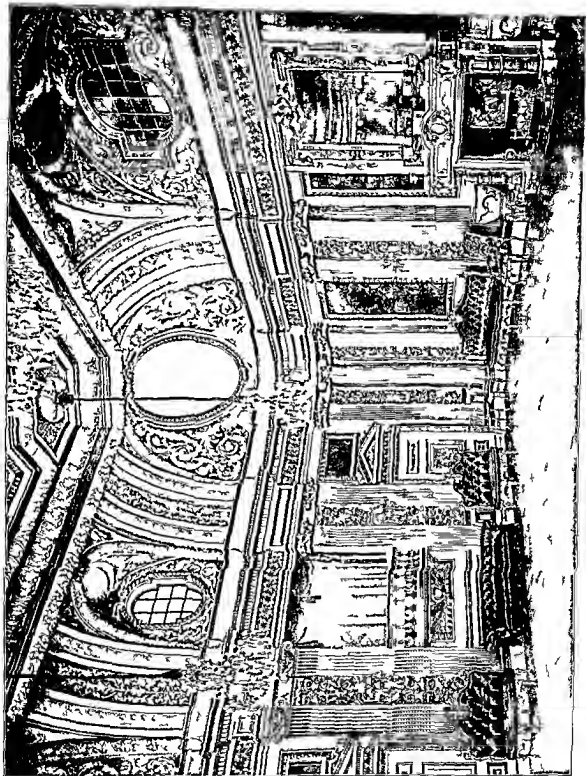
CEILING OF THE LIBRARY FAIRLAW, SPRINGFIELD.

(From a Photograph by H. P. Parsons.)

Of course a process so easily applied and so new because immensely popular. The demand was greater than the limited land of Italian workmen could supply so with characteristic energy an Englishman fathomed the secret and the great grandfather—indeed I may I think say the great great grandfather—of some of the present representatives of the still eminent firm of George Jackson and Sons then a clerk of works to some houses which were building in Portland Place from Adams's designs took good note of the various materials supplied to the Italians then working there and learned himself a carver he set himself sedulously to work and finally succeeded in producing the fashionable composition which was covering not only the ceilings but the walls, the chimney-pieces, the door frames

design at hand none. This was bad enough but worse followed and an evil which yet survives—on rather weighs upon us for there never was life in it—came in cast plaster work.

Plaster putty had at least the merit that it was light; you could bend it its flexible sprays about open it here and close it there and give some touch of human handicraft to it, but the rigid fossilised plaster, which must be thick and stout enough to handle whilst cementing it to its groundwork and heavy enough to bruise your head for the sin you had committed if it fell that that was the dreadful depth of disgrace which the ceiling decorator then raised on high. Do not say I know too well those hideous central flowers, those curiously bad angle pieces, that dreadful running border as still is a corpse?

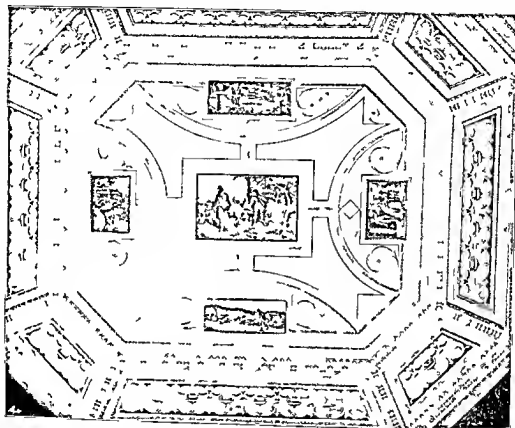


MUSIC SALOON VINBORNE HOUSE

enormously varied and not being so bound by architectural rules as the formative one, is more difficult to classify and analyse. Indeed it would take a good sized volume with coloured illustrations to describe and delineate. Yet it has wondrous charms and has received the best and bravest work of the greatest artists. Its success however does not merely depend upon its own merits for it is simply

which formed the study of the proprietor and is of a more sombre character in colour. The *Luncheon of Genoa* illuminates its centre whilst the panels which surround it are filled with the effigies of those who have shone in literature, science and art.

The third (see p. 351) is the ceiling of the large drawing room at Ashridge the seat of Earl Brownlow a room some fifty feet long and thirty feet wide



CEILING OF THE BOLDIO FAIRLAWN, BLENHEIM

(A. P. 177) by H. J. Roberts

the colonnading part of our general scheme of decoration and cannot be considered merely by itself. I nevertheless call your attention to some modern forms of it two of them showing how it can be suitably introduced and the third of a high rank. The first of these is the ceiling of the small drawing room of a house of the eighteenth century. I use the ceiling itself of which an illustration is given on this page is a new one designed in its formative lines to suit the architectural character of the building. It is divided by ribs into compartments and is decorated with conventional ornament pointing in faint relief to the subjects of the subjects taken from the eighteenth century poets. The other (see p. 352) is that of a similar room

and which has only just been completed. The central panel is a fine study copy of Guido's *Annunciation* from the Hospitaller Palace in Rome of the same size as the original and executed by an Italian artist on the spot expressly for Lord Brownlow. It is surrounded by a border containing trophies of the arts the sciences the chase, arms, agriculture and commerce with festoons of flowers and conventional ornament.

All these three have been executed by Messrs. Trillocker under my own direction and supervision and will show in some slight degree some of the capabilities for charming artistic decoration of this class at the present time. In other cases I have frequently found in the collection of the possessors

of old pictures in my 'gallery-pieces'—fairly good pictures, but of no great value—landscapes and paintings which require to be seen at a distance and which, by tuning the surrounding ornaments to their influence or reject their colour form as the ceiling decoration, although they were too large or not sufficiently highly finished for exhibition so near the eye as they would be on the walls of our smaller English rooms. Indeed in ceiling decoration whether painted or modelled much finish is detrimental to effect, but with long the essential quality. In a simpler form you can produce a very good effect by painted ornament—kept from pictorial illustration—and not aiming at high art. In fact when you cannot get better work of the best drawing it is far better not to have it at all but confine yourself to ornamental detail. Until recently it has been hardly possible to get good figure painting in England except at a very high price, but there are now always so many of the younger artists who are not overburdened with work but who are quite capable of doing it well and are content with a moderate reward, indeed I am glad to say I am pointing many ceilings designed by me on which is the handwork of several artists who are now members of the Royal Academy and who then found this class of painting eminently useful and instructive to them, giving them the sense of breadth and the mastery of a large brush greatly to their future good to gether with a welcome if moderate addition to their purse.

Of course, a painted ceiling requires a painted wall. Both must be considered permanent decorations and both must join together. Well done under the right direction they will last for generations and if proper materials are used can be cleaned without injury so that in the long run it is not such an expensive process as it seems. And it is not rejected everywhere—it is an individual work and not a ready-made mechanical affair purchasable at

any yard by anyone else. Yet there are ready-made, mechanically-produced expedients which are useful where circumstances prevent the use of the higher forms of decoration where of higher decoration only is needed and for the less important rooms in a house. Some of Mr. Scott Morton's embossed canvas pictures are very suitable for this purpose and by the judicious use of a few moulded wood ribs and a few ceilings can be produced from them. Embossed papers, Anaglyphs, Eglomise and many other low-relief products are of course Japanese paper which combines both colour and relief can be very advantageously used with burlap or other mouldings and the gold ground is very effective in a somewhat dark room and stock paper painted in one tone and rolled with another so as to pick out the ornamental pattern in a lighter or a darker tint produces a good effect. But in all these cases you should do something to relieve the monotony of a large expanse of the same reticulated ornament either by breaking up the surface by broad divisions into panels or constructing a broad border of another pattern. The designs of many of these papers are often very admirable and have engaged the attention of our most skilful designers such as Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day and many others. They were fully treated of by Mr. Day in *The Magazine of Art* for April.

I have I think, shown you the principal means by which our ceilings have been and can be decorated, and I leave now only one general piece of advice to give. Do not attempt to do this without professional advice. I am not a qualified workman at the shrine of Demeter of the Ephesians, but knowing how exceedingly difficult it is to design a good ceiling to suit the particular circumstances of almost any room and having first made many failures and seen so many by others, I warn the inexperienced amateur against attempting it. Failure is so easy success so difficult.

"THE KIND CONFESSOR"

PAINTED BY PEDRO DE ZAMORA

FOUND IN CHURCH COURTY

"THE Kind Confessor"—widely known as "The Good Priest" and "Royal Confessor"—is one of the best known paintings of one of the most eminent Spanish painters of the latter half of the century. By birth Zamora was a Spaniard but by education he belongs to the French school and was in fact a pupil of Delacroix. All while he usually selected subjects attuned to his racial feelings, he was nevertheless regarded in his native country

as something of an alien. A past master of the craft of painting he was essentially a man of wit—a satirist in *Thackeray* who worked with the Irish model of with a pen. A literary painter *par excellence* he probably equalled his master in his power of the Art hand the resources of his art and it might be added that he possessed a sense of poetry equal in degree to his sense of humour. He might have taken his place among the first painters of the age.

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

A GOOD deal has been said recently at Art Union societies and elsewhere about mural painting and our own society all its in this direction have been contrasted with the extensive productions of the modern French and German schools. The present work of which we give some illustrations and are taken and carried out during the last four years by the artist of Edinburgh may be seen through a window away this result.

There are two kinds of mural painting. In the one kind the painting is executed in canvas or similar material in a frame in the building, to be admired and this is obviously applied to all walls in the church spots in the other the work is actually carried out *in situ*

It is one of the chief merits of the painting in question that it does not consist merely in pictures more or less decoratively treated framed in certain wall spaces but in a series comprising figured and

other immovable booklets and illustrations with the same subjects pieces of life size personages all standing in their mutual connections and relation to the architecture of the apartment. The work is not finished. Indeed by the summer of the cathedral will be picture there is a certain amount

of shrewdness about Mrs. Truppin's drawings, due to the fact that though a sincere student of painting, she has lacked the (not unimpaired) advantages of a professional education. On the other hand the paint



FIG. 1.—PORTION OF MURAL PAINTING AT THE SONG SCHOOL BY MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Truppin)



FIG. 2.—PORTION OF MURAL PAINTING AT THE SONG SCHOOL BY MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

(By Mrs. Truppin)



LANDSCAPE WITH PLAINS

(By Mrs. Truppin. Several of the figures are by the artist's own hand)

on the walls in order to make a more perfect picture. Mrs. Truppin has asked the artist to paint the walls of the school and the walls of the school.

more naturally is a mural and this most especially in the primary requisites of colour of light and shade and of a more substantial design. The hall is used for the training of the

The scope of the choir in the theme is a sense of liberation in which are shown in all the orders of creation from fishes and beasts through the ranks of ordinary mortal society up to the heroes of the human race and finally the angels hit. Our illustration is the first portion of the work attacked is ambitious in theme (Christ Opposes the Kings of the East) the "Destruction of the Temple" but is on the other hand a third in execution. It shows a portion of a procession where angels in rainbow robes in following the heroes of modern and ancient times of whom walks the poet laureate. The technical process employed is one that lends itself to a brightness and brilliancy of effect which is the great charm of the work. The walls first receive several coats of cream white oil paint over the plaster and on the well finished surface thus secured the artist works with oil pigment rendered in liniment by turpentine. A rubbing of this allowed to reach the proper degree of desiccation is then manipulated with the hand and the right till texture is obtained the lights being in every case obtained by the luminousness of the white ground and not by bold colour. The process is the artist's own and when locked with a flat varnish the work seems likely to be durable. When we note that the hall measures some thirty seven feet by twenty five and the painting covers the two gable ends (above a panelled door) and a hundred feet high upon the

Five pictures have been newly hung in the National Gallery. The first is *Abel and Cain* by Jacob van Ruisdael—a picture bequeathed by



DOOR OF A VILLAGE INN

(By George Morant. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

South in May which has been in the possession of the Gallery for many years and which numbered 44 apparently takes the place in the official catalogue of the "Cherry" by Gainsborough now at South Kensington. A *Landscape with Trees* (1302) by Montherm the work of the late Mr. Richard W. Cooper is remarkable for its delicate painted trees. Another work from the same donor is a *Landscape with Satyr* (1303) ascribed to Martin Ickeaert. The *Door of a Village Inn* (1301) by George Morant is an admirable sunset effect in that master. *Hughes Servants* (1304) is the first of our school is an interesting group of six or three male and three female which has been purchased out of the Lewis Fund and which we propose to illustrate shortly in these pages.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum have been obtaining during the last few years very carefully executed models of some of the most highly decorated examples of architecture in Italy to show the relation between the ornament and the buildings themselves. The most recent of these additions are models of the Chapel of St. Peter Martyr in Sant' Fuorigo at Milan and a small portion of the interior work of the Sala del Consiglio or Hall of the Bankers at Perugia.

The former known as the Cappella di Santuario erected by Michelozzo Michelozzi of Florence about



A BLEACHING GROUNDS.

(By Jacob van Ruisdael. Recently received by the National Gallery.)

longer we may fairly congratulate the solitary artist on her luck as well as on her artistic skill.

1462 for Piello Fortini the agent of Cosimo de Medici. The frescoes are attributed to Vincenzo



BY THE QUEEN

(By Signor Rogg. Re a st. Hotel at Hong Kong.)

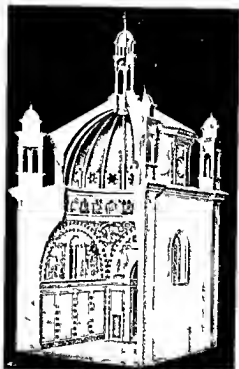
Civerlino (see Louv. Trattato dell' arte della Pittura Milano 1584) and represent scenes in the life of the Dominican monk Peter of Verona better known as St Peter Martyr who was assassinated in 1297. In the right hand lunette are depicted the Saint preaching and the miracle of the Host whilst to the left are the miracle at Narni and the death of the Saint. Over the large rich leading to a smaller chapel is the Annunciation. The doctors of the Church are painted within niches in the pendentives. The cornices of angels in relief is by Michelozzo Michelozzi. This exceedingly beautiful wall was executed by Signor Adolfo Consolini and painted by Professor Giuseppe Gnoli. The other mouldings of the great lunette or stall with back in the Sala del Cambio at Perugia. The back is decorated with panels of intarsia work and carving. At the top within a niche sits a figure of Justice and on either side is a griffin emblematic of the city of Perugia. The lunette is carved with arabesques and at either end is a griffin. Beneath the figure in a frieze runs the following inscription:

COPIOSI PRO INFERIS IMPPIO INDICO NOTATIS ERGO NE COLITE ILLUD ET NICHE MAY LE REAL VERITAS AQUITA INQUIE IMPUDICOR. The intarsia work and carving were executed by Antonio Beniciventi da Mercetello perhaps after the designs of Pietro Perugino at the year 1501.

The model was principally executed by C. Marchi A Marchi whose untimely death left the work unfinished. Other artists were found however to

fulfil the execution of the contract entrusted to him. It was much admired while on view in the palazzo of Count Baldeschi and great praise is due to the skill and efforts of Marchi's fellow citizens in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion a difficult undertaking. Several painters and sculptors have each contributed a share thereby manifesting the varied and multifarious art excellences which distinguished Marchi and made his loss so irreparable.

Signor Scardovi has carved the griffins (for many centuries the cognisance of Perugia) and the bas-reliefs of the stalls besides the ornamentations of the tribune every detail of which is perfectly reproduced. The statue of Justice is the work of the sculptor Taddei and the Chimera on the great



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ART IN JULY

ENGLISH ART AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION

It is devoutly to be hoped that the apathetic attitude of the artists and owners of works of art in England in regard to the forthcoming Chicago Exhibition will soon be exchanged for one of greater interest and worthier energy. It is only natural, perhaps, that the well known American prejudice against English art—in general so unjust—should have had a deeply depressing effect upon British enthusiasm just as, owing solely to British indifference, France awoke to the merits and value of the English school only so late as the Exhibition of 1907. But if artists and collectors are sensible to their own interests, they should at least be patriotic enough to make an effort to proclaim the ascendancy of English art. The French are putting forth Herculean efforts to make a proud display in a palace of their own and to secure to themselves as hitherto the American market. We may be content to have to our triumphant neighbours all the commercial advantages to be derived from the long-existing nursing of the American art trade and art buyer, but we are assuredly in duty bound to vindicate our own rightful artistic position and we can hardly expect to do so if we repeat our attitude of *nonchalance* that so sadly hampered us at the last Paris Exhibition.

THE WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Mr JAMES ORROCK writes to us as follows: On Whit Monday a party of gentlemen, composed of an Associate of the Royal Academy, a member of the Royal Institute and two connoisseurs, went to the National Gallery to enjoy the pictures. After examining the oil pictures they decided to study the Turner and De Wint water colours, in what is known as the 'cellars' of the gallery. They found, however, to their surprise, that the iron gates were barred against them! On enquiring the reason for this strange proceeding one of the officials said that the authorities on such crowded days as Bank Holidays, were afraid a serious accident might take place on the 'dark and steep stairs, or in the still darker passages.' A Bank Holiday of all days, is the one when numbers of people, whose holidays are rare, crowd to see and study the works of our English masters. They frequently come from distant parts of the country to enjoy the 'Liber Studiorum' itself, and the beautiful De Wint water colours in the Henderson collection. Surely, therefore, on such days as Bank Holidays of all others, the public ought to have the privilege of seeing the works of their own native masters! Is it not a disgrace that the Heaven of the Trafalgar Square gallery should be exclusively devoted to the golden-glazed saint-eyed saints, and the 'Hell' of that gallery to the homing of the masterpieces of Turner and De Wint? Is such a reign of 'dark stairs and passages' into which the authorities consider it unsafe for the public to descend? Moreover this is the place to which the gaze of such lovers as Turner and John Henderson are permanently turned and to which generous art patrons are invited to contribute. Our British art may well be scorned and despised when our authorities consign one of its most

original and beautiful branches to the 'cellars' of our National Gallery. It may be, however, that before long the tax-paying and long suffering public will demand their rights and insist that their own British art shall be honourably represented and housed so that the people and the nations may see whether we have a school or no.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS

It might *prima facie*, be imagined that a collection of pictures filling three galleries of considerable size, and consisting entirely of portraits—many of them of persons unknown to fame—would prove tedious. The second annual exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, which is, in the whole, quite equal to its forerunner, held last year in the same rooms, goes far to establish the groundlessness of this surmise. It cannot be denied that there is to be found here a substratum consisting of the girlish and unvarying portraiture of persons the interest of whose counterfeits presentments for the public is not an *à vu* one. On the other hand the Society brings forward a sufficient number of new and old works, both English and foreign, to give the display a genuine interest and a genuine *raison d'être*. We find, among old friends, Sir E. M. Lais's famous 'Mrs. Lischeddshiem' looking just as from the tone of its wash a trifle greenish—the *obscuro* of the Italians is never the mark—but otherwise in fine condition. It justifies its reputation as a brilliant example of daring colour and firm handling, as well as of measure characteristic. The same master's popular 'Three Sisters' a portrait group of the artist's three daughters in early youth looks far less well, and is not, we should say in the best state. Mr L. J. BRYSTON'S full length 'The Earl of Wharfedale' shows that well known patron of art and things artistic in workmanlike shooting costume. Hard as the handling of the picture is, unless as the landscape background appears there is an unaffected dignity in the simply conceived portrait, a convincing firmness in the well balanced and natural pose. We never before remember to have seen from the brush of Sir JAMES LAYTON a life size full length of the class to which the 'Mrs. Meredith Cruick' here exhibited belongs. Consistently art is shown in the rendering of the satin dress but the texture of the flesh is less satisfactory. The contributions of Mr WATTS are illustrative of his merits in the noble miniature 'Duke of Argyll,' and the sympathetic powerfully coloured 'P. H. Catterton Esq., R.A.' Sir FREDERIC LEITCHON'S last and most work work in portraiture is certainly to be remembered 'Sir Richard Linton,' which displays with not exaggeration all the force of character of the deceased traveller. Professor HERZOGNER is at his best in the equally well known portrait of a black haired 'Dick n'ed' 'American Lady,' wearing blue tan coloured gloves which he now fantastically styles 'Entranced in some diaphanous mood of self-oblivious solitude.' Time has somewhat improved, and we hope it will still further tone down Mr OULF'S disfigured highly wrought presentation of the Lito Cardinal Manning. Mr WHISTLER'S large full length, 'La Princesse des Pays de la Porcelaine' (acknowledges to be

1462 for Pigiello Portinari the agent of Cosimo de Medici. The frescoes are attributed to Vincenzo



THE QUEEN

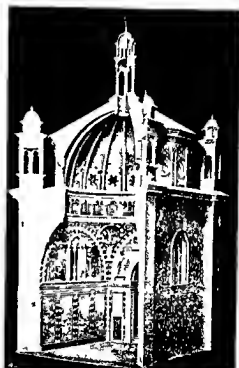
(By Sg or Pogg. Poorly executed. Ho 3 E 3)

Civichino (or Lomazzo) Trattato dell'arte de la Pittura. Milano 1584) and represent scenes in the life of the Dominican monk Peter of Verona better known as St Peter Martyr who was assassinated in 1251. In the right hand lunette are depicted the Saint preaching and the miracle of the Host whilst to the left are the miracle at Verona and the death of the Saint. Over the large arch leading to a smaller chapel is the Annunciation. The doctors of the Church are painted within medallions in the pendentives. The corner of angels in relief is by Michelozzi. Michelozzi. This exceedingly beautiful model was executed by Signor Adolfo Consolani and painted by Professor Giuseppe Gnoli. The other model is of the great lunette or stall with back in the Sala del Cambio at Perugia. The back is decorated with panels of intarsia work in carving. At the top within a niche sits a figure of Justice and on either side is a griffin emblematic of the city of Ferrara. The lunette is carved with arabesque and inlaid either with a griffin. Beneath the figure on a frieze runs the following inscription: "CIVILITAS CIVITATIS DIFFERENTIO MORTALES ERGO ME COMIT" and in the niche may be read "VERITAS AD ADVENTUM ANULFETOL". The intarsia work and carving were executed by Antonio Benicivini di Merestelli perhaps after the designs of Pietro Ferraro about the year 1501.

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domain at Ford Castle, we had the means of judging at the remarkable display of her pictures, studies and sketches at Lord Brownlow's residence in Carlton House Terrace. The exhibition had for motive a charitable object in the wish to aid, by the fees paid for admission the neglected colliery villages on the Northumbrian coast. *Lady Waterford*, who was born in 1818, and only died in May last year, was the daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our representative in Paris during the occupation of the Alpes after the Pannisular War, her mother being the sometime famous *Lady Clanning*, who died in India. Of considerable natural gifts herself, *Lady Waterford* after the death in the hunting field of her husband the Marquis preferred to spend her life in comparative seclusion in her home in Northumberland, where, however she practised a large hearted philanthropy, as well as an inborn taste in the arts of design. Her work, whether in painting or drawing, is by no means always technically accurate but it is highly imaginative, tender in feeling and is marked by a sense of colour, breadth, and largeness of grasp that in appreciable degree approached those of the old Venetian masters. In the latter gift there was nothing more illustrative of her peculiar power than a sweet little painting of the 'Infanta of Spain,' a richly costumed child toying with a parrot—quite a wee volume of wealth and colouring, and not less valuable in this respect was her 'Rose crowned Youth and Witheld Age.' *Lady Waterford* had also a rare skill in painting heads, of which the visitor found examples in a fancy study of 'Oger the Dane,' a rather noble profile of one of the old sea kings in armour, and 'Mrs. Heslop,' the venerable housekeeper at Ford Castle. It likewise pleased the artist to ornament the schoolroom of the village near where she resided with frescoes, such as 'Moses and Miriam,' 'Jacob and Esau,' and similar subjects, which were transported to Lord Brownlow's for exhibition.

The beautiful city of Venice has so constantly formed a theme for the artists pencil from the time of the old Italian masters down to the present day, that one is scarcely surprised to find yet another version of the Queen of the Adriatic from the brush of Mr. MORRISON MEXVES. The nearly sixty studies and drawings at Dowdall's galleries, in New Bond Street add yet another reading of an old story. Most of the canvases in the present exhibition were small, many indeed minute, in size, and in this they resemble the former series of India and Japan from the same brush a general characteristic of the work being sense of tender beauty in the interpretation of the designs. This was sufficiently evident in the golden glory of his 'High Altar, St. Mark's,' and the 'Santa Maria della Salute,' a directly opposite, but not less precious silver grey, scheme of colour. But the artist by no means limited himself to the sumptuous old palaces and other edifices of Venice, but could find in humbler subjects like his 'Drying Clothes,' a quaint doorway and balcony of a fishermen's house, and another little study of modest motive, 'A Family Wash,' the picturesque view of 'Ibourn.' Of what may be termed more extended views, 'Venice from the Lido' and 'The Trieste Steamer' an exercise in tenderest tones of sea and sky, were representative, and in subjects where the artist found himself to the expression of character in single figures, two young girls 'Giovanna' and 'Madalena' fully realised the Italian ideal.

The pictures by Professor HERKOMER B.A. and his pupils at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street,

naturally attracted a good deal of attention. The Professor had fifty of his own pictures at the exhibition, many of which as in his fine portraits of "Lord Temisson" and "John Ruskin" are familiar to all of us. More ambitious designs, "The Foster Mother," and "The Queen of the May" no doubt found admirers. Mr. Herkomer contributed some of his beautiful etchings in "A Charter house Study," "A Sufferer" and "Crossing the Brook." In a few unassuming words of preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, the Professor's pupils disowned any intention of endeavouring to copy the manner of their masters and saying it was his wish that each should form his or her own style, this being amply borne out by their works in the collection. One of the more important pictures was a well worked out study of about a score of figures of members of the Salvation Army and those present at one of their meetings. Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden by E. BORRON JOHNSON. A processional Bacchanalian subject with dancing, joyous figures, "Evoc' lo Bacche," by Miss ARY SAWYER, was an encouraging specimen of well trained skill, and "The Hunt," by G. HARCOTT half humorous motive, showed us a young man visiting the dilapidated home of his forefathers, whilst the villagers anxiously regarded the young squire's advent. The classical legend of the hero of Orpheus singing as it rested upon his lyre and floated into the Gulf of Melos, after being torn from his body by the Thracian women, found in imaginative illustration in DANIEL A. WARR SCHMIDT, who had also a minute gem like study of "A Navy" in whole length. A strong portrait of Professor Herkomer, by TAYLOR HADDON, and some mezzotint etchings of pictures by deceased and living masters were closely imitative of the particular manner of the painters.

REVIEWS.

To produce an adequate impression of a picture in prose or verse is impossible. Painting and poetry appeal to different if kindred emotions, and the poet who writes sonnets or odes to pictures always errs in regarding the pictures as disguised literature. MICHAEL FIELD has failed in "Sight and Song" (London. Elkin Mathews) where many greater writers have failed before her. The verses never touch the same chord as the picture that suggests them. Oftentimes they describe the subject and arrangement with astonishing accuracy, but the colour, the harmony, the sentiment, all are flown and there is little else than description to take their place. After all, the subject is, and must ever be, secondary. We carry away from a masterpiece of Titian or Tintoretto a poor recollection of the names and employments of the personages represented, but we cannot forget their plastic impression, the space they occupy in the canvas, the relation of their colour to the background and the fine harmony which they combine to produce. The function of a figure in a picture is indeed chiefly æsthetic. When the figure is translated into a poem, it is endowed with a past and a future, its motives are discussed, its intentions criticised and this literary process carries you far away from painting. Poems there are—such as certain masterpieces of Poes—which produce an effect of colour and vague forms, but their success is due to their divorce from fact and common sense. If you would suggest in words the fantasy of Watteau it is idle to write a metrical description of his pictures. Ver-laine has caught the sensation in his "Fetes Galantes," while Michael Field has failed in her "Embarkment."

fresh from Christie's, where it was recently put up for sale with the rest of the Leyland collection. The large portrait group by Mr. OUCHARDSON, showing the artist's wife playing on a sofa with her baby—called here 'Master Gordon Ouchardson'—has been too recently seen at Burlington House to require further detailed description. Mr. SOLOVNOV J. SOLOVNOV'S handling is not more solid than heretofore, but for all that we must accept as a powerful and extremely vicious portrait his 'Lieutenant Colonel Goldsmid.' In one of his canvases the portrait of the skilful Franco-American *plein airiste*, Mr. George Hitchcock, Mr. J. J. SHANNON is seen at his best. His fellow countryman and *confrère* is depicted by him seated in the act of sketching in a field or patch of tall poppies, the pale green leaves and purplish blossoms of which half hide his form. The head is unaffectedly and sympathetically rendered, and the foreground of bloom and leafage appears so much in Mr. HITCHCOCK'S own delft style that we are tempted to opine that he must at the very least have superintended its execution. The Glasgow school of impressionism in though its chief exponents are represented is not seen to such advantage as on some former occasions. Here is nevertheless a soberly conceived and in its way admirable portrait, 'Miss Arbuckle' by Mr. E. A. WALTON, an Englishman who has set up his tent with his Glasgow brethren and to a certain extent adopted their methods. In it the influence of Mr. Whistler's 'Carlyle,' now in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery is sensibly felt. Mr. MORAT LODDONS'S chief effort in his full length 'Miss Nora Williamson' has been to achieve a *tour de force* by presenting, a ruddy haired beauty in a dress of strong positive green, heightened with brilliant scarlet, and further touched with very dark blue. The effect is a striking one, and might, with a little more moderation have been not only piquant, but harmonious. Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE'S 'Miss Spencer,' a full length of a young lady dressed in diaphanous mauve, rehed on a ground of kindred hue, is neither so forceful nor so effective as his works generally are, while both Mr. JOHN LAYMAN'S 'Portrait Studies' have that graciousness and distinction which are rarely lacking in his performances. Foreigners are, as on the preceding occasion, in great force and among them we find some artists not yet well known to the section of the public which does not find its way to the Salons across the water. M. BONNAT'S powerful likeness of the great sculptor Barye shows some of his finest qualities as a painter of men, it must obviously have been executed a considerable number of years ago. M. FAVIN LATOUR'S greatest triumph in portraiture is to present with a sympathy and discretion which are seconded by exquisite skill that upper *bourgeoisie* of France which in England has no longer its parallel. A splendid example of his power in this direction is 'La Promenade' (Portrait de Mlle. C. D.) while not less tender and delicate is the finely modelled 'Sonia' (Daughter of General Yankov). Not much can be said in praise of M. FERDINAND CORNUS'S 'Madame Leon Prachet,' and M. JULES LIEFFENKES'S curiously drawn *plein air* portrait of a little boy in sea-silk costume, called 'Maurice,' is too hard and metallic to be completely satisfactory. M. HOLDEN is an artist whom notwithstanding his astonishing skill, it is seldom possible unreservedly to admire, so violent and cynical is his vulgarity. It is difficult, however even for those who like our class measure their admiration not to be carried away by the splendid pastel 'Signer Verdi' which helped Edwin McDouall de Hounour for the artist at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889. Here the reckless

date devirdy of the painter is allied to an irresistible truth and vigour. M. CHARTANS'S 'Mlle. Brandes, late of the Comédie Française,' is marked by his usual finish and felicity in characterisation. Mr. HUBERT VOS sends contributions in various styles, not all of which it is possible to commend. Best of these is the unfinished 'Wilhelmine, Queen of the Netherlands,' showing the youthful Sovereign of the Low Countries as she stands in unaffected fashion on a stone staircase, wearing a plain black frock, with nothing whatever to indicate her exalted station. Madame MADFLEIN LEMAIRE gives a portrait of M. Coquelu cadet, M. FERNAND KNOFFER, 'Mlle. Jeanne Kefer,' M. LEON COMEFRI 'Portrait of a Child.' M. BOUDET DE MONVEL—better known in England as an illustrator than a painter—also contributes likenesses of children, and M. ROYDET, a 'Portrait of a Lady.' Among a whole number of British artists whose works we have on the present occasion been unable to refer to in detail are Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, Mr. JULIAN STORR, Mr. A. STUART WORTLEY, Mr. J. JAP GUHARSON, Mr. DUDLEY HARDY, Mr. BLAKE WILMAN, Mr. PERCY BIGLAND, Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING ROWE, and last, though not least, Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN, whose full length 'Portrait of a Lady' is one of the most successful things of its kind—the ultra modern kind—to be seen in the exhibition.

Old, without showing symptoms of decay the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in its one hundred and seventeenth exhibition, displayed such sustained virility as is possible in a body of artists constituted as this is. The Society relies upon its own strength, without asking for, or permitting, aid from outsiders. As a result, there is an amount of sameness in the drawings periodically shown in the gallery at 53A, Pall Mall East anything especially novel in character being of necessity the work of new members. One more recent innovation in rules otherwise like those of the Medes and Persians may, however, be noticed in the recent admission of lady artists to full membership, both Mrs. ALLINCHAM and Miss CLARA MONTAGNA having not long since taken the requisite steps in honour. The former lady did not exhibit at all in the last exhibition, and the latter only had one drawing 'After a Shower, Venice,' that could be considered fully representative of her talent. Mr. CARL HARR, who is too conscientious in his work ever to be a very prolific exhibitor, concentrated his matured powers in an elaborate design of 'A Bodal Procession at Damascus.' The respected President, Sir JOHN GILFERT, was also a contributor of but one work, 'A Standard Bearer,' a study stamped with the individual character and charm of the master's art. Mr. FOWLY RUCKMAN, who has been able, one is glad to see, since his recent accident to get into harness again, sent a picture, important in the design, and involving a great deal of work in the carrying out, 'Preparing the Oranges for the Packers, Andalusia.' Among the perhaps minor but still interesting exhibits were 'The Lord of the Manor,' a handsome little lad feeding swans in a lake, by Mr. TOM LLOYD, 'Fair Wind and Fine Weather,' by Mr. C. NAPIER HENRY, 'An Eastern Shepherd' by Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, and 'The Footpath by the Water Lane,' by Mr. BIRKET FORTY. The screens were rich in examples of Messrs. E. A. WATERFORD, A. A. S. P. JACKSON, H. STACY MARKS, R. A. THORNE WAITE, HENRY WALLIS, and HENRY MOORE, R. A.

That the late Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford had opportunity for developing her artistic tastes in her quiet

doman at Ford Castle, we had the means of judging at the remarkable display of her pictures, studies, and sketches at Lord Brownlow's residence in Carlton House Terrace. The exhibition had for motive a charitable object in the wish to aid by the fees paid for admission the neglected colliery villages on the Northumbrian coast. Lady Waterford who was born in 1818, and only died in May last year, was the daughter of Lord Sturt de Rothe, our representative in Paris during the occupation of the Altes after the Peninsular War, her sister being the sometime famous Lady Canning, who died in India. Of considerable natural gifts herself, Lady Waterford after the death in the hunting field of her husband the Marquis, preferred to spend her life in comparative seclusion in her home in Northumberland where, however, she practised a large-hearted philanthropy, as well as an inborn taste in the arts of design. Her work whether in painting or drawing is by no means always technically accurate, but it is highly imaginative, tender in feeling and is marked by a sense of colour, breadth, and largeness of grasp, that in appreciable degree approached those of the old Venetian masters. In the latter gift there was nothing more illustrative of her peculiar power than a sweet little painting of the "Infants of Spain" a richly costumed child toying with a parrot—quite a wee volume of wealth and colouring, and not less valuable in this respect was her "Pope crowned Youth and Withered Age." Lady Waterford had also a rare skill in painting heads, of which the visitor found examples in a fancy study of "Oger the Dane" a rather noble picture of one of the old sea kings in armour, and "Mrs. Heslop," the venerable housekeeper at Ford Castle. It likewise pleased the artist to ornament the schoolroom of the village near where she resided with frescoes, such as "Moses and Miriam," "Jacob and Leah," and similar subjects, which were transported to Lord Brownlow's for exhibition.

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REVIEWS

To produce an adequate impression of a picture in prose or verse is impossible. Painting and poetry appeal to different, if kindred emotions, and the poet who writes sonnets or odes to pictures always errs in regarding the pictures as disguised literature. MICHAEL FIELD has failed in "Sight and Song" (London: Elkin Mathews) where many greater writers have failed before him. The verses never touch the same chord as the picture that suggests them. Oftentimes they describe the subject and arrangement with astonishing accuracy, but the colour, the harmony, the sentiment, all are flown, and there is little else than description to take their place. After all, the subject is, and must ever be, secondary. We carry away from a masterpiece of Titian or Tintoretto a poor recollection of the names and employments of the personages represented, but we cannot forget their artistic impression, the space they occupy in the canvas, the relation of their colour to the background and the fine harmony which they conspire to produce. The function of a figure in a picture is indeed chiefly æsthetic. When the figure is translated into a poem, it is endowed with a past and a future, its motives are discussed its intentions criticised and its literary process carries you far away from painting. Poems there are—such as certain masterpieces of Theocritus—which produce an effect of colour and vague figures, but their success is due to their divorce from fact and common sense. If you would suggest in words the mystery of Watteau, it is idle to write a metrical description of his pictures. Very true his caught the sensation in his "Fetes Galantes," while Michael Field has failed in his "Familiarment

fresh from Christie's, where it was recently put up for sale with the rest of the Leyland collection. The large portrait group by Mr ORCHARDSON, showing the artist's wife playing on a sofa with her baby—called here Master Gordon Orchardson—has been too recently seen at Burlington House to require further detailed description. Mr SOLOMON J. SOLOMON'S handling is not more solid than heretofore, but for all that we must accept as a powerful and extremely vigorous portrait his "Lieutenant Colonel Goldsmit." In one of his canvases, the portrait of the skilful Franco-American *plein airiste*, Mr George Hitchcock, Mr J. J. SHANNON is seen at his best. His fellow countryman and *confrère* is depicted by him seated, in the act of sketching in a field or patch of tall poppies, the pale green leaves and purplish blossoms of which half hide his form. The head is unaffectedly and sympathetically rendered, and the foreground of bloom and leafage appears so much in Mr HITCHCOCK'S own deft style that we are tempted to opine that he must at the very least have superintended its execution. The Glasgow school of impressionism, though its chief exponents are represented is not seen to such advantage as on some former occasions. Here is nevertheless, a soberly conceived and in its way, admirable portrait, "Miss Arbuckle" by Mr E. A. WALTON, an Englishman who has his tent with his Glasgow brethren and to a extent adopted their methods. In it the influence Whistler's "Crisyle," now in the Glasgow Gallery, is sensibly felt. Mr MORAT'S effort in his full length "Miss Nora Wilson" to achieve a *tour de force* by presenting beauty in a dress of strong positive brilliant scarlet, and further touched with black, is a striking one, and in moderation, have been not only 1

Mr JAMES GUTHRIE'S "Miss" a young lady dressed in dirty ground of kindred hue, is effective as his work generally. LAYERT'S "Portrait" has distinction which are 1

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dare devilry of the painter is allied to an about its uses to and vigour. M. CHATRAIN'S "Mlle P. Comedie Française," is marked by felicity in characterisation. Mr H. In has been gained by tributions in various styles not "Carpeaux" representing helmet, Queen of the Net! Among the vivified figures of full Sovereign of the Le unaffected fashion on a black frock, with not! among those who have been station. Madame V. Société Nationale des Beaux Arts de Mars Salon. J. GUTHRIE, JAN VAN STON and Sir EXEGETT MILLAIS have German Emperor for the award of the highest distinction that can be conferred attainment in Germany—a reward that "Charles Keene," a review of which appears issue of THE MAGAZINE OF ART has been so

if a second edition has already been called for and, has enabled the author to correct the at first disfigured the volume, which, with may now become a standard book. "Doctoring" of Sir FREDERIC LITCHTON and Mr. FEMINA by the University of Dublin denigrates weakening of that seat of learning to the existence and of the arts. Last year we prominently called to the fact that the University of Dublin shared those of Durham, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew, as well with the Victoria, the dishonour of having ignored the, the present unprecedented action would seem to be a direct reply to our criticism.

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OBITUARY

We regret to have to record since our last obituary the death of M. JEAN BONNASSIER, sculptor, of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in his eighty-second year, whose works, chiefly religious and historical, gained him the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour in 1871, of Herr WILHELM RICHTER, at the painter of many whose real name as an old age of two fate by turn works, who enough State Le critique of "an 11
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pour Cythère," which is so conscientious that it reads like a literal translation from one medium to another. However, she confesses in her preface that she has striven "to express not so much what these pictures are to the poet, but rather what poetry they objectively incarnate." But the main interest of art being emotional, to suppress "the subjective enjoyment" is to omit the essence, and Michael Field, in analysing the legends which were the excuse for her chosen pictures, has preferred the subject to the spirit, and might have caught her inspiration from the classical dictionary and the medieval legend.

Mr T. A. Cook's *'Old Touraine'* (London: Percival and Co.) is a piece of not very adroit book-making. The subject is excellent for there is no lack of romance in the castles of Loches, Langloup, and Chenonceaux, but Mr Cook has preferred research to observation, and relies far too much upon books, far too little upon his own eyes. The style, also, savours of the journal, and would have been the better for a rigorous castigation. There is no task more difficult than to give new distinction to old themes, and Louis XI, Francis I, and Marie Stuart are disastrous, if tempting, topics. Nor is Mr Cook as accurate as his method demands, and, despite some passages of happy description, *"Old Touraine"* is a disappointing work. The illustrations are useful and unpretentious, while the index and lists whereof the book is furnished are admirably compiled, and this, in an indolent age, is no small solace.

Still another work on the *"Principles and Practice of Linear Perspective"* (G. W. Baxon and Co.) Mr H. J. Cannott, 'Art Master and Examiner in Drawing,' what ever that may be, has been treading in the footsteps of Mr Duncett—for he is also the author of *"Practical Geometry"*. Surely it is not necessary for every art master to publish a work on these much worn subjects. It is well nigh impossible to put them in a new light, and even when the subjects are treated with clearness, as is certainly the case with the book before us, the question remains, was it necessary? But perhaps art masters, like some doctors, think to assure their position by the writing of a book.

A useful handbook for painters in oil, entitled *"The Use and Abuse of Colours and Mediums in Oil Painting,"* by H. C. STANDAGE, has just been issued by Reeves and Sons of Cheapside, London. It deals mainly with the question of the durability of pigments in oil, a subject so exhaustively treated by Professor CHURCH in his recent book on the chemistry of paints and paintings, that one wonders if another book on the subject is wanted. However, the information given is generally reliable. In addition to this, the chief subject of the book, there is much valuable information on mediums, grounds, and other subjects which every oil painter will be glad to have. The author has made one mistake, he has prefaced his book with a quotation from Mr RUSKIN in order to show that oil painting is much more lasting than water colour, and the citation of the works of TURNER is cited in proof. But Mr Ruskin wrote that passage many years ago, before it became evident that Turner's oil paintings were fast perishing, and that it would be by his carefully preserved water colours, and not his oil pictures, that he would be known to posterity.

Another handbook for students and amateurs on *"The Technique of Oil Painting,"* by FREDERICK OUTHORN, is published by Moffitt and Paige. It is distinctly a book for the amateur, and tells him, amongst other things, what pigments he should use when he paints skies, or sands, or

bricks. It is a book which may be not without its uses to a beginner.

NOTABILLIA

The Medal of Honour of the Salon has been gained by M. MARGUAT for his picture of "Carroux" representing the death of the great sculptor among the unified figures of his creation.

Messrs. BURNES JONES, ELIOT J. GUTHRIE, JAN VAN BRUN, and HERBERT VOR are among those who have been elected Associates of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, better known as the Champ de Mars Salon.

Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Sir FREDERICK MILLAIS have been selected by the German Emperor for the award of the Order of Merit—the highest distinction that can be offered to achievement and attainment in Germany—a reward that must be valued.

Mr Layard's "Charles Keene," a review of which appears in this month's issue of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, has been so well valued that a second edition has already been called for. Thus, we understand, has enabled the author to correct the faults which it first disfigured the volume, which, with commendations, may now become a standard book.

The "doctoring" of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and Mr ALMA TADEMA by the University of Dublin demonstrates the awakening of that seat of learning to the existence and influence of the arts. Last year we prominently called attention to the fact that the University of Dublin shared with those of Durham, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew, as well as with the Victoria, the dishonour of having ignored the arts, the present unprecedented action would seem to be a direct reply to our criticism.

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OBITUARY

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Mr WILLIAM BRADFORD, the eminent American marine artist, of Quaker origin, is also dead. His pictures of the Labrador sealboard as well as of the more southern coast, and of fisher life generally, have obtained considerable reputation in the United States. He was one of those who accepted though not perhaps unthinkingly, the great assistance nowadays offered by photography.

THE WAR OF INVENTION. These men occupied several years of their lives in a continuous life. Their subjects were—Archimedes, Galileo, Volta, and Columbus before the corner of the century. All are vigorous characters carefully planned and with well devised accessories. The "Archimedes" is undoubtedly one of the artist's best works. We see the philosopher plunged in thought and in the conquests of Syracuse in the act of invading his quiet retreat. The con-



(From the Preface by Niccolò Carabini)

The Sicilian Vespers. These proved so successful that Signor Celestia spontaneously increased then stipulated price. Next came two frescoes for the Orsini Palace, likewise in Genoa representing the

Triumph of Science and the Triumph of Love — grandly conceived and effective works. It was in fresco painting that Lavinio was perhaps at his best. This branch of art afforded free scope for his power of design and treatment of masses spurred him to rapid execution and allowed no time for timid hesitancy or the introduction of afterthoughts and remissnesses. In fact as in *affresco* he works only beneath Cesare Maccari whose works so nobly decorate the Senate House in Rome.

trusting figures—Archimedes too much absorbed in planning some engine of defence to be aware of the capture and sack of the town and the fierce legionary about to force him to solve a grave problem than one of earthly science—tell their tale with concreteness and effect. Barlino had a knack of choosing suggestive themes, all his pictures have a tale to tell. One easily falls into the way therefore, of judging them from a literary standpoint as though technique and colour were quite subsidiary to the motive and no 'Art for Art' Impressionist creed had yet founded a school. The lighting of this picture is not satisfactory. Even the Sicilian sun at midday could scarcely shed so hard and strong a light, but this defect though very obtrusive on the original canvas disappears in the engraving.

The "Gahleo" a much larger and more complicated work, was exhibited at Turin in 1880 with great and instant success. The aged astronomer rests on soft pillows on a princely bed, apparently explaining some subtle calculation to a trio of elegant students, who are listening reverentially to his words. Critics differ as to its technical merits and while praising the composition of the work, point out the incongruity of endowing the needy and much persecuted sage with such very luxurious surround-

ings of a justly dismissed bailiff, than of an unjustly dandied genius. Even at this crisis of despair the Columbus of history must have shown more worth than despondency, and some traces of the indomitable courage that bore him on to success. Barabino has treated the scene very dramatically, but the comic element is too much accentuated, and the figure on the right perversely touching his forehead worries the spectator as a blunder in composition.



CHARITY

(From the *Passion* by Niccolò Barabino.)

ings. The Columbus is a historic scene also on a grand scale and cost the painter several years of arduous toil (see p. 267). He travelled to Salamanca to secure local colour and to sketch types and made endless alterations in the composition of the work. The original cartoon is truly concerned, simple, and vigorous but when the painting of it began the whole thing was changed and many fresh details crowded in. More innovations were made before the picture was completed until as it stands the hero has not only lost his due prominence but almost the physiognomy of his part. The council has broken up after finally refusing to aid his mad quest in search of a new continent. Columbus sits alone, his rejected charts at his feet baffled, discouraged, well nigh crushed. His attitude betrays utter hopelessness, and his whole air is rather that

of a colt, being often betrayed into discords of tone just as his excellent draughtsmanship was often weakened by hesitation and over-anxiety. But he possessed dignity of line, and with greater self-confidence would have done fuller justice to his powers. It was by racking his brains in search of new effects that he sometimes marred the freshness of his first conceptions and instead of achieving novelty layed into reminiscences of effects seen elsewhere.

The glowing mosaics over the doors of the Florence Duomo were designed by Barabino and will keep his name alive in the city he loved. They are strictly decorative and excellently fitted for their purpose and although in this instance also the original cartoons show greater boldness and freedom a certain amount of conventional stiffness is not

The struggling period of Bramante's life was an exceptionally short one. He was only twenty five when his first historical piece 'The Death of Pope Boniface VIII' brought his name to the front. It was immediately purchased by Mr Brown of Genoa and is now I believe in England. Thenceforth his position was assured. He received a commission to execute three frescoes in the Cesarea Palace at Genoa on historical themes — 'Galileo before the Inquisition', 'Piero della Francesca tearing the ignominious treaty

from Signor Orsini' occupied several years of Bramante's strenuous life. Their subjects were — 'Alessandro Volta', 'Archimedes', 'Galileo at Arcetri' and 'Columbus before the Council of Salamanca'. All are vigorous, dramatic, carefully planned and with well devised accessories. The 'Archimedes' is undoubtedly one of the artist's best works. We see the philosopher plunged in thought and one of the conquerors of Syracuse in the act of invading his quiet retreat. The com-



FAITH

(From the *Part 19* by *A. della Porta*)

offered by Charles VIII to the Florentines' and

'The Sicilian Vespers'. These proved so successful that Signor Cesarea spontaneously increased their stipulated price. Next came two frescoes for the Orsini Palace likewise in Genoa representing the

'Triumph of Science' and the 'Triumph of Love' — grandly conceived and effective works. It was in fresco painting that Bramante was perhaps at his best. This branch of art afforded free scope for his power of design and treatment of masses spurred him to rapid execution and allowed no time for timid hesitancy or the introduction of afterthoughts and amendments. In fact as an *effettivista* he rank only beneath Cesare Vecellio whose works so nobly decorate the Scrovegni House in Rome.

Four oil paintings commissioned by his former

trusting figures — Archimedes too much absorbed in planning some engine of defence to be aware of the capture and sack of the town and the fierce legions about to force him to solve a graver problem than one of earthly science — tell their tale with conciseness and effect. Paradiso had a knack of choosing suggestive themes, all his pictures have a tale to tell. One easily falls into the way, therefore of judging them from a literary standpoint as though technique and colour were quite subsidiary to the novel and the Art for Art. Hygienic creed had yet founded a school. The lighting of this picture is not satisfactory. Even the Sicilian sun it might be said scarcely shed so hard and staccato a glow, but this defect though very obvious on the original canvas disappears in the engraving.

submitted to the medium through which they are presented to the world.

The closing year of the painter's life was devoted to two very interesting and promising works but neither, unfortunately, was at all near completion. The smaller one represents St. Francis of Assisi descending a mountain in wintry twilight bent on some errand of mercy. Ground and rocks are covered with snow but the gentle saint is attended by a flight of friendly birds who seem to be guiding his steps. The greater and more important work undertaken by the artist commands the eye at the first glance. It is of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. Quirino was entrusted with the theme and went to Piedmont to study the least chamber in the Castle of Savoy and secure accuracy of detail. The more complete of his small oil sketches for this picture gives a very effective conception of the scene. The dying duke reclines in a huge carved chair wrapped in his State mantle with his crown and scepter on the table beside him. Mourning relations and courtiers are grouped in the background an ecclesiastic bearing the Host stands near the door with kneeling reciters. By some cunning of the brush Quirino had brought the skirt of the cardinal's robes into harmony with the dark crimson cushions of the chair and the pale yellow cope of the priest to the right has a good effect among the soft white surpluses of his attendants. But the painter decays in fading health experienced more than his usual -

deciding the plan of his work and rejected sketch after sketch—hesitating and lingering in considering.

During the last weeks of his life this favorite anxiety seemed stilled, he worked as if usually and cheerfully at his great canvas and chiefly on the figure of the duke. Then came the day before his death fresh discomposure assailed him and not content with mellowing parts of the painting never to be completed he made a new design in pencil treating the subject in a totally different way. A few hours afterwards he was seized with alarming symptoms and expired the following morning.

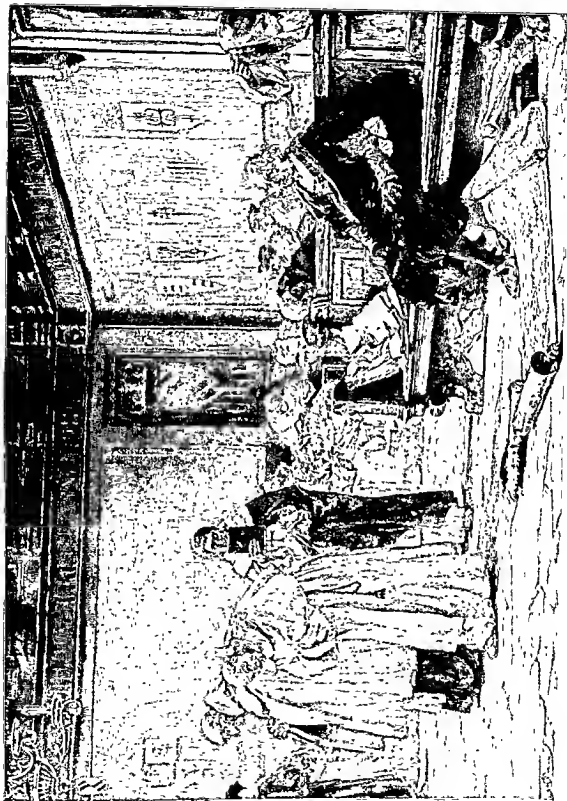


MADONNA—QUASI OLIVA SPLENDOSA

(From the *Pinacoteca Vaticana*)

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In many years Burdett had been president of the Artists Club in Florence and member of the Government Council of Fine Arts respected by all and loved by his intimates. Entirely absorbed in his work he gave no other inclination than his intellectual and artistic existence. At the delightful time given by the Florentine artists he played the lute with dignity but was more gentle within the walls of his own studio. There was an intensity about him that impressed even casual observers and the moral self dis-
counted in the best found in the artist's works. His career struggles if his life can be regarded as a whole. He would be careful to pursue his intent with



COLTARD'S BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA
(From the *Diary* by Nicolás Esteban. *Foreword by Francisco Bertrán*)

moderate prices and only received £10,000 (£400) for his popular *Cathedra Arcetia*.

That he knew happy moments it is impossible to doubt but he was scarcely a happy man. Hunted by demons of ideal perfection his life was spent in alternations of hope and despair. Morally also he had no field and many instances prove how valiantly

Simpliciorum liboni steadily at his fresco in the hospital church and when the plague reached the town not only presided over a committee of succour but devoted himself personally to the sick. His industry was enormous. The contents of his workrooms at the time of his death might have supplied the toil of a lifetime. The



CHRIST ENTHRONED AND THE PROTECTING SAINTS OF FLORENCE

(From the *St. Peter* by Niccolò Barnabini over the Great Door of the Cathedral of Florence)

he strove to live up to it. Once in his youth when commissions were rare events he was chosen to paint some frescoes in the cathedral of Santa Croce but on learning it the moment of triumph that a fellow townsman had also completed for the first he generously divided the work with his worsted rival. Again he had a constitutional and overbearing dread of all disease and especially of cholera. Accordingly when this epidemic broke out in Italy eight years ago Barnabini first made it was to his country and it was for his family moved him to resist the pain. He returned with him then at

sides finished oil sketches of all his chief works, vigorous and careful studies of heads (life size) for this and that painting and free motion in all every field he had used in every one of his productions cartoons, rough sketches, numerous! there were scores of rejected first ideas—some going to the ultimately adopted—and all of great interest. Moreover, stuck in neat little cases were hundreds of masterly studies in pencil and oil, full of valuable hints to student and artist. Numerous designs and drawings, for his drawings also showed that the artist was in vigorous and full activity to the last



BORDER BY A GILT LACQUER MAKER

BURMESE ART AND BURMESE ARTISTS IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY HARRY L. THILLY



A KANAYA

(One of the figures in the Burmese of the Zodiac
"Gems")

SOME time ago I was called upon by the Chief Commissioner of Burma to report on the condition of the Art and Handicrafts of that province, and was subsequently sent to the Calcutta Exhibition as a member in charge of

the Burma Court. I also collected exhibits for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition and was in constant supervision of Burmese craftsmen and their apprentices since 1882. I have therefore had good opportunity of studying the handicraftsmanship of the Burmese and propose in this notice to describe its merits and peculiarities.

The workmen of Burma although they have little idea of composition are wonderfully fertile designers of details. They can all draw with freedom and grace, their legends are full of stirring incidents and deal with a varied range of characters from the puny human infant to the grotesque man-eating monster. Then standards of masculine and feminine beauty differ from ours but are nevertheless quite possible. Without the might and delicate refinement of the Japanese, they are free from the extravagance of the Chinese and there is nothing in their art so debased as the representations of Hindu gods.

There are as yet no artists in Burma, and to see how the people draw, we must examine the designs of the decorator, the gilt lacquer maker, the silver smith and the wood carver. It is true that pictures may be seen in some of the houses of the well-to-do. Many of these are panels taken from the life of the funeral pyre of a monk, and the others are similar productions made to order by decorators. These pictures are remarkable chiefly for the glaring colours used for the absence of any composition, and for the distorted perspective common to Oriental representations. The drawing is, however, good, the attitudes are lifelike, and the story is generally well told. To European eyes, the attitudes appear as distorted as the perspective, but it needs a very slight knowledge of the country to recognise that the Burmese habitually place themselves in the most ungainly positions. After more intimate acquaintance with their mode of life, we find out that these very attitudes are esteemed graceful, and are only acquired after years of practice. For example, a village belle comes to take her seat at the theatre. The place is crowded with people sitting on mats spread on the ground. She is perfectly self-possessed though conscious of general criticism. A dusty wreath of jessamine is placed upon her just below the neck, coils of shining black hair. She wears a spotless white jacket with tight fitting sleeves and over one shoulder a huge coloured scarf is thrown. With every swaying movement of her little limbs, the gay colours of her narrow silk petticoat glance and play in the light of the flaming torches. When she reaches the mat that serves as the family box she sits smoothly down and leans on one arm and gradually turns the hand round inwards until the elbow is bowed outwards in front. The general impression is one of supple grace, but if we watch this girl walking through the village in ordinary daylight, we shall see that she swings her arms backwards and forwards, in time with the melting sweep of her out-turned feet. And further, when resting during the cool of the evening unserved in the recesses of the rustic house we may see little maidens scarce promoted

this case being taken to include design in black ink-white and mechanical execution. To put the matter into concrete form let us choose, by an English

seems to spring from the curves themselves instead of being a part of the scheme of the background. It must be remembered that all the drawings which

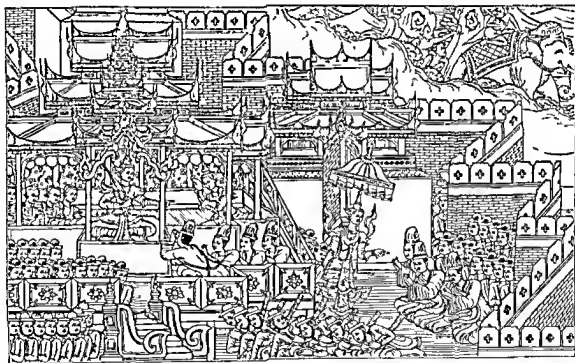


BORDER DRAWN BY A CHIT LACQUER MAKER.

stimulated the border that forms the head line of this article. The first impression is decidedly pleasing, then we feel that the design is not too full and resting to the eye, there being sufficient intricacy to interest without the confusion that wears. The flower background is an effective contrast to the sweeping

illustrate this article were all done in part of the day's work of the best master workman and were not made for publication. The more original and the more themselves simply to be on them, as in their attempt to express their thoughts.

This art of the Chit Lacquer worker is interesting



THE BANISHMENT OF PRINCE WILTHANDIYA

(Designed by a Chit Lacquer Maker.)

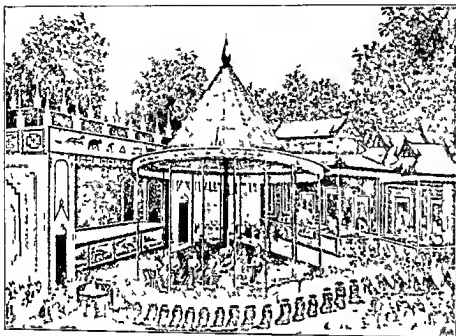
curves of the primary design and those curves are again strengthened by the straight lines of the introduced designs. The execution is remarkably good. It will be noticed that the spacing has been done without measurement and that the pattern is in two places asymmetrical. The only apparent fault in design is that just over and under the central and two main curves the figure

I do not account of the subjects treated and the nature which the finished work is put. The Buddhist religion is still a vital force in Burma and it is peculiarly suited to the Burmese mind. Its more obscure tenets fill the people's mind and its scientific memory is helpful to the Burmese mind. Its numerous legends of the previous

to the dignity of clothes practising again and again these cautious motions and attitudes. Our criticism of the same attitudes varies with our own feelings, and the secret of the illusion at the theatre is perhaps in the nature of the surroundings. In the early morning under the open sky, and with the hard business of the day before us we looked with the cold eyes of the foreigner in the evening when tired but with our worries behind us, we were able to enter

primary colours would look pale and tame. Under these conditions and at the necessary distance the broad backgrounds of vivid blue and the strong greens and flaming reds merely look like the colours of a brilliant animal. Before the torch is applied these pictures are snatched from their places by the village elders and the theatrical is memorial while of the holy depicted and of the gay festive that celebrated his translation to *Ne ben* the resting place of the pious Lordlist.

When the decorator draws for a private patron his professional training tells against him for he is a craftsman and not an artist. Notwithstanding he works his figures to a smaller scale, and crowds in more incident and detail and although he tones down his colours and uses much gold leaf, he is not often successful. A photograph of such a picture is here reproduced. It was drawn by the painter of the late King of Burma for Colonel Hawkes, C.B. It represents



KING THIBAW WITNESSING A NATIVE PLAY

(From a Photograph by a Burmese Artist)

into the children's play, amused and half under standing, but at night, we leave the house and everything English in it and sitting in the midst of a Burmese crowd in able to understand their modes of thought and their standards of beauty.

In the same way we should not judge of the decorator's picture when hung in the dirty hut of a village elder, but should attend the festival of the recreation of some venerated *koupp*. Here the picture is but one of many painted in the base of a towering structure, quaint in form and resplendent with gold and colour. The midday sun pours its blinding light over a flat plain crowded with hundreds, clothed in their gayest silks and gleaming white jackets. The funeral pyre stands in the centre, crowned by its seven-roofed spire and stretching out its flame-coloured wings. It is surrounded by smaller trophies from rival villages but it must outshine them all. In that blazing sun, and before that, as we now know anything but the strongest

Thibaw and his terragant queen witnessing a Burmese play. The king and queen sit in a raised box at the back, with minds of humour near them. The actors *pygements* in the centre. The ministers sit at the king's feet and the elders of the council, in white, sit just within the police guards. The latter are dressed in scarlet and wear tin helmets on their heads and carry sham Mentum rifles in their hands. The blind sits to the left the blind being within a circular frame of graduated drums. A few police elders are allowed to peep round the corner. This picture is interesting in being an attempt by a Burman to represent what he actually saw.

I now turn to another class of decorators—viz those who work in gilt lacquer, and here we are on more familiar ground, for this handicraftman produces his effects with black and red lines on gold. Allowing for difference of subject his productions may justly be compared with the more elementary work of our own artist decorators—elementary in

this case, being taken to include design in black and white and mechanical execution. To put the matter into a concrete form let us entreat, by an English

seams to spring from the curves themselves instead of being a part of the scheme of the background. It must be remembered that all the drawings which

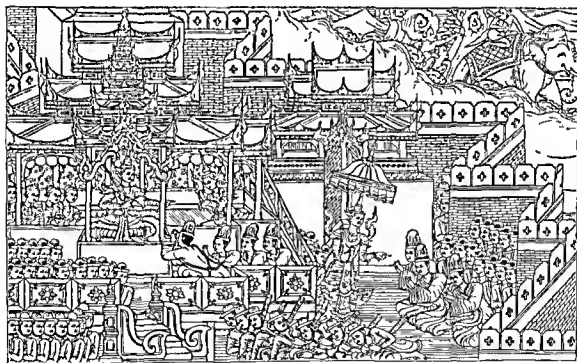


BORDER DRAWN BY A GILT-LACQUER MAKER

studied the border that forms the head line of this article. The first impression is decidedly pleasing, then we feel that the design is masterful and resting to the eye, there being sufficient intricacy to interest without the confusion that wears. The flowery background is an effective contrast to the sweeping

illustrate this article were done as part of the day's work of the best master workmen, and were not made for publication. They are all original and the men themselves simply looked on them as another attempt to express their thoughts.

This art of the gilt-lacquer worker is interesting



THE BANISHMENT OF PRINCE WETHANDIYA

(Drawn by a Gilt Lacquer Maker.)

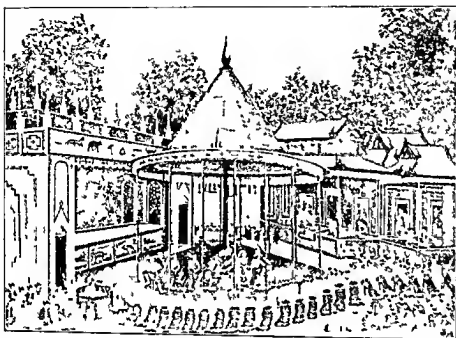
curves of the primary design and these curves are again strengthened by the straight lines of the interlaced oblongs. The execution is curiously unequal. It will be noticed that the spacing has been done without measurement, and that the pattern is in two places misymmetrical. The only apparent fault in design is that just over and under the central and two end main curves the whole

both on account of the subjects treated and the use to which the finished work is put. The Buddhist religion is still a vital force in Burma and it is peculiarly suited to the Burmese character. Its monastic life tends toward the pseudo learned food for metaphysical contemplation and that without the scientific accuracy so hateful to the Burmese mind. Its numerous legends of the previous

to the dignity of clothes, perceiving man and again those various motions and attitudes. Our criticism of the same attitudes varies with our own feelings, and the secret of the illusion of the theatre is perhaps in the nature of the sensations. In the early morning under the open sky and with the hard brightness of the day before us we looked with the cold eyes of the foreigner. In the evening, when tired but with our worries behind us we were able to enter

primary colours would look pale and tame. Under these conditions and at the necessary distance the broad back grounds of vivid blue and the strong greens and flaming reds merely look like the colours of a brilliant enamel. Before the torch is applied these pictures are scratched from their places by the village elders and are treasured as memorials of the holy day and of the gay festival that celebrated his translation to *Nelun*, the resting place of the pious Paul host.

When the deerskin shews for a private patron his professional training tells against him for he is a craftsman and not an artist. Notwithstanding he works his figures to a smaller scale and crowds in more detail and detail and although he tones down his colours or uses much black he is not often successful. A photograph of such a picture is here reproduced. It was shown by the painter of the late King of Burma for Colonel Hawkes to do. It represents



KING THIBAW WITNESSING A NATIVE PLAY

(From a painting by a Burmese artist)

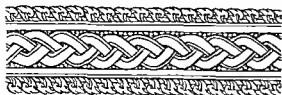
into the children's play, games and half made standing. But at night we have the house and everything English in it and sitting in the midst of a Chinese crowd we are able to understand them in the light and their standards of beauty.

In the same way we shall not judge of the deerskin picture when King in the duty hut of a village elder but should attend the festival of the cremation of some venerated person. Here the picture is but one of many panels in the base of a towering structure painted in brown and red and black with gold and blue. The midday sun pours its blinding light over a flat plain crowded with Burmese clothed in their finest silks and adorned with white jackets. The funeral pyre stands in the centre, crowned by its seven or eight square and stretching out its flame-coloured wings. It is surrounded by small groups of men and villages but almost none of them all. In that distance and before the pyre is a crowd of anything but the strongest

Thibaw and his terraced queen with singing Burmese play. The king and queen sit in a raised place at the back with heads of honour near them. The actors perform in the centre. The ministers sit at the king's feet and the elders of the council in white sit just within the golden grounds. The litter are dressed in saffron and wear tin helmets in their hands and carry short Burmese rifles in their hands. The band sits to the left the leader being within a circular frame of gilded drums. A few palace officers are allowed to appear in the corner. This picture is interesting as being an attempt by a Burmese to represent what he actually saw.

I now turn to another class of deerskin pictures—those which work in gold lacquer, and here we are on more familiar ground for this handicraftsmanship produces his effects with black or red lines on gold. Allowing for difference of subject his productions may justly be compared with the more elementary work of our own artist-craftsmen—“elementary” in

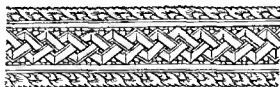
very steps to keep guard by the graves of the heroes who fell in the great assault. It is not unlikely that these pictures half hidden away in



BORDER BY A WOOD-CARVEL.

the surroundings of many a pagoda have fired the excitable imagination of the modern tourist and suggested the barbarities he has inflicted on his unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen and especially on old people and young children. Having at length gained the wide platform at the top the Buddhist finds on all sides symbols of the mysteries of his religion. We are however only concerned with their representation by the Burmese craftsman and with his successes or failures as a draftsman.

But before we begin to criticize let us pause while to get a general impression of the surround—the atmosphere in which the artist has to work. The eye is first caught by one of the carved shrines of dark-stained wood-work but quickly glancing backwards and upwards follows the rapidly ascending stepped base of the mighty gilded pagoda to where the narrowing sides can both be seen at the same time. Higher still the bell-shaped cone dwindles away to a glittering star. At the summit



BORDER BY A WOOD-CARVEL.

of every pagoda a *homa* umbrella is placed. This is made up of a number of tiers each one smaller than the one below and to the lower edge small bells are hung. To the upper of the bell is fastened a leaf-shaped pendant. From here then comes that faint rhythm of tinkling golden bells rising and falling with the play of the morning breeze.

The horizontal lines of the flagged platform rest the eye and the otherwise broad space is pleasantly broken up by the small kneeling groups engaged in repetition of the mystic pathways to perfection. Around the outer edge are heavy trees and quaint low buildings beneath which the mysterious shrub

recesses on the outskirts of which sit vendors of gold leaf, tapers, little flags, toys and catuldes. These flags and tapers are placed in front of the large frozen images of Gaudama that sit in pliant state underneath handsomely-carved canopies opposite each principal entrance. The images are placed on pedestals ornamented with facets of coloured glass, arranged in excellent patterns. The colour effect is generally good, the background being often a deeper of lead coloured glass. It is however,



EMBOSSED SECTION OF CARVED DOORS

the wood-carving divided equally all the buildings that is most worth examining and drawings by Burmese of some of the carved bands are here reproduced. A reference to the drawing on the opposite page will make the position of these boards at once apparent. They give breadth and unity to the general design and serve to cover the fastenings of the upright carving which goes behind them.

As the work is placed fifteen feet and upwards from the ground and as it is exposed to the alternate wet and shine of the Burmese climate it is necessarily of hard wood and roughly worked out. A visit to one of the large shady buildings on the edge of the platform mentioned before will often bring us to the temporary workshop of a master wood-carver. The patron is generally a rich merchant of Rangoon who having acquired his wealth perhaps by wholesale merchandising of dried fish is anxious to obtain

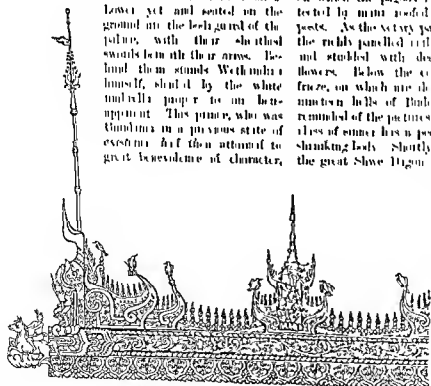
existence of Gaudama Buddha serves as themes for the dancer to which young and old and rich and poor are so passionately devoted. Its superstitious appeal to those ignorant vulgar, and its beautiful precepts to those who desire to live a pure life. What wonder, then, that every village has at least one monastery built away from the noisy clamour of everyday life? Here the ascetic, wrapped in his yellow robe and freed from mundane anxieties to lose the sons of the village. During the still of the moonlight hours he gazes into the dark depths of the spreading trees that shade the monastery. If he be a scholar he calls a shabby scholar from an inner room and orders him to bring such and such a Pali manuscript. The boy goes to a chest not unlike the marriage coffers of Medieval Italy except that instead of being of painted wood it is covered with gold leaf on which are pictures in black lines. The illustration on page 169 reproduces a very typical example of the ornament and miniatures of this kind of work. The subject is taken from one of the ten greater legends of Gaudama Buddha called the story of Wethundhya. The scene is laid in the palace of Wethundhya or rather who was king of an Indian province. The king is seated under a royal canopy with the sword of state in his hand, to the right is the queen and to the left are wives of honour. Below are the ministers with uplifted hands and to the left are the elders of the council.

Lower yet and seated on the ground are the bedchamber of the palace, with their shielded swords beneath their arms. Behind them stands Wethundhya himself, shielded by the white umbrellas proper to an heir-apparent. This prince, who was Gaudama in a previous state of existence, had then attained to great benevolence of character,

and freely gave away anything that was asked of him. In this instance he had bestowed the white elephant, the glory of the kingdom, upon some mendicant Brahmins. It may be observed that the Brahmins are throughout this story, shown up as grasping and covetous, so that the legend was probably not written until Buddhism had succeeded in replacing the Hinduism of India. The king is depicted in the act of banishing his son Wethundhya to a lonely mountain. The queen and ministers are attempting to intercede. In the upper right corner the bedchambers may be seen carrying off with great haste their sacred pots. This drawing exhibits many of the merits and most of the defects of Burmese composition. The story is graphically told and the main figures are sufficiently prominent and the detail is evenly distributed over the field of the picture. The faults are numerous and obvious.

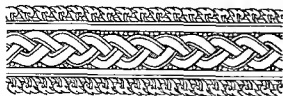
Gold-leaf workers are naturally much employed to decorate those secondary buildings which cluster round the base of the larger pagodas. The Burmese who have a profound belief in astrology, build the approaches to their pagodas facing the cardinal points of the compass. Every Burman moreover has a horoscope, by which he can tell from which point of the compass he should climb the tedious flights of steps leading to the top of the hill on which the pagoda is built. The steps are protected by many-roofed ramparts carried on stout posts. As the weary paces for breath he may note the richly panelled railings, covered with gold leaf and studded with deeply-carved crimson lotus flowers. Below the railing is a string-course or frieze, on which are depicted the torments of the various hells of Buddhism. Here again we are reminded of the pictures of the Middle Ages for each class of sinners has a peculiar torture applied to his shrinking body. Shortly before the English stormed the great Shwe Dagon pagoda the artist of Bur-

goma, a patriotic artist went to the expense of a gilded frieze on which was represented the victorious Burmese army overthrowing unfortunate British soldiers in every conceivable way that the British cruelty of later could invent. It is curious to contrast the quaint uniforms of the earlier conquerors with the trim fighting dress of their successors as they march up these



BURMESE SKETCH OF CARVED IVORY BOARD.

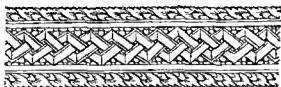
very steps to keep guard by the graves of the heroes who fell in the great assault. It is not unlikely that these pictures half hidden away in



BORDER BY A WOOD-CARVER.

the surroundings of many a pagoda have fired the excitable imagination of the modern dreamer and suggested the barbarities he has inflicted on his unfortunates, Europeans and natives, and especially on old people and young children. Having at length gained the wale platform at the top the bukkhast finds on all sides symbols of the mysteries of his religion. We are however only concerned with the representation by the Burmese craftsman and with his successes or failures as a handicraftsman.

But before we begin to criticise, let us pause awhile to get a general impression of the surroundings—the atmosphere in which the artist has to work. The eye is first caught by one of the curved slances of dark oiled wood work, but quickly glancing backwards and upwards, follows the rapidly retreating stepped line of the mighty gilded pagoda to where the narrowing sides can both be seen at the same time. Higher still the bell-shaped ever dwindling way to a glittering summit. At the summit



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of every pagoda a bell or umbrellah is placed. This is made up of a number of frames, each one smaller than the one below, and to the lower edge small bells are hung. To the upper of the bells is fastened a bell-shaped point. From here then comes that faint rhythm of tinkling golden bells rising and falling with the play of the morning breeze.

The horizontal bars of the flagged platform rest the eye, and the otherwise broad space is pleasantly broken up by the small kneeling groups engaged in meditation of the mystic pathways to perfection. Around the outer edge are heavy trees and quaint low buildings beneath which are mysterious shady

recesses, on the outskirts of which sit vendors of gold leaf, tapers, little flags, toys and eatables. These flags and tapers are placed in front of the large laizen images of Guandma, that sit in placid state underneath handsomely-carved canopies opposite each principal entrance. The images are placed on pedestals, ornamented with facets of coloured glass, arranged in excellent patterns. The colour effect is generally good, the background being often a diaper of lead coloured glass. It is however,



BURMESE SKETCH OF CARVED DOORS.

the wood carving finished on nearly all the buildings, that is most worth examining, and drawings by Burmese of some of the carved beams are here reproduced. A reference to the drawing on the opposite page will make the position of these beams at once apparent. They give breadth and unity to the general design and serve to cover the fastenings of the upright carving which goes behind them.

As the work is placed fifteen feet and upwards from the ground and as it is exposed to the alternate wet and shine of the Burmese climate, it is necessarily of bold design and roughly worked out. A visit to one of the large, shady buildings on the edge of the platform and below will often bring us to the temporary workshop of a master wood-carver. The patron is generally a rich merchant of Bangoon who having acquired his wealth perhaps by whole sale merchandise of dried fish is anxious to adorn

sufficient merit to outbalance his encouragement of the taking away of animal life. To do this and to gain the honorary title of *shrine builder*, is well worth the expenditure of some £4000. The old gentleman having mingled preliminaries with all the various matter worked on the truckmen to be employed has come to see the work started. He wears a fillet of spotted white cambric round his iron grey hair which is gathered into a small knot on the crown of his head. A brown jacket open in front flaps loosely about his body showing the yellow brown skin. His petticoat is of silk the pattern being large squares of greenish grey marked out by narrow white lines. He carries a dead rose in his hand and has all the importance of a master of ceremonies. In marked contrast to this person is the master wood-carver who is a small but well developed young man with eyes set wide apart and bright with intelligence. He is quiet but speaks with authority to the group of pupils who are beginning their work and who though modest enough to outsiders are respectfully attentive to their teacher. The master carver distributes the paper

patterns he has previously drawn and a couple of boys generally work at the same piece of wood. They place the task plank on the floor and holding the pattern in place with either great toe begin to hammer away furiously upon it knocking out the chips with gouge or chisel. After a little they take matters more easily and light their cigarettes and the master goes off to the others. In this fitful way they will work all day with an interval of an hour for breakfast. The relation between the master carver and his pupils is interesting and takes us back again to the Middle Ages. They always call him

the teacher and he is to them the best carver in Burton. There are hippodromes schools of art to maintain a dead level of mediocrity; there are no contrivances for art to turn the wood-shop into a manufactory. Work is individual and is never repeated, for each fresh piece of wood helped will surpass every thing that has been done before. Finish of execution is not thought of much consequence but general effect is aimed at. This is probably because the work is all made to be set up in the open air, where even the best does not last long exposed to sun and rain.

"ELIZA ANNE LINLEY (MRS SHERIDAN) AND HER BROTHER"

PAINTED BY T. GAINSBOROUGH R.A.

By the kindness of Lord Sackville, the owner of the picture we are enabled to examine one of the most beautiful works produced by Gainsborough and one of the most perfect examples of his art. When it was hung in the New Gallery at the Guelph Exhibition it attracted universal admiration for its own sake but not a little for that of its original. It was perhaps in the whole the most talked of picture in the gallery. According to the catalogue, Miss Linley was the daughter of Thomas Linley the composer. Born in 1714 she sang with her sister afterwards Mrs. Pickell at the concerts her father had established at Bath and here she was painted by Gainsborough who was then residing in that city. Very soon after she proceeded to Calais where in 1772 she was privately married to Sheridan intending to enter a convent. When she obtained her father's consent however she was married to him in England and thenceforth retired from the concert platform. She was an accomplished singer and remarkable for her beauty. Walpole writes of her March 16th 1772 "I was not at the bill but night and have only been to the opera where I was infinitely struck with the Carrara who is the prettiest creature upon earth. Mrs. Hartley I am to find still handsomer, and Miss Linley to be the

superlative degree. The King admires the list and looks he is much as he does to do in so high a place as an ornament and as so devout a scene as *the garden of Eden*."

This was the lady whose fascinated Gainsborough not only by her beauty but by her voice—a Gainsborough it must be remembered was one of the most ladlike musicians of the day. She had captivated his ear as much as his eye and his heart was in the exquisite portrait he painted of her. Not that the artist's admiration was otherwise than platonist. Sheridan who was so soon to marry her wholly engaged her affections and was besides his intimate friend. The actor statesman indeed was to Gainsborough what Johnson was to Reynolds, and him he chose from all others when he felt the pre-sentiment of coming death to accompany him to the grave. Miss Linley, as the picture is usually called was painted in Gainsborough's last period—the period which gave us the best of his fine portraits of Grinck, his portrait of Quin (whom he persuaded to sit in order that the artist might thereby gain immortality!) and his pictures of Lady Ligonier, Lady Grosvenor and Captain Wade. It is one of the most beautiful possessions of its owner and must be numbered among the masterpieces of English art.



ELIZA ANNE LINLEY (MRS. STEPHEN) AND HERBERT SPENCER

(From the Paint by T. G. Sanderson, R.A. Engraved by F. S. Eastlake)

sufficient merit to outbalance his enormous cost of the taking away of annual life. To do this and to gain the honorary title of "shrine builder" is well worth the expenditure of some £4000. The old gentleman having arranged preliminaries with all the various master-workmen of the trade-men to be employed, has come to see the work started. He wears a billet of spotless white cambric round his iron grey hair which is gathered into a small knot on the crown of his head. A lawn jacket open in front flaps loosely about his body, showing the yellow leaven skin. His petticoat is of silk the pattern being large squares of greenish grey, marked out by narrow white lines. He carries a bundle of money in his hand and has all the importance of a master of ceremonies. In marked contrast to this patron is the master wood-carver who is a small but well-developed young man with eyes set wide apart and bright with intelligence. He is quiet but speaks with authority to the group of pupils who are beginning their work, and who though insolent enough to outsiders are respectfully attentive to their teacher. The master carver distributes the paper

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COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF FINE ART IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR A NEW BILL

By GILBERT E. SAMUEL, SOLICITOR



N view of the fact that the defective state of the law of artistic copyright is shortly to be brought before Parliament a consideration of some of the most important points in which the law requires elucidation or amendment may it is hoped assist in furthering the movement for a legislative reform so sadly and imperatively needed.

badly drawn, obscure in style, complex, illogical, and often unimpeachable many of the statutes governing the law of copyright in works of fine art contain provisions which when intelligible are ridiculous, and that this unsatisfactory state of the law is acknowledged is evidenced by the fact that repeated efforts have been made but without success, to obtain its improvement. A Bill with this object was introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Black and others in 1864; a second was brought in by Lord Westbury and referred to a Committee of the House of Lords in 1869; a Royal Commission on the subject was appointed in 1876; the report of the Commissioners whose terms extended over a period of two years being issued in 1878; a third Bill was submitted by the Duke of Rutland (then Lord John Manners) in 1879; and a fourth by Mr. Hastings in 1882.

In spite however of this apparent activity in the direction of reform the substitution of one consolidating and amending Act in the place of the existing many statutes remains still to be accomplished.

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The branches of the fine arts to which I propose to refer are paintings, engravings and works of that class, drawings, photographs and sculpture; the law with regard to which it might be supposed would be identical so far as the same are capable of being regulated by the same law, but the genius of English legislation is always to do things imperfectly—as was remarked by the late Lord Westbury and so rational a course has not been adopted. Prior to 1862 there was no Act of Parliament by which copyright was given for paintings and drawings. The preamble to the Copyright Act passed in that year also includes photography in the same category of unprotected works but it would seem

that this is inaccurate and that copyright in photographs would be provided for by an Act passed in the fifteenth and sixteenth years of the present reign, which declared that the Acts then in force for the protection of engravings, etchings, and prints—the earliest being 8 Geo. II. c. 13—were intended to include prints taken by lithography or any other mechanical or semi-mechanical process by which prints or impressions of drawings or designs are capable of being multiplied indefinitely. Whether the phraseology of this statute, whose aim it was to remove obscurities in previous Acts, was itself sufficiently clear so as to include photographs, appeared to the framers of the Act of 1802 as open to question. Hence the statement of dubious accuracy in its preamble to which I have referred. However this may be, the law relating to paintings, drawings and photographs is now governed by the last mentioned enactment. Engravings and similar works are protected by five distinct Acts while the statute in force dealing with sculpture is 54 Geo. III. c. 56.

There is no reason why these various branches of the fine arts should not be dealt with concurrently and made subject so far as may be to similar conditions. If they were thus treated and the law relating thereto embodied in one statute, the inconsistency which now exists would be removed while the saving of time and labour to those whose interests or vocation render an acquaintance with the law a necessity would be enormous. Reform of this nature was recommended by the report of the Royal Commission but is after nearly fifteen years still the *habeo* which then remained the law in force it is time that serious steps should be taken to obtain its speedy accomplishment.

This diversity in the law is again manifested in the unequal terms for which copyright endures. For engravings and similar works the term is twenty-eight years from publication, for paintings, drawings and photographs the life of the author and seven years after his death and for sculpture fourteen years from the first putting forth or publishing of the protected work but if the sculptor be living at the expiration of such period, "the sole right" declares the Sculpture Act, "returns to him for the further term of fourteen years." The working of this Act is as usual misleading for it has been held that if a sculptor convey all his interest in the copyright in a work the conveyance would pass to the purchaser

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There is no reason why these various branches of the fine arts should not be dealt with conjointly and made subject so far as may be to similar conditions. If they were thus treated and the law relating thereto embodied in one statute, the inconsistency which now exists would be removed while the saving of time and labour to those whose interests or vocation render an acquaintance with the law unnecessary would be enormous. Before of this statute was recommended by the report of the Royal Commission but as after in only fifteen years all the Acts which then constituted the law are still in force, it is time that serious steps should be taken to obtain its speedy accomplishment.

This diversity in the law is again manifested in the unequal terms for which copyright endures. For engravings and similar works the term is twenty-eight years from publication, for paintings, drawings, and photographs the life of the author and seven years after his death, and for sculpture fourteen years from the first putting forth or publishing of the protected work but if the sculptor be living at the expiration of such period, "the sole right" declares the Sculpture Act "returns to him for the further term of fourteen years." The wording of this Act is as usual misleading for it has been held that if a sculptor conveys all his interest in the copyright in a work, the conveyance would pass to the purchaser

this contingent right, which would therefore not return to the former as the statute provides. On comparing these terms it will be seen that there are two principles upon which the periods of the duration of the right are based. In the case of engravings and similar works and sculpture, the term commences from the date of the first publication of the protected work, while in that of paintings, drawings, and photographs it is given for the "author's" life and a number of years after his death, the latter principle being adopted for the first time in connection with the fine arts by the Act of 1862. Admitting that it is desirable to assimilate the law, it becomes necessary therefore to consider which of the two principles should be retained so that the unnecessary distinctions which the retention of both of them involves may be discontinued.

The reason assigned at the time of the passing of the Act of 1862 for the adoption of the life of the author and a number of years after his death as the period for the duration of copyright in paintings and drawings was that it was felt that if it were fixed at a stated term from the date of publication as in the case of engravings and similar works and sculpture there would be difficulty in determining the date of publication—a difficulty which is sufficiently obvious. When can a picture be said to be first published? Presumably at the date when it is first exhibited, or sold, but if so how is this date to be proved or determined in after years? Under any circumstances the question of publication would always arise and lead to a certain amount of confusion. The same difficulty also applies to sculpture, but is not so evident in the case of photographs to which however, no doubt out of a desire for uniformity, the Act has assigned the like term of the life of the "author" and seven years. The date of publication of engravings, lithographs &c. can also be easily ascertained as the statutes relating to those branches of the fine arts require that the day of the first publishing thereof be truly engraved with the name of the proprietor [of the copyright] on each plate and printed on every such print. Having regard however, to the difficulty of proving and determining the date of publication in the case of paintings, drawings, and sculpture, and to the advantages which would result if all subjects of artistic copyright were as far as possible dealt with on the same principle in this respect, the simpler and more effective mode of avoiding the difficulty and at the same time ensuring consistency, would be to assign one general term for the duration of the right, which should be for the life of the "author" and a number of years after his death. This moreover is the principle upon which the copyright laws of most of the large Continental

States are founded a fact of some importance in considering this question, for when copyright conventions are entered into with foreign Powers, the latter naturally require that the protection given to their artists should be commensurate with that afforded by their own laws to English artists, and it has sometimes occurred that negotiations for such conventions have fallen through in consequence of the benefit which would be derived by the latter under the laws of the foreign State being greater than what would be obtained by the former in England. An instance that recently is an essential element in the conclusion of such contracts is afforded by the International Copyright Convention entered into in 1887 by the United Kingdom with Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Italy Spain, Switzerland and Russia whereby it is provided that "the author of an artistic work shall not have any greater right or longer term of copyright therein than that which he enjoys in the country in which the work is first produced." The Report of the Royal Commission, which also recommends the adoption of the principle of the life of the artist and a certain time after death, makes an exception in the case of photographs the reason given for excepting this class of fine art being expressed as follows—'On consideration however it will be seen that photographs are essentially different from paintings and drawings inasmuch as they are more truly resemble engravings and works of a mechanical nature, by which copies of pictures are multiplied indefinitely and the Report therefore recommends that the term should commence from the date of publication. As however, no exception in this respect is made with regard to engravings, which photographs more nearly resemble it is difficult to appreciate the force of the conclusion arrived at on the reasoning by which it is supported. It is obvious however, that it would not always be easy to ascertain what the "author" of a photograph—the word "author" being the not very happy term employed throughout the Act and in relation to photographs publicly interpreted to mean the person who has superintended the arrangement thereof—is at a stated time living or dead, and the like objection would apply in some degree to engravings and similar works being reproductions of another's design, so that it might be advisable to make the term of copyright therein commence from publication.

As to the duration of copyright the term granted for *literary* copyright was originally fifteen and subsequently extended to twenty-eight years. In 1842 it was further extended to the author's life and seven years afterwards, or forty-two years from the day of first publication, which ever might prove the longer

period. Legislation with regard to engravings and sculpture proceeded on somewhat identical lines with that relating to literary works fourteen years from publication being the original and twenty eight years the extended term subject however in the case of sculpture as has been before mentioned to the condition of the author of the work surviving a first period of fourteen years in order that the right for the full term might be acquired. With regard to paintings drawings and photographs it appears from the evidence given before the Royal Commission that all the old draft Bills contemplated a term of life and thirty years but when the Bill which subsequently became the Act of 1862 and in which that term also was inserted was discussed in the House of Commons I perceived so long a term was taken by certain members of that Assembly who regarded copyright not as a form of property but as a kind of monopoly and it was not considered advisable to make copyright in works of art more extensive as regards duration than literary copyright. The term of life and seven years was therefore selected in order to assimilate the law to that which governs literary works, the alternative period of forty two years from publication being omitted on account of the difficulty of fixing the date of first publication.

In practice however life and seven years has been found to be an inadequate term and one unfair to the artist to whom the right originally belongs. This is seen more especially in relation to pictures the copyright in which includes of course the exclusive right of reproduction in every form for instance an artist may have arranged for an engraving to be made of his picture and thus engraving may take a considerable time to complete say as much as two or three years. If he should die before the expiration of this period then would only remain the balance of seven years after the picture is engraved during which the copyright would be enjoyed by his representatives for at the end of that time the picture would be available for engraving to any person who could obtain access to it. Again time usually comes to an artist when he is no longer young and it is only when he has attained a recognised position and when there is often comparatively little time left to enjoy the copyright that his works are reproduced. A picture moreover may not be engraved until after the death of the artist and in such a case his representatives would derive but an inadequate benefit from his labour. That the term should be extended is generally felt and desired by artists and as far back as 1857 a committee appointed by the Society of Arts reported that an Act should be brought in to "secure a copyright for the authors life and thirty years after for

such of the designs of an artist as he may himself have conceived and as he has produced by his own hands or by those of his assistants." It is nevertheless difficult to fix the proper period to be adopted as it might be well be for life and forty years as for life and thirty years. I believe it varies with most of the European nations between life and twenty thirty forty or even fifty years and on the grounds of reciprocity is an additional factor it would be an advantage to assimilate the term as far as possible to theirs. Life and thirty years seems to be the period most generally approved by those whose interests are most nearly affected and I think that if the duration of the right in paintings drawings and sculpture and engravings and similar works of which the design is an original conception and not a reproduction of any other work were so fixed and thirty years from the date of publication granted in respect of engravings and works of that class of which the design is not original or is reproduced from another work and of photographs uniformly would be as far as possible attained the prevailing dissatisfaction removed and the artist ensured a more just and equitable enjoyment of the fruits of his labour and skill.

Attention must now be called to two points in which the provisions of the existing Sculpture Act have proved inadequate to afford due protection for the work of the sculptor. The statute in question grants copyright for the term it provides to every person who makes or causes to be made

(1) Any new and original sculpture or model or copy or cast of the human figure or of any animal or of parts thereof or of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture or (2) any alto or basso rilievo representing any of such matters or (3) any cast from nature of any of such matters. Now it is extremely doubtful whether under the clause I have just copied in of antique works would be entitled to copyright in their copies. A sculptor may spend months in making a careful copy of an antique work on which is expended as much labour—if not as much original skill—as on producing an original piece of sculpture. Why should he not then for be entitled to the benefit of copyright in the copy which he has made and which is his own property and a work of art in itself? Moreover the encouragement of the artist implies the encouragement of his art and it will stimulate the cultivation of the national taste if the forms and likenesses of the greatest masterpieces of the sculptors genius were popularised by the increased production of his class copies which the conferment of an inalienable copyright in such copies would effect. Such a right would of course not prevent any other person taking copies from the same original, it

would only create a legal and exclusive title to the benefit to be derived from making reproductions of a man's own copy of a non-copyright work.

The second matter in which the law on this branch of art is defective relates to the various forms in which works of sculpture may be copied without any remedy being afforded to the owner of the copyright. As the law stands, copying or imitating in the form of sculpture or by casting alone constitutes infringement. Copies by engraving, drawing or photography, or any other means not being sculpture or casting can be made with impunity and the question arises whether the act of imitation or reproduction in any form should not be deemed piracy. The injury inflicted on the reputation of the sculptor by means of copies of his work and the loss suffered by him in pecuniary sense constitute strong grounds for the amendment

of the law on this basis. It has been stated that the *photographing* of sculpture would probably act as an advertisement in the sculptor's favour, the danger of the copy being untrue being absent in the case of reproducing by such a purely mechanical process. It is the fact however, that sculptors desire to be protected against all forms of copying and to be entitled to any benefit or profit which may accrue to them from being in a position to grant or withhold permission for their works to be photographed or otherwise copied or reproduced and their demand is undoubtedly a very legitimate one. It is only simple justice that the sculptor should be enabled to maintain unimpaired the reputation which his efforts have created and to reap the reward which his genius has won. Elementary ethical principles, therefore, make the inclusion of every form of copy of his work in the protection which copyright affords.

SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR

BRITISH SCULPTURE

By CLAUDE LUTHERS



(Drawn by C. R. Kettle.)

CHANGE has occurred in the times since the sculpture galleries at the Royal Academy and at the subsidiary exhibitions were summed up in one hasty glance by the travelling critic dismissed in a few vague and meaningless sentences.

Whether may be the opinion as to the direction taken by the younger generation of English sculptors the genuine impulse received by the art as the outcome of their efforts to shake off a frozen and trivial conventionalism, founded in the first place on classical models, is no longer denied even by the most sceptical. Notwithstanding this, however, sculpture—which with the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks the Romans, occupied a supreme and undisputed position, which in the thirteenth century had attained to an unequalled clarity and beauty, when painting lagged far behind in an imbecile stage, which again in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries stood

in Italy, Germany, and France side by side with its sister, which in France has flourished uninterruptedly from the twelfth century to the present time—is hardly yet regarded in England with the serious interest which it deserves, and in other art centres readily commands. One healthy sign both at home and abroad is the growing effort to grapple with schemes of polychromatic decoration, and to abolish by tinting and surface ornamentation some of that "sugar-bait" crudity of white marble which past generations have most erroneously deemed to be an essential condition of classical art.

One of the first efforts in this direction was in 1851 well known made by John Gibson whose only famous Tinted Venus remains, on the whole, the most moderate and the most successful example of the completion by polychromatic adornment of a statue in the round, assuming to follow in the wake of Greek prototypes. But until quite lately this example has remained almost an isolated one, and now the renewed effort has sprung up, as it were spontaneously in Germany, in France, and in England much stimulated no doubt by the recent discoveries of archææ and pre-Plinian sculptures of the most uncomprehendingly polychromatic character on the Acropolis of Athens and by that of the wonderful sarcophagus with the battles of Alexander the Great, found with others of exceeding beauty and interest on the site of the ancient Suda, and now in the museum of Constantinople.

Paris and London show this summer cutfully thought-out works in which coloured and tinted marble ivory variously lined bronze and painted terra-cotta respectively play an important part, and no one of these examples shows any sign of having been suggested by any other of them.

At the Royal Academy the centre of attraction has been as might have been foreseen, the Shelley Memorial executed in marble and bronze by Mr Onslow Ford for Lady Shelley and by her presented to University College Oxford in the grounds of which under the sheltering roof of a small classic temple or monument it—or rather the original represented only in coloured plaster at Burlington House—will find a final resting place.

While I am glad to be able to express a very sincere admiration for the work in its component parts and a genuine gratification that in these days there should be found an English artist sufficiently unconventional to design sufficiently skilled to execute the last portions of these I must with equal frankness estimate the conception taken as a whole as a somewhat marvellous as lacking in the direction of unity. The bronze base with its supports of winged caryatidised boys with its mourning muse resting on an urn, though here if ancient classic shape with its grained tree trunks of bronze bearing golden fruit is fanciful and charming in its pictorial detail rather than reposeful and monumental. And then it is hardly in accord with the naked corpse of the poet which it upholds. This is an admirably modelled figure, it posed in lines of a cunning elegance. It represents the body of Shelley as it may have appeared after the fatal catastrophe of the Gulf of Spezzia with traces of the death-struggle still stamped on the contracted brows so strangely and inappropriately overshadowed with golden locks. Here is none of the august repose the eternal peace of death but on the contrary the perpetuation

through the ages of a fleeting moment of agony just passed. It will doubtless be said by the admirers of the monument that such struggle such agony are typical of the ill-starred poet's short, eventful life. But I would ask is this drowned man this poor wave-tossed corpse the most fitting crown of a monument intended to glorify the divine singer who has wrapped himself in low lined web of ether if he may round even the most tragic subjects of his song?

Few if any of the great fashioners of tombs have conceived the funerary monument in the spirit in which Mr Onslow Ford has here conceived it. The kings bishops and knights of the Middle Ages sleep the eternal sleep in rigid repose with hands clasped in prayer or it may be folded on sword or crozier. The Inauguration sculptors of the fifteenth century show their mighty dead in august quietude upborne by weeping kindred and friends in the habit of penitents—the living mourning but the dead sleeping the well earned sleep. And again how peacefully repose with features beautified by the nobling power of death the monumental figures of the great Florentine and Milanese sculptors the "Cristo Mur soppiato di Disegno di Settignano di Santa Croce the Cardinal of Portugal" of Antonio Rossellino in the lovely chapel of San Miniato the "Garten di Fox" of Agostino Busti—that beautiful re-creation of a faithful



FATE Laid.

(From the Statue by A. Toft. In the F and
terric on Erskel. n.)

faith in its flower so suggestive in its sense of humour satisfied of death confidently and cheerfully accepted that the living who gaze may well envy the happy sleeper.

Certainly German Idealism and his school have not infrequently represented even kings and the mighty of the earth on their tomb stripped of all earthly pomp and lying naked to await the trumpet which shall sound to awaken them. But here the point of view is an essentially divergent one. The symbolism is that of the "Adonais" the "Memento mori" the reminder to the living of the equality of man before

Death. There is at any rate nothing numbing in this fleeting in these curious conceptions of the strong passionate master of the French Venus since, there is on the contrary a suggestion of permanence and if not of perpetual peace yet of perpetual expectancy and enduring awe.

A word too as to the daring unconventionality

Mr Orshaw Ford's remaining contributions to the Royal Academy are a good list of the Light Horse A F Hallam and The Gordon Memorial Shield presented to Miss Gordon by the Corps of Royal Engineers. This last is a decorative silver shield somewhat of the form affected by Pietro Ferrigno in his figures of St Michael at the National Gallery.



THE STORY OF ENDYMION AND SELENE

(From the Pel / by Harry Bates. A.P.A. In the Royal Academy Exhibition.)

which has caused the sculptor to present his dead poet rithmically in absolute nudity. I will not pick in dealing with a work running so high of intensity—always a matter of intention—but a certain masculinism there might fairly be in this ruthless stripping to the pulchre gaze of Shelley the man presented with no special idealisation or generalisation of form but in the contrary with an end none to retain all possible individuality. It may be argued in answer to this strictness that statues of Greek and his of Roman Emperors and emperors were fashioned in total nudity and set up in public places, and following this classic form in having been executed his Charles V. Victorians over his Emperors in the majesty of absolute nakedness, although with a certain shamefacedness he provided a sumptuous suit of armor to cover or conceal the bronze torso and limbs of his august master, that again Napoleon I is represented by Carpeaux in the contrary of the latter at Milan in troops in a Greek divinity. There is in all the foregoing instances absolutely different, for in these statues the man appears not in his own personality but rather as the hero sketched from the individual to the type, the rider already on earth and mingled and after death often wholly detached. To be so impersonal nudity there can be no artistic objection but the nudity of the individual who is a man is an integral part of his individuality and should surely subserve some higher and more essential truth than is here suggested.

and elsewhere. It is harmonious and well balanced in design but lacks that freedom that variety in unity which is so indispensable in a work of the kind. For fineness and suppleness of modelling nothing here can compete on equal terms with Mr Alfred Gilbert's Canopy and Trophy Sue Vita. This shows the lion Donatelli in figure of a nude comeliness holding extended in one hand the broadly grinning mask of Christ calmly while he turns sharply his face distorted with sudden agony to look at what an insect stinging him on the leg. It may fairly be allged here in way of criticism that the tragic pathos has been exaggerated and is grounded on too slight a basis that the distorted visage of the figure is too strongly marked too old for the youthful slenderness of the muscular body. Still the beauty of the modelling in the torso and the realistically rendered limbs and extremities is so unimpaired as to much more than counterbalance the defects in detail.

The same sculptor's enthusiastic search after new developments of his art suited to the modern sculptor is conspicuously evidenced in two important busts both of them fashioned in terra cotta painted to simulate a golden hue in bronze and still further heightened here and there by real gilding. "Sir George Birdwood K.C.S.I." appears holding in one hand and comfortably cradling a small Indian man of gold—the representation of arms and limbs in a last being in itself a novelty. In the "Bacon

Huddleston—posthumous lust the salient point is the audacious realism shown in presenting the full bottomed wig, the bands and the robes of the deceased judge. In both instances a most admirable skill is displayed in the rendering of the expressive features and the impression of a vivid likeness is conveyed the peculiar mode of tinting and decoration emphasising, however, beyond the point of sculptural dignity, the realism and vivacity of the conception. We come here in both instances somewhat dangerously close to nature and start back repelled somewhat by the unness of the approach and the gulf consequently disclosed. The

Chun of Office of the Corporation of Preston presented to the Corporation to commemorate the Jubilee of H M the Queen is one of those elaborate

side. If this design had been carried out on an adequate scale London would thereby have gained an imposing and significant monument of a class still very poorly represented in its streets and open spaces.

It was with a series of classic reliefs that Mr Hury Bates first achieved a reputation which he has since enhanced and he returns in his large panel The Story of Endymion and Selene to his favourite form of sculpture. The large design is cast according to the artists wont in harmony and easily flowing lines and its admirably—as we see in a smaller model—the chimney-piece which is to receive it. The execution is however at present extremely sketchy showing much more of the clay model than of the marble into which it is to be



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

(By F. Ouseley Esq. A.R.A. In the Royal Academy Exhibition.)

and unconventional examples of goliathism in which Mr Gilbert specially delights.

There is undeniably dignity and a true monumental character in Mr Hamo Thornycroft's Edward I. a design on a small scale for one of the equine statues with which it was intended to adorn the four main blocks completing Blackfriars bridge on either

as would it will be translated. The task of the sculptor is here not more than half achieved.

Something of the same insufficiency of execution together with a marked want of style in the draperies is apparent in Mr Bates's "Memorial of the late James Tennant Caird"—the chief feature of which is a quasi classic genius or angel clad in a

long flowing chiton or undergarment. As a disciple of this artist must be counted Mr. David McGill, whose bronze relief "Hero and Leander" while displaying no special originality of invention is well modeled and as to its general lines very happily subordinated to the circular form which it takes.

Mr. Adrian Jones's large group of Danish Horses, hilling up with its mass the center of the rotunda at the largest House, proves that he was fashional it is a most skilful and clever mixture to attack the most difficult problems of his art. As a broad study of medieval stocks contained in a wall with other the performance his great merit but it is not easy to divine why it should have been at the top of the work. The general impression made in the beholder is the group is not sufficiently definite, the design requires too much unrelaxing of a work of such monumental proportions. Mr. Thomas Brock's chief contribution is a marble statue, The late Piv. Edward Thring, destined to be

erected in Longwood School Chapel. This school
house is thoroughly convenient in concept as well
as thoroughly sufficient in material to the work of
a class which we shall be by no means anxious to
see entirely swept away by the thousands of pe-
tential scholars.

I am unable to share in their present position. Mr. Henry A. Bergin's two summaries and led-
nihilis. Industry and Initiative which are dis-
tained as sentimental descriptions of the man entombed
to the Imperial Institute yet they are unques-
tionably more effective in the position for which
they are destined. Only partially successful too is

Mr Hugh H Armistead's Miss Lottie Armistead's
a his relief in white mounds on which its author
has lavished great pains but which nevertheless is

trays an imperfect conquest of the chief obstacles in this difficult branch of the sculpture art. Especially disturbing in its effect is the shadow projected by the July's nose which is it appears to me is in too high relief in the scale of the work.

It is a lead statue, which must needs go on under the cloudy yet flaming sword as the description appended by Mr. Allcott Toft to the life-size marble statue of a middle-aged woman, with long, with abstained gaze straight into space, held on by a hidden and irresistible force. There is some unevenness in the ensemble of the figure—the no doubt to the imperfect pin-joints of the model—and this may at first repel the casual observer, yet the work compensates in the end in virtue of a strong and imaginative conception which is at the same time one well fitted for realization by the severest of the plastic arts. In his fantastic

France, list of a worn sorrow-stricken man
called in the Sere and Yellow Leaf. Mr. Tift
is evidently emulating Melodin and seeking
even to outstep his prototype in realistic diction.
He fails, however, to secure that pathetic human
type of ugliness moved by the saving virtues of
which we accept and admire the pitiless veracity
of the French writer. Mr. Tift's last Con-
tinental, Graham Esq. (at the New Grill 13) is al-
together fantastic and exaggerated. But these
qualities will obviously appear not unsuitable in
the portrayal of a sinner to whose public career the
same epithets may without discredit be applied.

Work more personal has been seen from the hand of Mr. George Emmpton than his large group "The Children of the Wolf" showing the athletic figure of a nearly nude forester who supports on either arm a lamb found in the thicket—the offspring, as the title indicates, of some were wolf and a hind or changed again from man to beast. (Fig. 1.) Signor Domenico Ticciati's "Un Primo Dolore" shows a recumbent female figure prostrate on the ground in the self-abandonment of deep grief—a pathetic conception skilfully carried out. In attitude the statue has a certain resemblance to the timorous Santa Cecilia of Maderno which always

excites a more extensive scale than has yet been accorded to them. They suffer however from the undue development of the rocky bases in which the figures are placed the broken lines of these competing on too equal terms with those of the beasts themselves. Mr. Charles F. Allen has been lauded in his bronze group of Jacob wrestling with the Angel—entitled "And Jacob said I will not let thee go except thou bless me"—by the "Times" of Mr. Alfred Gilbert much as the latter was himself lauded in that work by the "Daily Mail." One of the most beautiful things at the Royal Academy is Mr. W. Pennells' Stephens's Wall



EDWARD I.

(By Hans Thomsen) P.A. In the Pool Hall at the Exhibition.

the monument of the saint in her church at Limerick flowing not unworthily in the wake of Lady Mr. John M. Swin made two small bronzes—"African Panther" and "Honest Drunkard" which are so large and sculptural in style as to cry out for

fountain—a work in the taste of the earlier Italian Renaissance very handsomely executed in patinated bronze—green and tawny gold in hue. I would further call attention to Mr. John E. Taylor's skilfully executed marble bas-relief "Christmas Morn,"

to Mr George L. Wade's full length statue H.P.H. the Duke of Cornwall — in which the body is supple and well poised but the head uninteresting — and his realistically faithful bust The late Sir Morell Mackenzie (New Gallery) to Mr Alfred Drury's statue Harmony in which while the

cases other than those in which the whereabouts of the sculptures has been specially indicated the works referred to in the course of the preceding remarks were exhibited at the Royal Academy. In dealing the truth must be told the display at the New Gallery hardly deserved this year the name of



DUNCAN'S HORSES

(By Admission to the Royal Academy Exhibition)

general conception notwithstanding its variety is unimpaired there are to be found some fine passages of modelling to Mr George Smonds's graceful fountain Mermaid and Sea Lions (New Gallery) to a Model for a Wall fountain by Mr George Wilson to Mr Conrad Dressler's Child Tying up her Sash in which again the body is skilfully modelled but the head pseudo classic (New Gallery) and to Mr William O'Brien's and here seemingly half effaced relief in bronze A Dream

It is perhaps advisable to point out that in all

an exhibition of sculpture so scanty as it is regards quantity so poor as regards quality. It would surely be better on a future occasion to concentrate altogether in the Regent Street galleries with this bunch of art if there should really be obstacles in the way of its being worthily represented as it was in the earlier exhibition. The deficiency is the more to be deplored because the atrium of the New Gallery offers unusual advantages for the display of a limited number of fine works while others — and especially bronzes — might well be sparingly and discreetly placed in the picture galleries themselves.

COX'S "VALE OF CLWYD"

By J. ORRICK, F.R.

DAVID COX painted three celebrated pictures of the Vale of Clwyd, two in oil and one in water colours. The oil pictures were both recently sold at the Mauritius sale. The water-colour drawing

mode of Nature, and is therefore in my estimation, picture of the highest class. Here we find no traces of refuge for fawns and thick and cattle, but a solitude—nothing out of focus, nothing



THE VALE OF CLWYD.

(From the Paintings by Cox. By permission of T. Everett & F.)

which is now the property of Queen's College, Oxford. We have here as one of the greatest drawings in existence, and at the late Mr. Quennell's sale, which bore more than 2000 guineas. The oil picture now in question was called the "Thomas Clwyd," to distinguish it from its twin sister known as the "Ships Clwyd." One is a silver hunting, the other a hunting in the forest. The "Thomas Clwyd" has always been considered Cox's chief work, and until now the price it brought fetched it thirty-five or forty guineas—most modest for the picture. Mr. Barrett is nevertheless to be congratulated in the possession of the finest pastoral picture in the world. Of late we have had symphonies in every colour of the rainbow, but here we have a symphony of pearls. Like Turner, D. W. P. H. and other painters in water-colours, Cox carried the pure and brilliant character of this medium into his oil pictures, and the "Vale of Clwyd" in this also reflects the

which needs swimming away. No Cox like a true Briton stepped boldly into daylight and painted Nature as she sweetly just refused to only could and as the beauty and magnificence of the world. It is a trouble, therefore, to my taxpayers and to those among us who have studied this English master's art, that such a noble picture as the "Vale of Clwyd" should be thought unworthy to take the place of a number of inferior examples by second and third rate foreign painters which have just been added to the national collection. Each man has a reason to be ashamed of such art as this, on the contrary they demand a fair trial and they will willingly abide by the verdict. When the French for example, can send such a work to the wall, it will signify that a high place among the French and English painters in the nineteenth century. Let us be fairly judged in the stillnesses whether we have a school or not.

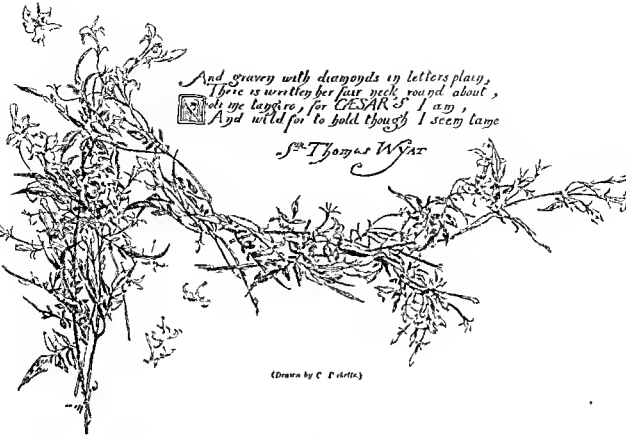
The Lover Despairing to Attain




TO MISTRESS ANNE BULLEN (aged 28 years 11 months)



hast thou list to hunt? I know where is an hind!
 But as for me alas! I may no more,
 The Vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
 I am of them that furthest come behind,
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
 Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore
 Flinging I follow, I leave off therefore,
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind,
 Who list her try I put him out of doubt
 As well as I, may spend his time in Vain!



And gravey with diamonds in letters play,
There is written her fair neck round about,
 *Volage laggere, for CÆSAR'S I am,*
And wild for to hold though I seem tame

S^r Thomas Wyatt

(Drawn by C. F. Skiff.)

THE CENTAUR

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MAURICE DE GUÉPIN

BY CHARLES WHITNEY

BIRTH was bestowed upon me in a cave of these mountains. Like the river of this valley whose rapid drops flow from some rock, weaving in a grotto profound the first moment of my life fell upon the darkness of a sequestered bar and broke not its silence. When our mothers near their deliverance they take themselves to the caverns and in the depth of the wildest where the kest falls the shadow, they give birth, without plant, to offspring silent as themselves. Then potent milk helps us to overcome the early hardships of life without fatigue or doubtful struggle. Yet we leave our caverns later than your cradles. To behold among us that the early times of our being should be screened and sheltered, as doves filled by the gods. My increase ran well nigh its whole course in the darkness where I was born. So deeply did my clinging place pierce the thickness of the mountain that I had not known which side the outlet lay but

for the winds veering now and again towards the entrance and thence into flowing cool blasts and sudden hurricanes. Sometimes too my mother would come back wrapt in the perfume of the valleys or still dripping with the waters which were her resort. Now these appearances would teach me no less as of the valleys and the streams whose emanations were about her. Yet did they harass my spirit and I would prowl the darkness in disquietude. "What," I wondered, is this beyond whither my mother hies and what so puissant reigns there that summons her so often to itself? And what me the varying emotions one has sense of that every day she comes back diversely affected? She would return now inspired by a joy profound now forlorn listless as if wounded. The joy in her return was apparent in her step and shone in her countenance. I felt its influence throughout my breast, but her despondency exercised a far



"TIME WAS WHEN I CUT BRANCHES IN THE FOREST AND HELD THEM, AS I HAS, HIGH ABOVE MY HEAD."

(Drawn by Arthur Lenoir)

deeper mystery and carried me further still into the world of conjecture whether my spirit had flown. At such times I was uneasy at my own strength. I was conscious therein of a power which could not strike alone and brandishing my arms or galling round and round through the spires darkness of my dream I strove to discover, by the blows which

lift me of speed. These seasons of mist alternated with long releases from disquieting movement. Then I was sensible of no other emotion in my whole being save that of menace and of the steps of life which mounted in my breast. I felt the love of my solitude and wrought in perfect peace. I tasted more fully the grace of the gods which thrilled within



WHAT? I WONDERED. IS THIS ELOVED WHIRLWIP BY MY OTHER DIPS?"
(Dance of the ...)

I felt at the air by the passionate steps which I might whether my arms should stretch forth whether my feet should haste me away. Since then my arms have been twined round the limbs of centaurs the loaths of heroes the trails of oaks, my limbs have made trail of reeds of streams of plants numbing of the subtlest impressions of air. I lift them in the still and soulless night that they may feel the breeze and draw thencefrom signs that will aid my way. Pochi O Moku-jus, my feet how worn they are! Yet chilled as I am in these extremes of age there are days when in full sunlight upon the mountain top I run the mail race which I run in my cavern of old and with the same design brandishing my arms and putting forth all that is

me. To calm and darkness the sense of life gives its mysterious charm. O Darkness that dwellest in the crevices of these mountains to thy silent cure is due the clustered training which so bravely fastened me! In thy keeping I tasted life in its purity even as it left the lip of the gods to visit me! When I descended from thy sanctuary into the light of day I stumbled and faltered at first, its violence got hold of me making me drunk as though a deadly drink had been poured suddenly into my soul. Then I knew that my life hitherto so simple and so strong was shattered and dispersed as if it had quickened but to be cast abroad by the winds.

Then O Moku-jus who wouldst I know the life of the centaurs by what will of the gods didst thou turn



"TIME WAS WHEN I CUT HIGHER IN THE FOREST AND HELD THEM AS I RAN HIGH AT MY HEAD"

from the book "The Man Who Wasn't There"

thy steps toward me the oldest and most desolate of them all? Long since I ceased to lend their life. No more do I leave the summit of this mountain whereon old age has pursued me. The point of my arrows serves but to loosen the roots of clinging plants. Tranquil lakes still I know me but I am forgot of the rivers. I will tell thee some years of my youth but my recollections the more I weaken memory lingers like the drops of a miggard hiltion poured from a broken urn. Truly have I told thee of my first years they were calm and perfect. Simple and solitary the life which gave me to think that I could and relate with out difficulty. Went thou to ask a god O Melampus the story of his life he would tell it thee in two words.

The habit of my youth was swift and full of passion. I lived upon movement nor knew a limit to my steps. I would roam abroad in the pile of my unfettered strength even to the utmost verge of these deserts. One day when I followed a valley whose contours seldom repeat I discovered a man skirting the river on the other bank. It was the first that encountered my gaze. I despised him. There said I is the poor half of myself. How short his pace? His gait how awkward! Sadly his eyes seem to scan the distance. Doubtless it is some centaur overthrown by the gods who have constrained him to crawl in this poor woe.

Ofttimes I would rest from the toils of the day in some river bed. One half of me hallooed beneath the waters struggled to emerge the other arose in place while high above the waves I lifted my idle arms. Thus would I forget myself in the midst of

the stream yachting to the impulse of its current which swept me on and carried its will vibrant to all the delights of its lands. How often overtaken by night have I floated with the stream beneath the spreading darkness, which filled even the depth of

the valleys with the nocturnal influence of the gods. Then was the hour of my life. I lived and I felt but a faint sensation of being distributed with even measure throughout my soul like the shimmering in the waters where in I swam of the goddess who pervades the night. Melampus my old gods for the rivers peaceful the most of them and monotonous they fulfil their destiny with a better calm than centaurs with a wisdom more generous than mankind's. When I with law from their bosom I was haunted by their gifts which clung about me for days and left me but faintly as they laid their perfumes.

A fierce and blind instinct may govern my steps. In the stress of the most violent passion my gait would be suddenly checked as though my steps lay at my feet or a god stood before me. At the moment for cessations of motion I could feel my life invaded by an extraordinary passion. Thus was when I would cut

branches in the forest and hold them as I run high above my head. My swift career kept in sequence the movement of the leaves which could but gently quiver. But at the least pause the restless leaves gait in skilful on the branch and it assumed the current of its swimming. Thus at the sudden interruption of the impetuous race I sped across these valleys my life quivered in my breast. I felt it run and bubble, and revolve the fire it had caught



THE POINT OF MY ARROWS SERVES BUT TO LOOSEN
THE FEET OF CLINGING PLANTS.
(Darius 491 B.C.)

in the space so ardently traversed. My flanks quickened and fought against the ticks which oppressed them without tiring, in the tempest the pleasure known only to the seashore of continuing without wasted force life tense and at its zenith. Yet my heart bent to catch the freshness of the breeze. I

echo of the errant centaur who is a guide unto himself. So while my quivering flanks knew the madness of the race I felt the pride grow in my heart and turning I paused awhile to gaze upon my smiling hindquarters.

Youth is like a verdant forest harassed by the



ONE DAY I DISCOVERED A MAN.

(Drawn by Arthur Lee & Co.)

contemplated the summit of the mountains which a few moments merged in the distance the trees upon the banks the waters of the river these borne upon a sluggish tide those gurgled to the bosom of the earth and I conceived only of movement in their branches which make man to the breath of heaven.

I think I said to myself enjoy free movement. I transport my life at will from one end to the other of the valley. I am happier than the torrents which fall from the mountains never to descend. The sound of my footfall is sweeter than the plump of the woods or the music of the waves, it is the

wind on all sides she tosses the precious gifts of life while ever a solemn murmur fills the night. Living cruel as the stream ceaselessly finding the inspiration of Cybele now in the mountain top now in the depths of the valleys I leapt higher and further like a blind and homeless life. But when the night filled with the calm of the gods I found me upon the mountain slope she led me to the entrance of the caverns and soothed me as she sooths the waves of the sea cherishing within me such gentle unholy as disquieted sleep yet married not repose. Couching upon the threshold of my retreat



COLDED UPON THE THRESHOLD OF MY RETREAT

I WATCHED THE GATHERING GLOOM

(Drawn by A. H. I. 1881)

my flanks but within the cave my head bare to the sky I watched the gathering gloom. The strange life that had entered me during the day fell from me drop by drop returning to the peaceful breast of Cybele as after a shower the wreckage of the rain clung to the leaves falls and ripens the water course. The soul that in the darkness the sea gulls leave the pulses of the deep and seated upon the hillside, gaze intent across the waters. So I kept vigil at my feet an expanse of life like a slumbering man in a forested to full and conscious being me. I had just been born, that the deep waters which had embraced me in their bosom had left me upon the mountain like a dolphin forgotten on the quick sands by the wave of Amphitrite.

My gaze then walked freely, and reached the furthest horizon. Like ever humid shores the outline of the western hills was touched with light all obliterated by the gloom. There, in their declivities, some hill tops arose naked and bare. There I saw descend, now the god Pan ever solitary, now the choir of mystic dances or a mountain nymph pines by, drunk with the night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus crossed the lofty sky, vanishing in distant stars or beating the humid woods. The spirit of the gods already troubled broke in suddenly upon the calm of intricate oaks.

Then pursue wisdom O Melampus which is the knowledge of the will of the gods and thou wilt rest among men and like a mortal bewitched by destiny. In these mountains is a stone which, if you touch it, gives forth a sound like a snapping of harp strings and it is told of men that Apollo chasing his flock in

these deserts lulled his lyre upon the stone, and left its melody there. O Melampus, the wandering gipsy have set their lyre upon the stones but none—none ever forgot it there. When I kept vigil in the caverns nought that some day I should surprise the dreams of sleeping Cybele, that the mother of the gods, betrayed by a vision would yield her secrets, but I have heard night swe sounds which lose themselves in the whispers of the night, or winds intermeddle as the babbling of streams.

'O Melampus' said the great Chiron to me one day, when I followed in his age 'we are both centaurs of the mountains yet how different our pursuits! Thou seek that the search for plants is all my end and toil, but thou resemblancest those mortals who upon the waters or in the woods have found and set to their lips some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan. Thereafter living in truth from the relics of the god a spirit of savagery, or drawn from them a mystic fury, they go forth into the wildernesses plunge into the forests, skirt the rivers, lose themselves in the mountains, still restless and constrained by they know not what. The noises, beloved of the winds in furthest Scythia, are not more wild than they, nor more sad at night when Apollo has abandoned them. Dost thou seek the gods O Melampus, and the source whence issue man and beasts and the principles of universal life? But old Oceanus father of all things hides such secrets within himself, and the attendant nymphs move ever in chorus song before him that might be heard which may

perchance escape his lips parted in sleep. The mortals who by their virtue have drawn near unto the gods have received from their hands herbs which with to charm the people or fresh seeds to enrich the earth withal but no word from their unfavorable lips.

In my youth Apollo incline I me to the study of plants and herbs to disclose their virtues of healing juices. Since then I have kept faithful ward in the vast abiding place of the mountain still is quieted yet ceaselessly devoted to the quest of simples and revealing to others the virtues which I discovered. But then see from here the hall surmount of Mount Ossa? Alas! he did little I will his joy. O Macareus the damage is children of the gods cover their faces with the spalls of stones and are buried upon the mountain top. The pains of earth infect the blood derived from the immortal gods. As I we centaurs begot by an immortal mortal in the womb of a child like unto us. Bless for what we come! Shall we look from Jupiter who crushed with his bolt the father of our race? The virtue of the gods tears eternally at the entrails of the craftsman who fashioned the first man. O Macareus man and centaurs acknowledge as authors of their blood the evil which the privilege of the gods and it may be that what we receive without themselves is but a tattered and vain relic of their nature wasted from afar

like seed borne upon the wind by the all-pursuant breath of destiny. 'Tis said that Igonus Thersus saw his life taken and marks whereby his soul might one day discover his birth beneath the weight of a rock upon the mountain. The jealous gods have buried the proofs of the lineage of kings but to the shores of what ocean have they rolled the stone O Macareus!

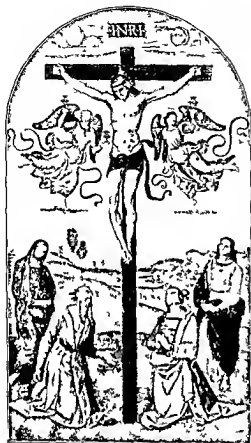
Such was the wisdom wherein the great Chiron moveth. Alas! to the mountain of flame the centaur cherishes the life that he craves in his soul. His but still stably since sunk in his fluids above which he rose like an ark sailed by the winds amidst the strength of his legs sufficed with the loss of years. It was as though I had turned some remnants of the mortality granted by Apollo which I have since I felt that I felt the goal.

And I Melanippus descended into old age, coarser as the setting of a star. Still I preserve strength enough to reach the summit of the rocks. There I linger now to watch the will and realises of the now to see emerge from the horizon the many Hylas the Iphigeneia or great Orion if it I know that my strength fails that I am swiftly vanishing like a snail in the waters that soon I shall be buried with the rivers which flow into the spacious bosom of the earth.



(Drawn by Arthur Leeson.)

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK



THE CRUCIFIXION

(By Raphael. Present in the Dudley Collection.)

TWO of the most important collections of works of art in the country were those of the late Lord of Dudley and Mr. Holburne of Malmesbury, and by their dispersal at Christie's a few weeks ago the country is the poorer. The former contained many canvases of world-wide fame, and of these we select four of the most admirable for illustration.

The "View in Holland"—the landscape being by Holbein with figures and cattle by Adrian Van de Velde—is, as Warren expressed it in the course of an enthusiastic criticism, a masterpiece both for extent and excellence, a picture which is equal to a whole gallery. This work, which is signed and dated 1666, came to Lord Dudley from the collections of the Right Hon. Edward John Lytton (for whose ancestors it is

said to have been expressly painted) and Lord Hatherton. After a short fight, Mr. Agnew bought it for £10,000. Franz Xaver *chef d'œuvre* "The Languished Cavalier," a picture of unusual size for the master, is remarkable for its state of preservation, as for its exquisite pencilling, its admirable light and shade and delicate harmony of colour. The ornament successively of the Breda and Albert Tevey collections, this beautiful little panel was knocked down to Mr. Vokins for £3,750—a lower figure than it had ever previously reached in the auction room. The Novus Madonna, known also as La Vierge à la Légende, on account of the scroll with the words

Fecit Agnus Dei held by the Child, although called Raphael's, was probably executed in collaboration by Raphael and Giulio Romano. This celebrated work is said to have been in the collection of Charles I. It was certainly in that of Lord Gwydir, as well as in the Dover Collection. It fell to Mr. James Paul for £202. Less beautiful than this picture, but more interesting is the huge, world-famous Crucifixion of Raphael—the first



THE ENAMOURED CAVALIER

(By Franz Xaver. Present in the Dudley Collection.)



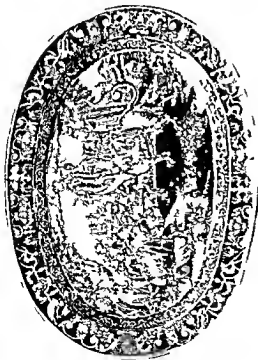
SILVER GILT CUP (FORMAN 17TH CENT.).
(See also p. 10 in the Forman Collection.)



SILVER OF HENRI II. WARE.
(See also p. 10 in the Morgan Collection.)



HEAD OF DOUBLE CROSET (1700).
(See also p. 10 in the Morgan Collection.)



LIMOGES ENAMEL (1700).
(See also p. 10 in the Morgan Collection.)



EMBOSSED STEEL BREASTPLATE (17TH CENTURY).
(See also p. 10 in the Morgan Collection.)



VIEW IN HOLLAND

(By J. M. W. Turner and A. A. de Vries. Recently in the Dudley Collection.)

great work we know to have come from his hand though painted severely in the manner of his teacher Perugino from whose mastery he was not yet freed. Prior to the artist was yet seventeen for the Givari family chapel in the Dominican Church at Città di Castello it was replaced by a copy and the original placed to the Museo de Cimino and ultimately entered the collection at Home of Cardinal Rich—the uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was inherited down to Dr. Richter for Mr. Julius Müller's collection for £11,150.

The display of the Colworth Collection of Mr. Morgan extended over eleven days and realized over £10,000. Few things of art fine or applied were absent from this extraordinary gathering in which many of the objects possessed an authenticity and value as carefully preserved and authentic as the most famous pictures of the world. The carved dish in Limoges enamel produced on 1335 was executed by Michael Cantois about the year 1380. The reverse of the plate is as highly decorated as the front. Another remarkable example of Limoges ware will be illustrated next month. The silver gilt cup and cover of a seventeenth-century German work as seventeen inches high and a remarkable example of secular goldsmiths work of the period. The old French fairer Henry II. crown was one of the gems of the collection. Its extreme beauty of shape and design the excessive rarity of the ware the mystery surrounding the identity of the artist—whether or not it is the work of Carolus de

Robler—and the variety of ornamentation by relief and incrustation all combine to produce a masterpiece of the utmost rarity. It was bought by the late collector's father in 1847 for £56. Last month it fetched £9,000 and was taken to Paris by M. Lowengard.

The Staff head is described as a unique and celebrated monument it is certainly of great antiquity and reputation. Its form is elsewhere unknown and its purpose is unlearned but its design is ascertained to be of the fifteenth century.

Persecution of St. Valere by St. Martial—both local saints of Limoges. It was secured by Mr. Hurling. We reproduce also perhaps the finest piece of armor in the collection—an embossed steel breast plate of Milanese workmanship by the famous armorer

Paolo de Negri. The shot hole by the way is believed to have been caused by the bullet which slew Maurice of Saxony at the battle of Silverhausen. The piece was acquired by Mr. Duxton for £420.



LA VIRGE A LA LECEND

(Ascribed to Raphael. Recently in the Dudley Collection.)

ART IN AUGUST

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AND REARRANGEMENTS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

The picture galleries of the Museum have been enriched by a valuable gift from Mr JAMES OSBORNE, of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. This is not the first instance of this gentleman's generosity to the Museum, as a few years ago he gave a large oil painting by GIORGIO BARRETT JUN. He has now presented a large and fine example of the work of PHILIPPE JACQUES DE LOUTHIER BOETEL, R.A.

On Whit Monday last, the Museum collection of non-work was reopened for the first time since the gallery, where objects in this section are exhibited was closed for re-arrangement and fresh classification. The value of the collection has been greatly enhanced by this re-arrangement for two important reasons. In the first place, the specimens are now seen to their very best advantage, and secondly, the gallery, which was formerly closed on those evenings when the Museum was open to the public, is now thrown open. Thus, smiths and others, who are interested in this special handicraft and who cannot come in the daytime, are now able to make notes and sketches for good designs in the evening. This gallery is very well lighted at night, as it receives its illumination from the electric lamps on both sides of the Architectural Court. The examples of ironwork from Germany and Italy are most complete. The French and English sections, although represented to some extent, require considerable additions before they are in any way perfect. The smith's work is exhibited here in all its different phases, such as grilles, gates, innets, hinges, locks, keys &c. Down the centre of the gallery have been placed portions of the splendid wrought iron screen from Hampton Court, which was destroyed by JEAN TISSOT in 1693, and probably wrought by Huntington Shaw, of Nottingham. Lady Dorothy Nevill has lent her most interesting and quaint collection of various specimens of English ironwork, as rush holders, candlesticks, tongs, fire dogs, and footmen, which were used in the days of our forefathers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mr SCHARR's annual statement as to the growth and administration of the collection under his care is, as usual, as satisfactory as it is punctual. The collection has been extended by twenty six numbers, but, as the gallery is still housed in its rather straitened temporary quarters in Bathurst Green, the public must not look to having the opportunity of examining the new treasures until the new building is completed in Charing Cross Road. The donations include portraits of FRYMAN (by HAZARD) Handel (HORNBIEL), Lord John Russell (Mr G. F. WATTS, P.A.) and the purchases, Nelson (LORDING), Wycheley (after LEVY), Thomas Girtin (OIR, I.A.) Sir Joseph Lister (T. PHILLIPS, R.A.) Thomas Killgrew (VANDACK), Elizabeth I (after LESLIE), Leech (Sir JOHN MILLAR), Constable (by himself) and the Duke of Marlborough (by KNELLER). An average number of pictures have been

cleaned, lined, glazed, and copied, and the collection, "creative in its faculty," is progressing favourably, even though it is in great measure away from the public eye.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The director of the National Gallery has displayed of late even more than his usual activity, and not a few important additions have been made to the collection in Trafalgar Square. Some of the new pictures we owe to the generosity of private donors, but the most of them were purchased, and their selection proves that the ancient policy of buying old masters is still pursued. The policy has much to recommend it. If the habit were established of buying quite modern works the gallery would stand in need of perpetual weeding, for time plays havoc with reputations. But it is matter for regret that a wider catholicity is not displayed. Gaps are constantly being filled up in the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools, while the Spanish school, if we except the three Velasquez, has suffered an increase and the great French school of the present century goes all unrecognised. France and England are divided by so thin a strip of ocean that they are determined to mis- understand one another to the end of time, and the Louvre's neglect of the English school may only be matched by our own disregard of the great masters who were the real precursors of modern art. It is something of a disgrace that, although so many masterpieces by MILLER and COPOT have lately been brought under the hammer, the National Gallery possesses not a single example of either. It is a deeper disgrace still that DELACROIX who had so large a share in making the history of art, is unrepresented in a gallery which has two examples of ARY SCHAPPEL. By giving wall space to WATSON and HERBERT we are doing a very proper penance for the poverty of English talent, and, moreover, it is well that somewhere on earth a chamber of horrors should exist, but the hospitality which we extend to our own school should not make us forget the art of France. And though we congratulate Sir F. Burton on many of his recent purchases we wish he would crown his manifold success by the acquisition of one or two specimens of the romantic school. However, many unanimous requests have lately seconded his discretion, and the National Gallery grows apace. To the English school the most conspicuous addition is HORWATTS group of his own servants. This was purchased out of the Lewis fund, and is a strong study of six heads. The characteristic features of each are vividly portrayed, the drawing is marvellously vigorous, and though the work may hardly be criticised as a single, completed composition, it is an excellent specimen of Hogarth's forcible portraiture. The two fine studies of boys by Sir JOHN LANDSEER were bequeathed by the late Mr Hyde Hill. In no sense finished pictures they have a direct simplicity and a clean colour which are not always found in Landseer's works, and we would rather have them than a hundred of the sentimental ill-coloured canvases which won him so instant a popularity. "The Door of a Village Inn," by GEORGE MORLAND, is an excellent painting and characteristic

of its author though it lacks the rich colouring which lends distinction to Morlind's finest examples—it was bequeathed to the nation by Sir Oscar Clayton. To the Dutch school belong "The Nativity of St John" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by BERNARD PABSTERS. This painter, hitherto unrepresented in the National Gallery, was a pupil of REMBRANDT, and "The Adoration" has a touch of the rich colour and fine quality of the master. "The Nativity," on the other hand, is by no means a great work, and it has reached us in a shocking condition. ADRIAEN VAN DER VELDEN'S "Land-cape with Goat and Kid" is a pleasant silvery picture, though the animals in the foreground have been too much worked upon, and though the touch is somewhat small. The new landscape by JAN WOUWERMAN is conventional in composition and puerile in effect, but it is a fine specimen of the art of a painter whose reputation is less overblown by that of his more talented brother. A curious error is the "Amsterdam Musketeers on Parade" the authorship of which is unknown. It is one of the pictures which was inspired by the example of Rembrandt, and though it is coarse in treatment it has a certain rude force and vigour. The anonymous painter also knew when to take his hand from the work, and the style has not been too blotted away by overbrush. A true master is JAN DE WET, and his landscapes are something of a curiosity. The new picture from his hand in the National Gallery is rather spotty, but it is informal with style and is not devoid of spirit. Though De Wet was a pupil of Rembrandt, he does not obviously suggest his master; he seems rather a follower of Hobbema. FRANCIS DE MOURCHON was an Italian and Dutchman, and though it is said that he never travelled farther than Pisa, he painted classical landscapes with the best of them. One example of his art is in the Peel collection and another has lately been acquired. The latter is conventional both in motive and composition. The customary columns and the theatrical trees which were so fashionable towards the end of the seventeenth century are put in with unimpeachable precision, but the colour is not ineffective and the distance is admirable. A complete contrast to Mourchon was HENDRICK VAN ANKERSTRA, whose fainter canvases are not often seen in public galleries. The "Winter Scene" recently hung in the National Gallery, is meticulous in style and awkward in drawing. But quite apart from its curiosity, it is a quaint composition, and should be invaluable as a costume piece. The landscape by PIERRE ROUSSEAU is another rarity. Rousseau was a travelling Dutchman, and he picked up his notions of formal landscape abroad. Both colour and design are rather Italian than Dutch, and though there is a nobility in his composition, his work suffers from that dryness of aspect which results from imitation. CORNELIS DEKKER was among the most successful pupils of Hobbema, and his "Land-cape with Figures," recently acquired for the National Gallery, is the touch and style of his master. It is not a great work, but it goes to prove that, if a painter will only follow a sound method a possible talent will carry him far on the road. LAAR VAN OSTADE has from the first received full recognition in England, and another of his works, "A Farmyard Scene," has now been hung in the National Gallery. It is overcrowded with detail and somewhat too hard in style, but the colour is good and the sky excellent. The new landscape by SARAH VAN HENDEL is brackened in arrangement as in subject, but it produces a pleasant, fresh air effect and is, moreover, the first work in this matter which the nation has acquired. Another gem in our collection is filled by the "Virgin and Child surrounded by Cherubim" by LUCAS VAN LEU AT

The picture, which was presented by Mr William Connal, Junr, is a good example of the Sieneese school. In the Sieneese school also belonged GIOVANNANTONIO PIZZI known as Il Sodoma, and his "Face Homo" is a fine piece of colour. LAZZI was a pupil of Leonardo and Morelli goes so far as to ascribe to him most of the works described in public galleries as by Leonardo. His pictures are by no means commonly met with, and the National Gallery has but one other specimen—a "Madonna and Child" purchased some years since from Mr Fairfax Murray.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition of the Early Art of the Low Countries which has filled the gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club during all the height of the season de cines, by right more than a passing notice in these pages. Nothing so really important to the historical student and connoisseur of painting has taken place since the winter exhibition of all masters and the learned and distinguished men who direct the affairs of the Burlington Fine Arts Club do not shrink from exercising such a measure of control over the objects they exhibit as would surprise the organisers of the show at the Royal Academy. Little is shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club which is not of undoubted authenticity, and hardly anything that is not of serious value. The attribution to VAN EYCK of the Duke of Devonshire's interesting picture of the Consecration of Thomas à Becket has indeed been questioned, while a portrait of Lord Spencer, not now assigned to HOLBEIN, is, it is just possible, by that artist in his earlier time. A certain amount of difference of opinion as to the authorship of the panels which date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries can by no means be avoided, but probably there has of been, neither at the Club nor amongst students any doubt thrown upon the authenticity and value of the Duke of Devonshire's famous "Memling," a large work in singularly fine condition. The collection has contained fine examples of Mantegna, and certainly no nobler instance of masculine performance in painting than that picture by HIERONYMUS BOSCH—'A Military Saint with a Donor'.

Lovers of the early English water colour drawings have had an opportunity of carefully studying this interesting and beautiful branch of art at the Fine Art Society's gallery in Bond Street. The first impression is the peculiar grace and simplicity of the composition of the various subjects. Secondly, the pure and fresh state of nearly every drawing, although some of them are about a century old. Thirdly the marked English character which runs through the whole of the works, and which separates itself by its clearness of design and graceful "balance" from foreign work of any period, and lastly, the unerring technique which modern artists cannot, as a rule, approach, but which at every period of the history of Fine Art has always been associated with complete work. Not the least interesting drawing in the collection was the beautifully finished portrait by GAINSBOROUGH of the Duke of Sir Henry Bute Dudley, Bart., commonly called the "fighting puzon." This beautiful work shows how consummate a master of drawing and modelling Gainsborough was, although he worked so loosely in numbers of his pictures. Nos. 43 and 201 and other drawings by DOWDALL, A. R. A., show a tenderness and grace in colour and drawing which belong to the classic time of our English art. It is said that Downman coloured his portraits and accessories on the back of extremely thin tissue-like paper, which she then through and produced a blush of colour which harmonised

with his tender crayon work on the front. The collection contained several interesting and authentic portraits, for instance, No. 111, that free hand and well preserved portrait of Turner by FRY, so unphotographic and full of character. No. 123, "Lord Lovat," by HAYDON, the original sketch, a study for the well known companion picture. This beautiful portrait has unfortunately suffered from ill usage. No. 97 is a beautifully composed picture of Mrs. Pittler for the celebrated picture by REYNOLDS. The sketch is on tinted paper and expresses the great painter's mystery in water colour which we but rarely see. Perhaps No. 63, by ROWLANDSON, is not the least interesting of the drawings in this collection. In this exquisite drawing called "Music" he shows the refinement and grace of Gainsborough, and this simple work is a foil to his caricatures, which were not always free from vulgarity, nor from too broad a treatment. The collection also contained pure and preserved examples by MORLAND, WHISTLEY, CONWAY, JAMESON, HAYDON, HAYDON (No. 77, "Lancaster House," a lovely drawing, as fresh as when painted), WATSON (John Turner fellow), CONWAY, H. EMMER, ROBERTS, CURRIE and others. No. 100, portrait of Sir E. Landseer by his brother CHARLES LANDSEER is a carefully finished drawing and expresses the keenness of observation of the low Landseer, whose place afterwards as a poet, composer and delineator of animal life has had no rival or even competitor.

Mr W. L. WATTS, R.A., has been exhibiting at the Bond Street gallery of the Fine Art Society the large picture of "The Battle of Trafalgar" which he has painted for the hall of the Junior United Service Club. It is a fine composition, broadly conceived, executed on comprehensive lines, the outcome of long unsparring and persistent study and inquiry as to the actual positions of the vessels engaged, the state of wind, tide, and sea, the precise shape of the hulls and the distinguishing details of rigging. The colour generally is pallid and delicate, but we think the artist might have safely ventured on a little more intensity. The popular conception of the ferocity and majesty of the battle is wanting.

In an adjoining room at the Fine Art Society's, a small collection of water colour drawings of Devonshire by Mr HENRY B. WATSON were on view. They were exceedingly "pretty"—we use the word advisedly—but the artist has failed to get the distinctive tone and feeling of the beautiful county into his soft and charming studies, and in many cases, such as his "Anstis Cove," his shaft unhappily with very widely known topographical features. He has been all his life in drawing shapely pieces. When an artist puts in a few felicitous strokes to suggest a boat and break the expanse of sea, we do not complain. But when he deliberately sets himself to paint ships, we demand some knowledge of his subject. Mr WATSON's "Brixham Trawler" would certainly surprise the truest catching owners, and his trailing seascapes in Teignmouth Harbour might have been named in the London Art.

Mrs F. ST. JOHNSTON, the Boston artist, has in a hall in an exhibition of her exquisite pictures and studies at the Art Union Gallery, 112 Strand. A life size white marble of a youth man in a scarf flung over his shoulder, mounted on a base, some three feet high, which he holds a child on the side. "The First Rule" formed the chief feature of the collection, whilst there were numerous sets of free-forms like "Melton," the Derby winner of 1885 and other equestrian celebrities. We also noticed an interesting portrait of the late ill-fated Prince Louis Napoleon, wearing his uniform

as an officer of the Royal Artillery, painted from life, and "Returning from Montevideo," a throng of Neapolitans in gaily-decorated vehicles, the picture being lent for exhibition by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire and Marlborough.

The proprietor of the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, believes in variety and change. The list of collection shown has been that of a London impressionist, a devout follower of Mr Whistler, Mr A. T. Power whose "Summer and Winter" was a series of sketches in water and oil diverse in treatment, aim and merit, dealing chiefly with interiors and scenes observed in Normandy and in the streets of London. Mr Landseer strives for that sweetness and dexterity which are so much the fashion of the hour. Some of his "notes" are extremely clear, such as his "Harmy in the Blue Bush from the Pier" and he sometimes expresses all he has to say with the least possible line of colour. In other cases this struggling for directness and simplicity is more in evidence than the qualities themselves. "Sunlight—Beach of Bournemouth" is somewhat larger than the other pictures, and is a skilful study of tones, conveying a happy sense of vivid colours in strong sunlight, breeze, and motion. In "Sir Roger de Coverley" The Old fashioned Whistler, we find the young artist finishing a small drawing, of many figures with very much more ostentation of care and detail. Mr Whistler has not, then, then his earlier method in his endeavour to master a more effective style.

REVIEWS

When Mr PENNELL wrote his capital book upon "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship" he showed himself, as we remarked at the time, aggressively national in his criticism of English work—dismissing it in a severe and unpropitiously brief chapter. To rectify the imbalance and to put in even with some of Mr Pennell's statements, Mr HARRIS G. HARRIS has issued his no less admirable "*English Pen Artists of To-day*" which the publishers, Messrs. Trevelyan have issued in a manner worthy of its subject. At first sight the author would appear to be guilty of no mean errors of taste and fact as those with which we charged Mr Leitch, but a fuller acquaintance with the book brings us to modify considerably our first tendency to hostile criticism. Throughout the volume we are glad to recognise qualities of a high order. Truth of observation, freshness of criticism, and a readiness of vision. Thus equipped with critical acumen, with facility of argument and extensive acquaintance of his subject, Mr Harris proceeds to the discussion of the past, present, and future of English pen drawing with distinct views and with emphatic success. No phase of the subject—and they are many—technical, historical, critical, journalistic, philosophical and essentially artistic does he leave unobserved in this sumptuously illustrated work. But we fall to notice—and his analysis of the art is treated. He divides them into "artists," "decorative artists," "artists of the Pen," "book artists" and finally a fourth unnamed class of artists. But why Messrs. Charles Green Bulky, Henry Phil May and Bernard Partridge are named "decorative" than Mr. Fredrick Barnard or Mr. Gerald Jones, we do not understand. And why Mr. Edwin Woodville is not a decorative artist, while Mr. Lester is, is equally unexplained. Filling with such queries—we fear a little too much—upon Mr Pennell's philosophical pattern Mr Harris readily yields to the usual precedents in the matter of a bibliography for the printing of process-works, but falls into the error, in our opinion, of

approving of the extreme reduction to which American publishers are apt to submit pen drawings, while he appears to forget that to class and choice of paper very much indeed is due. Indeed, we do not hesitate to assert that with a different paper his own book—excellent as it is—would have shown off the majority of the blocks to still greater advantage. To proceed to other fault finding, we may object to the very slight justice rendered to Mr. Graefenlinden, especially in the face of the inclusion of draughtsmen such as Mr. Gordon Fraser, Mr. A. J. Marks, and Mr. T. C. Gould among the artists, reminding the author of his own correct definition of the line that divides the grotesque draughtsman from the humorous and skilful at a likeness he may be from a true caricature artist. Nor do we consider that he has lavished half enough praise on the undoubted genius of Mr. Phil May. Indebted chiefly for his inspiration to the pen work of Van Peers and Curran de Kelt, Mr. May's manner is yet all his own, being more realistic, fuller of character, and it must be admitted, of vulgarity, but infinitely more distinguished for the art he displays than most of his contemporaries. Speaking of Mr. Fred Barnard's work, Mr. Harper reproduces by photogravure a drawing originally made for *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, and points out how much better it comes by that process. Of course photogravure always gives better results than relief process work, but Mr. Harper, in inviting comparison, has forgotten to add that the drawing has been worked up in the interval. In treating of *Punch's* artists, the author observes that Mr. Tenniel succeeded Leech as cartoonist. As a matter of fact the artists were co-cartoonists for years, the greater number of such cartoons being executed by Mr. Tenniel. The dates, too, of the first appearances of other artists mentioned are inaccurate, the correct dates are as follows—Mr. Sambourne, 1847; Mr. Gordon Thomson, 1861; Mr. Fred Barnard, 1863; Mr. A. Chalmers, 1867; and Leopoldo Chiffocott, 1871. Passing over some minor points besides the notable omissions of certain elements to notice—omissions which always must occur, we suppose, in every work which makes any pretence to be exhaustive—(though surely Mr. Paul Hardy's and Miss Goss's claims ought not to have been ignored) and returning once more to the general consideration of the work, we cordially welcome its appearance. Although confessedly the outcome of a deficient chapter of Mr. Pinnell's book, it is in all respects well done, save where we have pointed out, and is a monument in honour of black and white—the art of the printing press and the great living art of the present and of the immediate future. Regarding pen drawing not only as an art *de luxe*, but an everyday journalistic necessity, Mr. Harper has treated of it with knowledge, sympathy, and ability, and has done not a little to keep it in the right way, and, while speaking suggestively to the artist, has done good service by tending to popularise it and exalt it in the eyes of the public.

Mr. BARR PERRELL sends us from America an interesting little book entitled '*Christian Architecture*,' in which he endeavours with considerable success to show the intimate connection between religion and architecture, and to indicate the many points in which the ecclesiastical architecture of a people expresses the salient points of their common faith. We wish that Mr. Perrell could have extended his investigations so as to have embraced the Renaissance, but he is an ardent worshipper of Gothic architecture, and would have no belief that Christian architecture ceased at the commencement of the Renaissance. Such a doctrine

might have found some adherents in the july days of the Gothic revival, but in these times our sympathies are of a broader nature and we look for and find religious expression in unity of proportion, and artistic detail in the ecclesiastical architecture of every century and in every civilised country. Still, Mr. Perrell's essay shows a careful study of his subject and if its effect is to stimulate the Transatlantic church goers to nobler artistic and expressive church architecture than is in common lot to get in America at the present day, the labours of Mr. Perrell will indeed be happy in their result.

NOTABILIA

The public has learned with considerable interest that Mr. Lyndal, the friend and patron of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Whistler, was the inventor of the title 'nocturne' as applied to a picture.

The new Grafton Gallery will formally open in the beginning of December with a representation of English and Foreign Art. The New Gallery will make a specialty of sketches and studies, plastic as well as pictorial.

The County Council having no power to grant land for the erection of a National Gallery of British Art have decided not to approach Mr. Tate upon the subject, as was at one time proposed.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that although CHARLES KERS was apprenticed to Mr. WILKINSON, the engraver, it was for the purpose of learning the art of drawing upon wood, and not the use of the graver, as stated in our recent article upon this subject.

Messrs. BERNIER, painter, and BODIN, sculptor, have been appointed to the Officership of the Legion of Honour, while Messrs. ROBERT, ARIAN, BODIN, MONTEAU DE TULLY, CARILL, and HENRI MONTEAU the American painter long resident in Paris have been created Knights.

A considerable number of new pictures, to which we shall shortly refer in detail, have been hung in the modern aisle of the National Gallery. The space is now becoming so cramped, and the use of screens so extensive, that if the Government can hardly longer withstand the pressing demands of the Trustees for an extension of premises.

The negotiations which were instituted by the governing bodies of the Old and New Salons, with a view to a fusion of the two societies and a healing of their differences have fallen through. A meeting of the New, or Champ de Mars, Salon have declined to authorize any such peace, encouraged thereto by the fact that while their own body is strengthening each year, the other is said to be declining in its popularity and receipts.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. ALFRED H. TOLLIER, well known as a contributor of pictures of historic *genre* to the Royal Academy and the French Gallery. Many of his pictures have been engraved chiefly for Nimmo's edition of Scott and for Peckhard's 'Vathek.' Mr. Tollier was fifty six years of age. M. QUINCY, sculptor a constant contributor at the Salon, whose 'Shepherd's Star' was bought by the State in 1884 has died at a promising time in his career, after gaining a second class medal in 1888. The landscape and animal painter, M. BRESSON DE WARMILL is also dead at the age of seventy four, and M. LAUREN MARCHAND, portraitist and history painter the pupil of Pils and Ingres, aged only thirty eight. They had both gained distinctions in the Salon.



JAN VAN BEERS.

L. M. H. STEELMAN.

OF all the artists of the day, Jan Van Beers is not only one of the most original but—what we shall be most grateful for—one of the most entertaining. Whatever he does he does *perfectly* so, how ever industrious and quiet he may be for the moment he is thoroughly *done*!

He reveals in equal parts the main characteristics of Omer Tiebout and Alfred de Musset. But it would seem that within the past year or two having sown his artistic wild oats (though he has not yet wholly forsworn the harvest) he is returning to the seriousness of his youth—thinking once more of the reputation and esteem of posterity which possessed him as a tulip but which he cast aside for a time in the pursuit of that beauty and grace to be found in the *je ne sais quoi* of Paris. Woman wrote Charles Baudelaire in one of his *romans*—one of his *romans*—books in my possession—of petty sensualists—flowers, scents, pictures, fairs, new dress—and prefer opera to play as being more sensual and less intellectual. Add woman's beauty to Lebel's category and I venture to submit that the definition applies with equal fitness to Van Beers the aesthetic sensualist of the Parisian *je ne sais quoi*. But if he be a "petty sensualist" it is always the artistic, graceful and dainty side of sensualism which he cultivates. As I have said on another occasion it is for beauty, visual or spiritual that he lives in whatever he touches or whatever he does—and as the live and moving flower the honey leaved gourd so our artist seeks for beauties the moment he has exploited the old. And herein lies

his artistic salvation. He may display a little more feminine ankle than Mrs. Grundy may consider well that the Misses Grundy should take cognizance of in a picture—he may paint as the horrible the pathetic, the suggestive, the vulgar—yet in all you

will find a dominating sense of beauty in form in line in colour or in touch. We English do not appreciate his "artistic jokes" perhaps and are apt to frown upon his escapades as licentious which in his eyes are only the natural effervescence of his Flemish temperament—a phlegmatic in its outward calm yet so bright and so keenly alive to fun. For him life is delight—delight in the beautiful in the one hand and in the other in amusement and in laughter.

The grandson of the eminent historian Henri Mercur and son of the poet laureate of Belgium Jan Van Beers has displayed in the various portions of his career the chief characteristics of his artistic

rice. Fine patriotism was the note of his early works—those great canvases which seemed all too small for his youthful ambition and energy—alternating with a very Gothic love of accurate draughtsmanship and an entirely Pre-Raphaelite love for detail and for aesthetic richness and dryness of manner. His patriotism dictated that search after character and truth which distinguished the great Masters of his school until the transition proceeding apace brought about a technique of painting on his small panels of which Tiebout or Millet would hardly have been ashamed. What his power of rendering texture has certainly equalled



JAN VAN BEERS.

(From the Etching by G. Van der Straeten.)

there is his sense of beauty has emphatically surpassed that possessed by them.

He was born in Tielt, near Antwerp in 1832. When he was still of tender years—long before he could write—his clever engravings of persons

encouraged by this success he sent to the Exhibition of Antwerp a large picture entitled *Titus* representing Christ in the desert. His maturity (for it was nothing of it) in painting such a work and such a subject was rewarded beyond his



THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE GOOD.

(From the *Feet of the Virgin Mary* by the *National Museum at Amsterdam*.)

constantly showed an emblem of his weakness of observation and sense of humour. Discouraged by his father—after the orthodox habit of artists' parents—he overcame in his artistic career all opposition when he had completed his school education and at the age of seventeen he entered the Antwerp *École des Beaux-Arts*. He studied under Van Dyck but his spirit of independence rebelled against the prevailing regulations of school teaching and three years later he set up his own studio. Here he painted his first picture. It was the *Portrait of a young Oriental woman* and was called *Sol for the Harem*. It was a work of much delicacy and attracted immediate attention. En-

thusiasm. Not only did it make a sensation—it is recognized as a foreign beauty—but it even won the admiration of the more severe among the connoisseurs for its striking originality of conception no less than for its excellence of execution although it was evidently the work of an immature genius. After a few minor efforts Van Dyck produced his first great picture. This was *The Funeral of Charles the Good* (reproduced in this page) a work which won for the artist the gold medal at Amsterdam where it was bought for the National Museum of that city. This remarkable work of such curious length representing all the pomp of that quaintly splendid ceremony, contains some five

hundred figures (including the artist's own portrait) and is painted with all the simple earnestness and directness of a fifteenth or sixteenth century Flemish. At this time it should be remembered the painter was only twenty years of age. Then followed a series of extremely original canvases, the first—and the chief—of which is "The Death of Jacques Van Artevelde."

Here we have the tragic side of Van Biers' character—the deep feeling and noble and rugged vigour which underlie the polish of the pet of Paris of to-day. Declining to represent the great historical assassination with all the circumstance and dramatic *raisonnée* with which others would doubtless have treated it, he chose to make it the more terrible by its simple intensity. We are here shown the great leader—the man who treated with Edward III

sake, that it should find a resting place in one of our national museums. To my great regret this has not been effected and it is to be equally regretted that the patriotic good sense to do so has been lacking. For it is a triumph for our school to have an artist of M. Van Biers' merit represented by such a work. But I cannot be blinded that this has not been done. A proposal reached me from England for the exhibition of the picture in the chief cities. I refused that. But now that I am free in respect to my own country and as it could but enhance the reputation of the artist and as the years are multiplying on my head I should like before leaving for the other world to learn from you if the suggestion could be satisfactorily carried out.

Immediately after this picture came the large



THE DEATH OF JACQUES VAN ARTEVELDE.

(From the Painting by Jan Van Eyck. In the *Liberation of Mons*. Part 16.)

of England as an equal and who confronted on similar terms the mighty King of France—as a bruised corpse seen in the morning light amongst the dunes of a riverside left hard by the city of Ghent. He lies where he was thrown like a dog and the startling horror of the scene seems to use up in denunciation of the ungrateful wretches who had dragged their liberator to death and left his littered carcase to rot by the way.

Monsieur Pictet, the official and eminent head of art in Belgium writes to me thus concerning this large work which is one of his most cherished possessions—"I hold it in great esteem. This work of M. Van Biers is a great and beautiful one as well as the most important he has produced. Indeed the artist knows with what it lights me. I have conserved it in the Academy of Brussels. I should have wished for its printer's

historical type-set of an event of the thirteenth century. The Flemish poet Jacob Van Maerlant, foretelling to his friends Jean Prejdel and Pierre de Conneke the deliverance of his Fatherland. This remarkable work almost unpleasant in its extremely archaic treatment was no less original than his other works and was in fact inspired by the powerful poem of his father's.

Although the contemporaries admired there were not writing writers who thought it high time that a young painter who aspired to so much and who entirely broke away from convention should be taught his place. Those who know—and who does not?—the treatment meted out to our Flemish writers will realise the style of persecution to which Van Biers was subjected. While his friends advocated adherence to history in its higher aspects and the further cultivation

of his love of archaeology, a portion of the Press denounced his tenacity, laughed at the size of his canvases, condemned his lack of finish and delicacy of touch, sneered at his aims, and as so often happens the more reasonable counsellors were shouted down by the enthusiasm of the student of ignoring his persecutors. M. Van Leuven perhaps a little too ready to listen to what the

was so thoroughly in consonance with the taste of the people there, is little surprise that in these popular works Van Leuven found his financial salvation. It is all very well to paint high art, but high art as Haydon, Barry and many another have found will not pay your way. And in fact the artist's rapid transition from the severity of the historical to the lightness of the



M. H. DEL.

(From the *Album des Peintres de la Rue*)

world is saying was stung to the quick and adopting the method of Alfred Stevens, Emil Wauters and other great painters who could not support the pettiness of a jealous coterie he left Belgium for Paris where he hoped to find a wider and more liberal field than that which he had sought in vain in his own country.

By this time Van Leuven had wandered upon the borders of another artistic realm. His severe historical studies had led him to the study of the very antitheses of the latter ones.

Initially pretty was an entirely genuine one, only in Paris he found the encouragement he might have lacked in his own country for the leadership of this less serious phase.

In Paris he was received with great cordiality and he set to work with a will. He painted the well-known picture of *La Seine*—which has recently been sold into America for a large sum—and sent it to the Brussels Salon when the city was raised and reached by painters as well as by writers that such excessive brightness of execution had been produced by his method.

special reference had been made) or other part of the picture down to the white painting so as to show the red ink drawing with which he had at first drawn it in and he would then paint in the head again. If the drawing beneath was not visible the painting should belong to his adver-

to the advantage of the painter for as need hardly be said no trace of photograph or photographic materials could be found. The enemy thereupon brought forward another accusation that as Van Beers painted in such distinct styles he must perforce employ two different artists to execute his



PETER BENOÎT

(Painted by Jans van Beers)

saries and he would have to suffer the shame of exposure—but if the evidence was in his favor his trustees should pay him £1,000 damages in respect to their false and explicit charge. The offer was not accepted and less was heard of the charge of painting on only the aid of photographs when one painting the head of the principal figure was found to be scratched out. The perpetrator of the outrage was never discovered but since that time Van Beers always covers with glass the pictures he intends for foreign exhibition. The merchant turned

work. I am not aware that the matter was pressed nor that any explanation was offered as to why two such remarkably skilful painters (presuming them to exist) should be content to hide their lights under the bushel of a young artist a foreigner who had still to win his squires and create a clientele.

Van Beers now proceeded with his painting with all the vigour of which he was capable producing his *quint*—almost grotesque—Sorcerer.

On Pound On the Sands at Ostend Charles V as a Child and "Rice with Honour—to my

mind one of the least satisfactory of all the artist's works. More important than any of these are the brilliant little portraits executed about this time—those of Henri Pochefort and the composer Peter Teunt—panels which will always take rank as works of fine art and among the most remarkable specimens of contemporary portraiture.



THE COUNTESS D'ALTREUMONT

(From the Poet by J. A. Van Beers. The picture is of the Countess d'Altreumont.)

Scenes of Parisian life now engaged Van Beers' attention. They were presented with a verve and snap almost incredible in one raised in the heavier traditions of the Flemish school and went to all intents and purposes Parisian down to the very ringle on his woman's life—the grace the dameness the beauty of the Frenchwoman at her best were only equalled by the subtle skill which reduced that

je ne sais quoi that proclaims the *demi-mondaine* in the most distinguished and respectable salon. At about the same time too he was painting ideal female heads which I cannot help thinking are the least worthy of all his artistic work—heads the apotheosis perhaps of the decorations of Louis Quinze boxes but still strongly

reminiscent of the sleek prettiness of those mercenary assemblages. Such was my opinion at the time when the attack against and the first exhibiting such a work with Van Beers' signature on it in a shop-window was brought by the artist. The defence was a revival of the charge that the pictures were painted by the artist's ghosts. But the evidence of the self-accriminated persons was accepted by no one but the judge. Van Beers appealed and demonstrated that the picture in question should be brought into court. The appeal was allowed but the pictures had been hurriedly spirited away to England and the result of the trial was a forensic vindication of the painter's artistic character.

Such are the main incidents of Van Beers' life in the record of which facts I am mainly indebted to the kindness of Monsieur Paul Buschmann. Since the time with which I have been dealing the painter has been developing as I have said into a more serious worker. Together with his friend M. Georges Van der Straeten the senjor he was smitten with the quaintness of Irish life with the seductive allurements of its joyous life but he is already more than half disillusioned. M. Van der Straeten has left it for the more ideal grace and refinement of the Watteau period. Van Beers inclines to the more solid virtues of portraiture broadly considered and exquisitely finished now concerned in the spirit of Franz Hals now of Metz of Menck of Sir Peter Lely. He still retains his love of fun and his fondness for beauty but the defect which marred some of his former pictures are no longer seen and his paintings are well nigh as admirable as perfection of technique and the most astounding facility can make them. Whether he will shake himself free from the influence of banal

my woman, whether he will close his nostrils to the scent-laden atmosphere of the modern Paris drawing-room and whether he will defy the wiles and temptations of the dealer and the collector is still to be seen. Monsieur Van Beers is still a young man. If he dies there is no knowing how high up he may write his name on the scroll of fame if he fails even then will he know that he has

earned an imperishable reputation though What Is is perhaps but the shadow of What Might have been.

His art has become more serious. Love of notoriety has given place to a worthier ambition—the approval of posterity. Finally his lost its charm and it is no longer his delight to show how far he can out Whistler. Whistler in his craving

for originality, or how much the *Secret des Intelligents* has still to learn. He can still paint a highly finished little picture in a day, but that is but a relaxation. His love of art is at length out-run his love of fun and where once was the light heart of the mere "painter" we now recognise the enthusiasm of the artist.

COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF FINE ART. IN TWO PARTS—PART II

CONSIDERATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW BILL.

By GILBERT E. SAMUEL, SOLICITOR.



PERHAPS the most important and at the same time the most difficult task which arises in the consideration of the present law of artistic copyright is to solve the much discussed problem as to whom the copyright of a picture should belong on a sale of the work from which it is

derived. Under the Act of 1862 it belongs originally to the author being a British subject or resident within the Dominions of the Crown of every original painting, drawing or photograph made either in the British Dominions or elsewhere. Paintings, drawings and photographs are here classed together but for the present I propose to refer only to paintings, engravings, etchings, prints &c. and sculpture being as has been before mentioned governed by different statutes.

That this Act is replete with glaring inconsistencies has been long acknowledged, but it may be doubted whether it contains any provisions so ill-logical as the clauses by virtue of which the property of an artist in the copyright of his picture is disposed of when a sale of the latter is effected. I will therefore quote them *in extenso* as offering a fine example of the ill-considered legislation constituting the law of copyright in the fine arts and for so long submitted to with unaccountable apathy and indifference by the artistic world, which by energetic combination and well directed agitation should have long since procured the removal from the Statute Book of the present ridiculous enactments and the substitution of our rational measures in their stead.

The clauses in question run as follows. When any painting or drawing or the negative of any

photograph shall for the first time after the passing of this Act be sold or disposed of or shall be made or executed for or on behalf of any other person for a good or a valuable consideration the person so selling or disposing of or making or executing the same shall not retain the copyright thereof unless it be expressly reserved to him by agreement in writing signed at or before the time of such sale or disposition by the vendor or assignee of such painting or drawing or of such negative of a photograph or by the person for or on whose behalf the same shall be so made or executed but the copyright shall belong to the vendor or assignee of such painting or engraving or of such negative of a photograph or to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed and *shall the vendor or assignee thereof be entitled to any such copyright unless at or before the time of such sale or disposition an agreement in writing signed by the person so selling or disposing of the same or by his agent duly authorised shall have been made to that effect.* This is manifestly absurd & a veritable tangle of complicated nonsense, doing duty for law in many the most material point affecting an artist's interests. Note how in the first part of the section the copyright is dangled before the eyes of the vendor or assignee or the person for or on whose behalf the work is executed as his prospective property in the event of the artist being unwary enough to omit to reserve it expressly in writing and then observe how it is withdrawn again from the vendor or assignee only if he should neglect to have it assigned to him by written agreement. The question at once arises to whom does the copyright belong if there should be no agreement at all? The answer is that if the work has been executed on commission the copyright belongs to the person for or on whose behalf the same shall have been made or executed but if not executed on commission it belongs to nobody—the right is lost, the result being that if a

picture is sold without having been commissioned and the copyright is not reserved or assigned in writing it is open to all the world who can obtain access thereto to make or sell copies of it in any medium and however inferior in artistic quality, without the artist or the owner having any remedy whatever. A painter might, under such circumstances—and indeed, sometimes does—see his best work reproduced “all highly coloured” with impunity. As a matter of fact, most pictures are sold without any such agreement as the Act contemplates being entered into and the copyright therein is consequently lost. This is a state of affairs which should assuredly not be allowed to continue. The very essence of the principle of copyright is that it is a form of property entirely apart from the possession of the work from which it originates and the law should therefore distinctly define without vague and useless phraseology to whom in the absence of agreement it is to belong—the artist or the purchaser.

It appears that while the Act of 1862 was being considered in Parliament it was thought that if an artist wanted the copyright he could retain it in the manner stated in the Act but the evidence of artists and others given before the Royal Commission proves that in many cases he does not raise the question. The purchaser is usually under the impression that the ownership of the copyright follows the possession of the picture, and if a formal agreement is produced for his signature he distrusts the motives of the artist, and the sale is often asked through this error, although the former does not want and cares nothing for the copyright. The evidence also showed that the Society of Painters in Water Colours was desirous of inserting a notification at the end of its catalogues that a purchaser if any of the pictures exhibited in its galleries would be required to enter into the agreement rendered necessary by the Act, in order to reserve the copyright to the artist and that communications on the subject passed between that Society and the Royal Academy. The council of the latter institution expressed an opinion, however, that it was difficult for artists to approach the subject of any reservation of copyright, as it would interfere with sales if the proposed course was adopted. The matter therefore dropped.

It is impossible within the limits at my disposal to do it in an exhaustive manner with a subject so fraught with difficulties as the one under discussion but it certainly appears that the claim of the artist to the retention of the copyright in his work where it has not been specially assigned in writing is a fair and reasonable one, and should be established by law. The purchaser would then

have the picture for which he bargains, but not something in addition for which he does not. The position is analogous to that of a sale of a good will, which copyright somewhat resembles. A City man, when he buys business premises obtains no assignment of the goodwill of the business carried on there unless he stipulates and pays for it. Why, then, should the buyer of a picture become spontaneously entitled to the right—quite a distinct kind of property it will be remembered—of copying and reproducing it with its attendant profits and advantages? Again as the picture and the copyright both belong *ab initio* to the artist if he part with one *ie*, the picture, it surely follows that the copyright remains. The Act however says that it disappears. Where is the logic of this?

Artists further urge in support of their claim that in addition to the pecuniary advantage they would derive they desire to keep control over the engraver and photographer and thereby prevent the production of bad or inferior copies and the consequent prejudice to their reputations. For if they retained the copyright as proposed they would be in a position to give a title to a publisher who, in view of the enhanced value which attaches to a painting when engraved would probably be able to obtain the loan of it for that purpose from the owner (the latter not being obliged, as is commonly supposed to allow access to or give up his picture to the proprietor of the copyright for the purpose of engraving) and the artist would supervise the engraving, and, maybe, touch the proofs, thus ensuring an artistic instead of an inferior production to the great advantage of the artist, the owner, the publisher, and the public. Of course, in the consideration of this subject the case is not included of sales to publishers, who generally purchase for the purpose of reproduction and therefore buy the copyright.

The Act, it will be observed makes a distinction in the case of a picture painted on commission, as regards the ownership of the copyright, which passes in the absence of an agreement to the person for whom the work has been executed, and does not lapse as in the case of a non-commissioned work. This exception again, has given rise to considerable confusion, as it has been found very difficult to define what a “commission” is. Suppose, for instance, a person desires to possess a picture by the President of the Royal Academy and requests him to paint, for a certain price, a characteristic work say of some classical subject and a picture is accordingly painted and submitted to the proposed purchaser for approval. This presumably, but not unilaterally, constitutes a commission under the statute. If so what difference is there between this transaction

and in ordinary sale to warrant the copyright passing to the purchaser in the one case and being at in the other? Suppose further in the example taken the picture when completed should not meet with approval and another is painted and accepted the former has nevertheless been painted for or on behalf of some other person and the person giving the commission would according to the natural construction of the clause be entitled to the copyright in both pictures although he only buys one. Of course no court would uphold such a contention but it would be difficult to say what would be the position if he subsequently also purchased the painting which he had previously rejected. There is no reason whatever why any distinction is regards the ownership of the copyright should be made between a commissioned and a non-commissioned work. The explanation of the separate treatment adopted by the Act in relation to the two classes apparently lies in the desire which prevailed in the minds of many when the matter was under discussion to prevent portraits more especially family portraits being indiscriminately reproduced in the absence of an agreement reserving the copyright which would have been necessary to return it in the case of paintings not painted on commission. There is much force in this objection and it would therefore be well that if the copyright rested with the artist on a sale he should be restrained from reproducing portraits of individuals executed on the order of any person without the sanction of the owner for the time being. He should also under like conditions not be permitted to repeat the picture sold without the consent of the owner of the original work. Any changes in the law providing for the reservation of copyright to the artist should also apply to drawings and photographs with the modification in the case of the latter being portraits executed on order that it should be made unlawful for any person to sell or exhibit in public copies thereof without the express permission of the person giving the order or his representatives.

Another point in which the author of a painting or drawing is placed at a considerable disadvantage refers to his right to use or dispose of sketches or studies made for a work where the latter with its copyright has passed to a purchaser a right which has been denied and which is open to grave doubt. These sketches and studies are often very numerous—in some cases maybe fifty or a hundred in number. They are moreover frequently highly finished productions the result of much labour and skill and in many instances form a considerable item in an artist's stock in trade. Sketches of backgrounds studies of foliage of trees and accessory objects are examples of this class and it is

highly probable that a court of law would hold that the same cannot lawfully be used again in other works or sold if the copyright in the picture in which they have been introduced is in the possession of another person the artist's power of production is greatly impaired and he himself is the victim of a great hardship. If he had a free hand to deal as he liked with his sketches and studies the copyright in the original work would not be in any wise seriously prejudiced and as the looseness of the language employed in the Act is alone to blame for the present unnecessary uncertainty so detrimental to the artist's interests the alteration or rather the exposition of the law in the required direction must command itself to all who have in any degree considered the question.

Power should also be expressly given to an artist to retain if he so desire a picture while selling the copyright a power which owing no doubt to an other oversight on the part of the framers of the Act does not at present exist so far as the law is concerned.

The law also presents many defects in relation to the remedies provided for infringement of copyright which afford protection of a totally inadequate character. In the case of engravings lithographs prints and similar works the remedy is by proceedings to recover the penalties prescribed by the statutes or by action for damages, in that of sculpture by action for damages only while the owners of copyrights in paintings drawings and photographs which have been infringed may sue for damages and penalties and in addition obtain an injunction. The forfeiture of pirated copies of every group of works of fine art except sculpture is also provided for but this important remedy has been found to be quite ineffectual inasmuch as no power is given to enter a house and search for copies. The result is that a conviction for selling piratical copies may be obtained together with a magisterial order that the same should be delivered up but this order cannot be enforced in consequence of the absence of a power of search. This omission should therefore be supplied in order that the purpose of this very valuable provision may be attained. Serious injury to copyright proprietors again is caused by the hawking from place to place of pirated copies particularly photographs of copyright paintings and engravings a practice which has reached very considerable dimensions and which is fostered by the known powerlessness of the law to prevent it. Summary penalties and pirated copies are recoverable only by action or by summary proceedings before two justices having jurisdiction where the offending person resides but in order to obtain a conviction the latter must be personally



DEG SIRI"

(From the Poem by A. Proba)

THE DIXON BEQUEST AT BETHNAL GREEN

III—THE ENGLISH OIL PAINTINGS

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

H FIF in England where we are all too busy to think much about the imperative demands of the generations that are to be and where even among art philanthropists, so much native power evaporates in talk—like steam through the spout of a kettle—we must be honestly grateful for any step, even though it be somewhat feebly taken, in a thing that the nation is entitled and bound to the artistic needs of the people. These needs are many and manifold and I am sure that as time goes on the gross mass of our countrymen will not be bankrupt of a single one. They need first of all in all our country towns, whether large or small, a museum deserving the serious attention of the most serious critic and attached to it—a technical school for its students in stone and in colours—a competent person whose task it will be to explain to the uninitiated the merits of each work of the painter and the statuary and to point out the

reason why one style is more masterly than another. Thus—and this only—can our work be full and complete as trustworthy as was Voltaire's cool. What this serving man was to the greatest modern after Shakespeare we all know for Voltaire himself tells us with pride and fullness. She came with her as it were the vast always ready lent of the people and when the Plutarch touched it even whilst writing *his genres* he knew that he had not devalued his talents and thereby dishonoured himself and his country. In a word Voltaire found that he could excite the interest of his cool with all his own before that d d strover of modern literature and modern art the public taste. The uneducated or the misinstructed public has no taste worth cultivating. But it has a great heart which our painters and literary men might and ought to touch just as Shakespeare touched it as Voltaire touched it and as Goethe and

England there are no great influences at IFTINAL GREEN and grateful appreciation on the contrary apart from certain weeklies devoted to



ORIENTAL INTERIOR.

(From the *Panorama* by J. F. Lewis, R.C.)

exhibited in comfortable manner from England the best illustrated journals in the heart of the nation. It has no equal in the country in probably better than the best in multitudinous inferior newspapers and magazines to Belgium, and the popularity of these and all our

illustrated publications ought surely to encourage criticism to do its very best—to be continually in further search and progress. Again even a few of the posters which during the last five or six years have repeated their colours in our dirty wet pavements are not to be thought unimpassioned

and charitable and again that all have an eye to posthumous repute. Why then let me say I should not be the victim of an appeal to that virtue and that honourable emulation? If every painter and sculptor in this island were to give only one work of which he himself was not ashamed quite a



AN ARAB IMPROVISATORE

(Lith. by F. Goodall R.A.)

in power. I instance the really fine pictorial advertisement of the German Exhibition—a design showing a strange yet happy intermingling of Danesque line and Japanese colouring.

Well then with such illustrations is there to assist us in re-establishing Art as a national teacher have we really much need for fear? The problem how we are to get sufficient paintings and statues to found—shall we say?—a national museum is one certainly that demands consideration. But perhaps after all it is not difficult of solution. It is well known that artists

are charitable and again that all have an eye to posthumous repute. Why then let me say I should not be the victim of an appeal to that virtue and that honourable emulation? If every painter and sculptor in this island were to give only one work of which he himself was not ashamed quite a hundred towns would have a gallery deserving of an exhibition and moreover if each gallery had a competent lecturer to explain the merits of every painting and statue the artists themselves could not but receive some material benefit from their self-advancing charity. It is not at all necessary that my one gallery should possess its several hundred pictures—quality in short is wanted not quantity. In fact the Dixon Lecture it seems to me would benefit to no inconsiderable extent by a little public evening wedding. And to this I must find a better language and a better catalogue. Is there I wonder any special reason why No. 1 in the English section should not hang by No. 2 instead of next to No. 49? or why a powerful dully coloured constable by W. J. Muller (the Bristol limbo-artist who was so warmly talked by the painted and repainted sands of Official Art) should be hung high in the foreign section? or why the catalogue (for which we pay a penny) should not be printed in clear type on a good paper and have brief biographical sketches of the artists added to it?

But I will not dwell on these easily remedied mistakes. I merely point them out because as a critic no man ought to suppress facts and because it would be pleasant to see Mr. Dixon's legacy acknowledged with wise liberality so that it may encourage many another having a national heart to leave his pictures to some out of the way and overcrowded district where cold to us as in *expensive luxury* and where not likely to amuse us can only be called on a few statues.

The English oil paintings did not give us an extensive survey of the history of the English school. Indeed Richard Wilson R.A. one of the chosen founders of the Royal Academy and J. de Loutherbourg a native of Strasburg who came over to England in or about the year 1766 are the two earliest lights. Loutherbourg was the founder of dramas and panoramas the improver of our stage scenery at Drury Lane and the stannoch assistant



LANDSCAPE

(From the Panel by Patrick Nagogh)

of Richard Wilson P.A. whose whole life was devoted to the opening of the many eyes then dimmed in the uncertainties of the decadence of the romantic school of landscape painting. Wilson

nowadays I think would not be accounted a great artist. Yet it was his broad and simple truth that cleared the way for Morland and Old Constable the strong forerunners of Turner and of Constable and



STOWDALL ST

(From the Panel by J. Morron)

surely a work so useful as it ought to be remembered. Wilson hit almost all the Don Quixotes in it who attacked that huge, ever-bickering windmill public opinion in an awkward country to fight though rarely enough to ground corn for those who bow before it) was not sufficiently valued during his life. At least not at home. Horace Vernet thought and Zuccarelli, thought much of him. His picture in this collection represents a flat, greyish stretch of country with a cottage and a water-wheel to give it a homely charm. The catalogue is of opinion that Alexander Nasmyth finished it. He did—almost.

As for Dr. Foulherbourg his painting the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen is somewhat too scenic perhaps yet it is much nearer the wide domain of truth than that rule and compass view of the Falls of Ligon Cathedral signed by David Roberts R.A. in 1851, or than that Landscape with Classic Ruins by Thomas Creswell R.A., painted in 1850. Passing on we come to a delightful little

piece by Patrick Nasmyth an artist whom we all love to a broad exposure of his rather moonily. A. W. Williams whose affection for Wales is eminently artistic, to one of Mr. Lander's mystery (if too fumbling) foaming Welsh rivers, to Mr. G. V. Smith's glimpse of Penryn on the Severn which is exquisitely English in tone and in sentiment, to an innocently pleasant little *genre* piece of children playing at Doctors that bears the name I. D. Hardy, and to a panoramic view—scenic what hail and photographic in outline—of the Valley of Thurlmere, Cumberland by J. B. Pyne, the master of W. J. Muller, and the connecting link between Patrick Nasmyth and the great grey Realists. Of many another work I would rather not write. I shall allow the illustrations to speak the praises of several more. But there is a study of the nude by William Etty that fine bold colourist who so invigorated the English school which may even among the ablest of our younger painters might imitate to some advantage.

"HER FRIENDS"

PAINTED BY M. PRIMET



It is not often in walking round the exhibitions of Paris that one chimes across a canvas that so happily attains the object of its painter as 'Her Friends' of M. Primet. With all the cleverness all the technical ability dramatic power and liter-

ary leanings of the artists of France (from the merest student of the Faubourg Montmartre or the Quai de la Seine up to the great master in the Avenue de Champs) the Salons present too often to the vision of the visitor a veritable wilderness of achievement—acres of technique hundreds of original and powerful ideas and a wealth of colour, well imagined and harmonious but with all that excellent material hardly a single canvas will meet his eye that responds to his æsthetic sense in all respects—few indeed that realise the aims of the artist.

'Her Friends' which was one of the most remarkable pictures of the Champ de Mars Salon of 1891, was a happy exception to the vast majority. Its subject was not sensational romantic or amusing—according to the latest painters slang of the day. The public was as much ignored by the lack of story as was the student—he who hungers for novelty in colour schemes and constant originality in arrangement—by lack of morbid effort after the peculiar and the odd. What M. Primet set himself to reproduce in this picture of a common incident in a French maiden's life was movement—the whirl of pretty girl figures and the swirl of light fall dresses the very movement of atmosphere and the sense of soft flashing light. How well he has succeeded M. Jourdain's engraving will satisfy the beholder. Few pictures of recent years have so faithfully and skillfully caught the true sense of motion and so cleverly insisted upon it by contrast as may be seen in the figure at the piano who so deliberately poses her head and legs as she turns to watch the fitting passage of her girl friends. But what the engraving cannot do is to show how a humanly reticent was M. Primet's scheme of subdued colour how masterly the touch and how entirely a simile to the treatment.





HER IRISH
F F YR A L A J



BORDER DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY A GILT LACQUER MAKER

BURMESE ART AND BURMESE ARTISTS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By HARRY L. TILLY



A KALON

IN the last article we examined designs by decorators and wood-carvers and drawings of court life in ancient and modern times. In this it is proposed to look at the Burmese method of rendering the grotesque at some attempts to depict violent action and also at a few studies of heads.

It is always some-
what difficult to
approach the treat-

ment of the grotesque in a spirit of rational criticism. The difficulty is increased when dealing with the works of another people and still more so if that people be of such a different race that the groundwork of their religion and folk lore is entirely different from that of our own. If it be allowed to go over ground that has been traversed by the ablest critics it may be said that the grotesque is the presentation of a superstition in a half-ludicrous light, that it is often a playing with the terrors of religion and is sometimes a conversion of the innocent forms of nature into symbols of those terrors. Thus in the Middle Ages when people believed in the actual bodily presence of Satan and his angels and when witchcraft was

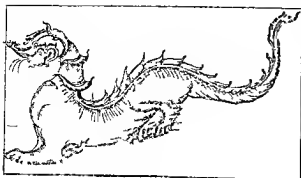
punishable by the criminal law of the land we find unearthly forms pugnant with malice and hate, disporting themselves amongst the carvings of our cathedrals. But in the days of the best grotesques there was always a playfulness about these monsters—a sense of humour in attitude or expression which prevented them becoming so entirely repulsive as to be martian. The workman was allowed considerable freedom in working out details and he could not but express the thoughts that were within him. He believed in punishment for sin and he thought what he believed lightly and playfully but with power and so as to be easily understood by the people.

After a while the workman lost his belief in personified evil, but had not yet arrived at those abstract ideas of spiritual punishment which are not suited for material representation. During the transition period he still retained the grotesque but had no intention to give forth. His work had to be contented with the outward form, and the inward meaning was lost. In other words, the workman was no longer a believer in the power of the grotesque.



HEAD OF A DEITY

that when the grotesque ceases to be playful and supernatural being. During the last war, however, didactic it becomes didactic and lost in art. To many officers, who had been a long time intimate



FLYING DRAGON

(Drawn by a Burmese Sketcher)



A UNICORN

apply this canon to Burmese grotesque we must first inquire if the workmen still accept the supernatural status of their folk-lore, and next if they are able to present them in a humorous

form. There is little doubt that the great mass of the people firmly believe in the supernatural agencies of the Buddhist religion, and still more so in the power of *Indras* or 'princes of the power of the air'. The education given by the English is no doubt proclaiming a number of agnostics in the larger towns, but the numbers so influenced are small when compared with the bulk of the people who live in the villages. The Burmese are however rather shy of talking about the *Indras* and it is only during

with the Burmese began to understand what a deep hold these myths had upon the minds of the people. It was found that many men in Lower Burma

who had every fibre of the power of the British and who also knew well that Upper Burma was in a state of anarchy and that the Burmese troops existed only in name and were without discipline and weapons—it was found that these men generally acute in business matters and accustomed to speak their mind, were dumb-fol if the English would be victorious and were utterly incredulous when told that Thilaw



A MINISTER'S ATTENDANT

had been captured after a short fruitless hostilities. The reason was simple enough. Nearly all the

the intricacies of travelling and in asking for the reason for avoiding such and such a tree or side of the stream that they acknowledge their fear of



A SPIRIT

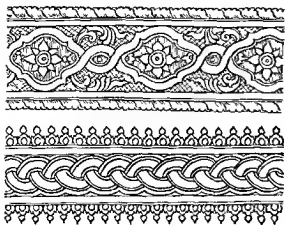
(Drawn by a Burmese Sketcher)



BURMESE LION

villagers believed that their king, the defender of the Buddhist faith, had a sceptre, with which by striking the earth he could summon vast armies

of celestial beings to his aid. Some months after the fall of Mandalay, a Roman Catholic missionary was showing a photograph of Thibwa to the villagers.



BORDERS DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY WOOD-CARVER

and as it was known that the king considered it beneath his dignity to be photographed when in power, the photograph was taken as far evidence of his fall. As they were leaving the house an old man said: "No, that cannot be a picture of the king, can you catch an alligator in a tea-cup?" This comparison of the force employed by the English to the power to be overcome thus pitifully expressed was a just one to the Burmese audience, and to this day the inhabitants of that village pitifully say:

"As you tell me, I must believe it, but it is none of the same opinion."

And such those *nats*, who are the guardians of the holy mountain and who are ready to protect the Buddhist religion and its defenders there are many others who are tutelary spirits of certain mountains, streams, or trees. The respect paid to these beings is never very openly acknowledged, for they are not recognised by the

Buddhist monks and are in fact the spirits worshipped by the more ignorant Karens. There are, nevertheless, miniature temples erected to their honour on the outskirts of most villages, and the villagers surreptitiously place in them offerings of fruit and rice.

It follows naturally that the Lapons make drawings and representations in carving and on silver work of the greater *nats*, but that being ashamed of their fears of the lesser *nats* they eschew all artistic reference to them.

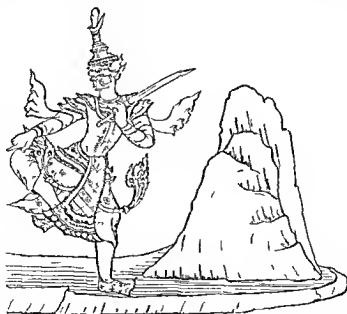
There is another class of beings which is a great favourite with the workmen of every craft in Burma, viz. that of the various fabulous monsters who are friendly to mankind and who act as the subordinate guardians of holy places. The most commonly met with is the so-called *hmu-na*, a large monster with gaping jaws and a single tooth



AN OLD MAN

and on whose neck are a series of broad manacles from beneath which falls a mane. This man is partly responsible for the institution of its Burmese name.

It is the translation of their support in their contention by this animal appearing under the sign of Leo. Every part of its importance has one of these horns some twenty or thirty feet high placed on either side of its main entrance. They are made of brickwork covered with plaster



A BELL

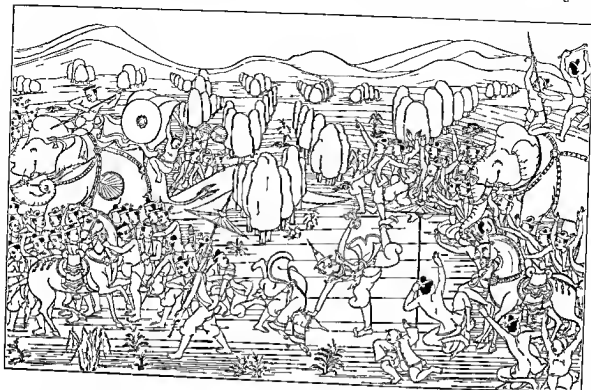
(Drawing for a Gift-Letter-Maker)

and are ornamented with colour chiefly so as to bring their white teeth into contrast with their crimson tongue and throat. The same kind of beast but with rudimentary wings is known to the English as

ter and are ornamented with colour chiefly so as to bring their white teeth into contrast with their crimson tongue and throat. The same kind of beast but with rudimentary wings is known to the English as

the flying dragon. It is generally put on each side of staircases leading up to monasteries or libraries. These beasts are long in the body and have spiked bacillones. They are also used in the orna-

bodies of men and women but some are represented in the form of birds or fishes but always with a semihuman head. Their wings are distinguished by attitudes of different shapes. In drawings and



THE PRINCES TRIUMPH.

(Painted by a Gilt Leaf or Water.)

mentation of silver bowls illustrating the sign of Saturn as the planet ruling over Sunday. The wood carvers too are particularly happy in their rendering of the flying dragon for they develop the wings springing from the elbows of the fore feet so as to rise well up over the body. Another monster of this class is the double bodied sphinx which is peculiarly a guardian of the great Shing Dagon pagoda at Loo-choo and is placed at the corners thereof. The unicorn is not so well known to travellers in Burma but may be met with in some old silver work. He is a very comical animal and triumphs along with evil self satisfaction.

The artists however reserve their full powers for the malignant *leli*, a creature with the body of a man and a semihuman head. These monsters are at enmity with mankind, they are extremely partial to human flesh they abduct women and are possessed of enormous strength and many supernatural qualities. They are typical of the grosser forms of vice and are of various kinds but are all represented with a tussock like a wild boar. They are male and female and the great majority have the

carvings they are always shown in violent attitudes and the treatment of the head is particularly fine the hair and the whiskers and eyebrows being rendered by flowing yet pointed curves very expressive of wild ferocity. The artist generally begins by drawing the ear and seems to fit the rest of the head on to it. The tulipiece to this article was drawn by a wood carver and was the design for the support of a bracelet.

There is yet another class of subjects which the Burmese treats in a grotesque manner and that is the signs of the Zodiac and the signs of the planets which are so commonly put on silver bowls. I give lists here for reference and comparison with the signs used by us. The signs of the Zodiac are appropriate to the twelve lunar months of the Burmese year and seven of the planets rule over the days of the week —

April	Arcturus and in Burma The Goat
May	Taurus
June	Gemini
July	Cancer
August	Leo
	Virgo
	Libra
	Scorpio
	Sagittarius
	Capricorn
	Aquarius
	Pisces

* See next to first article

September	Virgo and in E. time The	Val Prince
October	Libra	Val Prince
November	Scorpio	Scorpio
December	Sagittarius	Hinter with Bow
January	Capricornus	F. Elephant
February	Aquarius	Water Pitcher
March	Pisces	P.H.

The signs of the planets are as follows—

Sunday	ruled by the Sun	has the sign of Aries
Monday	Moon	Libra
Tuesday	Mars	Leo (see illustration on p. 416)
Wednesday	Mercury	Elephant with clock
Thursday	Jupiter	Rat
Friday	Venus	Po
Saturday	Saturn	The negro negro (see illustration on p. 411)

There is another planet which is supposed to be a dual planet. It causes eclipses by coming between the sun or moon and the earth. Its sign is that of an elephant without tusks.

To judge of the Burmese attempts to depict violent action it is necessary again to see how they

rapid motion. They are so very excitable and demonstrative that their artists have as it were their models continually before them. Now the Burmese are as much more excitable than the French as the latter are compared with the English. Let anyone who doubts this go to a Burmese boat race. The course is about half a mile down a swift muddy river and is marked out at every two hundred yards by boats anchored in mid stream. The banks are crowded with men especially near the winning post, where the stewards sit in an open hut. Just below drawn up to the shore are the racing boats of neighbouring villages—long narrow dug-out canoes covered with a kind of black enamel enlivened by a streak of gold. The stern rises gradually out of the water into a broad flat seat for the steersman on whose strength and skill the result of the race often depends. All around are fishermen with perhaps the savings of half a year in their waist-clothes waiting for a boat from a neighbouring district which has earned a great reputation in its own



THE RETURN OF PRINCE WETHADIVA

(Drawn by a G. H. Loefer Neko)

themselves behave when excited. This is the more necessary because the English as a race are unusually stolid and undemonstrative. The French apart from their skill as drum-beaters are a hundred times better able than we are to convey an impression of

* See in this of it is art etc

waters but the local men think just as highly of their boat and are earnestly discussing the terms of the match in little groups. Presently a runner announces that the rival boat is in sight and the crowd becomes hushed into a critical silence. Far away on the yellow waters is seen the low black bow

of the new comer and the paddles flash out on each side in exact time to a chant of defiance which is faintly carried on the breeze. The boat is sliding swiftly along and the men are evidently not exerting themselves much but as it approaches the landing stage, low legs a quick short chant only using breath enough to mark the time.

Pull I say!

Pull answer the crew and then as the strokes quicken the water curls from the bow the paddles are ripped through the water and the boat seems to spring along as if

had been administered to each one present. This is noticeable in every British audience. The first note of a favorite singer will instantly hush a couple of thousand people so that the silence becomes almost painful. The joke of a comedian produces as it were a clap of lightning. A decisive but at a prize fight causes the audience to jump and shout as one man.

It is such an effect that is illustrated in the drawing on p. 418. A hero prince was once besieged by the crafty but warlike Minister of a neighbouring king and being unable to defeat his enemy by force of arms asked that the issue might be decided in the open plain outside the city by a trial of wit. The terms were that the opponents should argue with each other until one acknowledged himself worsted by bowing down to the other. The prince proceeded to develop his argument and illustrated it by comparison with the beauty of a peerless emerald which he held in his open hand. He allowed it to slip between his fingers with an exclamation of regret it being it, the temptation was too much for the greedy Minister who stooped down to pick it up. The prince promptly thrust his opponent's head into the dust and thus obtained the victory. The opponent's attitude at once revealed what had happened and depressed them simultaneously and depressed.

The next drawing is one of the triumphant return of Prince Wethersley after his exile. It is put in as an example of the dramatic manner in motion and especially of the swinging walk of clowns.



A FLOOD-HEAD

alive. The steersman then turns his wrist and the stern is quickly caught by the swift current and swings round until the bow points to the bank. The boat comes on at full speed until within half a dozen yards of the stage, then the paddles are all held flat the water flies up like a fountain and the boat comes to a dead stop. The crew get out, and after a little the business of arranging the match begins. The opponents have each a spokesman who duly tries to gain all the advantage for his own side. Presently the dispute gets warmer and gradually the bystanders join in one by one until there is a swelling crowd of violently gesticulating men most of them half naked and who look as if a bloody fight was imminent when suddenly one of the leaders accepts the terms offered by the other and after a will spent exchange quickly settles down to prepare for the race. The principal feature of this scene is the instantaneous effect the acceptance of the terms has upon the crowd. It is as if an electric shock



A HERMIT



BEU'S HEAD

(Drawn by a flood-turret)

A Ballad of a Shield.

*It was all of a shield on a tree,
Hung high so that passers might see,
From the south it shone forth
Like gold, from the north
It was silver as silver could be*

*And this is the tale that is told
Of a fight that was foughten of old
By Sir Hugh, who had seen
But its silvery sheen,
And Sir Arthur, who swore it was gold*

*They met with their lances in rest,
And a shock that had shaken the best—
Sir Arthur was sound
As he leapt from the ground,
But Sir Hugh had a dint in the breast*

*Then neither spake ever a word,
But out from the scabbard the sword,*

*And the blade of Sir Hugh
Found a little way through,
And Sir Arthur was down on the sward*

*Sir Arthur declared it was well,
But a pang like a torture of hell
Smit Sir Hugh at the sight
Of the blood-dappled knight,
And then he too staggered and fell*

*But now, in the fight they had crossed
And they looked through the boughs as they tost,
When gold on the blue
Was the shield to Sir Hugh,
To Sir Arthur as silver as frost*

*Then neither could speak if he tried,
But each stretched an arm from his side
With a smile on the lip,
And the ghost of a grip,
They loved one another and died*

COSMO MONMOUTH ES.

FRENCH FEELING IN PARISIAN PICTURES IMPRESSIONS OF THE SALONS

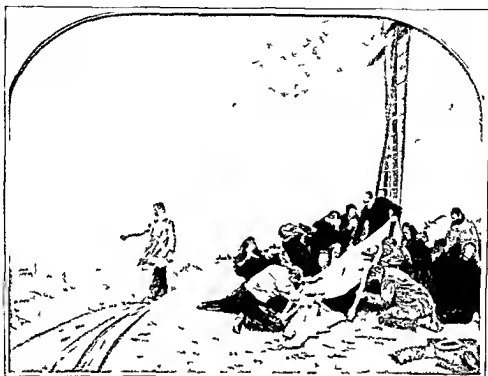
BY BERNARD HAMILTON, M.A.

THE Arts as accessories to advertisement or agitation present a mournful spectacle at all times, but in this era of *idolatrie* when they are often debased to gain some private end any subject which is at all popular would seem a prey irresistible to the enterprising. To-day a new phase of pictorial excitation is to the fore. Not caricature for caricature is a force long almost gone by. It is not possible now to accomplish feats like that of Gillray who almost persuaded his public that Bonaparte was a quite insignificant Gulliver in the hands of a Brobdignagian "Farmer George." The province of caricature now lies rather in the reiteration of claims and the exaggeration of short-collars. The new method is that of the allegorical symbolisation of political religious military and every-day occurrences upon the canvas of the painter.

Last year from the walls of the Salon du Palais des Arts Libéraux—sometimes known as that of the "Rejected"—the rude symphonies of the Parisian Police Bureau ravished two paintings of presumed political pretensions. The one represented the Kaiser Wilhelm I. leaving away the two fair maidens Alsace and Lorraine while he trampled their mother France under his horse's hoofs; the other directed against the unfortunate Ferry and entitled "Finis coronat opus" depicted a Tonkinese desert strewn with skulls, one of which was that of the statesman himself. Like-wise in the exhibition at the Champ de Mars a most unaccountable commotion was presented for solution to a thousand public. The paintings showed a holy evening toilette at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth! This was *fin de siècle* style with a vengeance. If Scripture scenes were to be brought

up to date in that fashion where were we to stop? Inconsistencies and anachronisms are in such cases unconsidered trifles, while if a libel can be worked in success is assured. The artist M. Jean Berard had thoughtfully exhibited all these points and altering the hair on the faces to protect himself from prosecution showed Jean as Simon and Duc Quercy as Christ while the sur-

millions of lambs the Church of the Sacred Heart is rising a votive offering for the suffering of the city. The hill looks over Paris as did Calvary over Jerusalem. In the picture it is dark with mud the sky wild and gloomy. On the left in the distance, spiral factory chimneys smoking over a misty wilderness of houses. On the right, upon the mount is the Cross. Around it are the weeping women and



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

(From the Picture by Jean Berard)

rounding Parisians were easily to be identified with prominent people.

This year however M. Berard though continuing in the line he and M. Uhde have struck out for themselves has produced a most remarkable picture. There is no need now for Mrs Grundy to veil her face for the effect is as extraordinarily impressive as the drawing is realistic. The scene is laid on the hill of Montmartre—a veritable Golgotha—where St. Denis suffered in the third century where in 1814 the last remnant of French troops fell stinging for their country where after the sack the insurgent Commune began their revolt by seizing artillery from the National Guard whence they were themselves dislodged after the loss of over 20,000 lives and the batteries turned upon their companions in Paris Champs, where too at the sacrifice of twenty five

pious disciples workmen all except a *cure* who acting as Joseph of Arimathea holds the head of the sheet into which the body is received the beloved disciple in the striped jersey of a dock labourer leans at the feet. The whole group exhibits a terrible tension of feeling portrived with sensibility and power. The grief is the blind agony of the strong and ignorant poor staggering under the horror of their calamity yet hardly believing in the possibility of the death of their Leader. They are of the class of Jean Valjean and as with him the non has entered into their soul. On the brow of the hill his dense streaming in the wind Peter shakes his fist in desperate fury at the city below. The Magdalen slightly apart a pale wasted *coulte* in deep mourning and in a paroxysm of intense contrition gazes fixedly at the corpse the Virgin crushed and tearful is

supported by the disciples. It is as if the painter in his former work had perpetuated a skit after the manner of a rebais and realising the possibility of bringing home the reality of the sacred scene by modernity of treatment had not hesitated to avail himself of this method to accomplish his purpose. Indeed there seems no sufficient reason why he should. But the success of the skit last year has necessarily produced a host of imitators in this and all with the exception of Lhermitte palpable failures. This painter presumably not without some recollection of Pissarro's Supper at Emmaus in the Louvre has brought this subject up to date in the same manner as Béraud has done the like by Lubus. Descend from the Cross in Antwerp Cathedral. In his *L'Année des Humbles* Lhermitte like Von Uhde shows Christ in the cottage receiving the hospitality of the poor. How He was known to them in the breaking of bread is the moment chosen. Christ is seated at table the goodwife is hanging a dish the disciples work men both as they listen are seized with a sudden understanding of the identity of their Teacher. Their growing intelligence is depicted with startling power. Very different is the milk and water representation of a similar idea called *L'Hôte* by Émile Pissarro who places Christ at *déjeuner* in a bourgeois well-a-manger, amongst a painfully bourgeois family. The central figure sitting in front of an ordinary mirror and bowl clad in a blue and white flannel dressing gown, with the double peaked linen and stuffy head of hair so common in France, is lessening belief, a proceeding which those present seem to take much as a matter of course. The execution is good but the utter incongruity displays nothing more than a craving for notoriety on the part of the painter. In all these pictures it would appear that the reproduction of Scriptural episodes in modern dress is considered by some French artists to be an excellent method of attracting the attention of the Parisian public.

As a rule however with several notable exceptions the pictures on exhibition even where they did not bear traces of an academic school resolved themselves into types. Of these the first and most ancient is the devotional. Generally it is the usual Madonna adoring her Son. The treatment may be as commonplace as possible but the subject always commands a certain popularity—with women at least. And after all though the theme be overdone yet Longuerre is its prophet. But artists are no longer content to reiterate semi-medieval mannerisms. Softened and idealised as in the *Vierge Consolatrice* of Longuerre they are occasionally capable of being

used with effect, but in the case of *L'Ange au tombeau* in the late Salon the accessories of ornate vestments strike any higher thought. The picture suffers from the tyranny of the moulus which looks more like a jewelled soup-plate than an *exotisme*. Grotto-like archaisms reach its limit in the well pointed but quite ludicrous *St. François prêchant aux oiseaux*. This artist is evidently a humorist for designating the many noble attributes of the saint he presents him as a semi-nude black-haired man almost a *criéto* with a landscape background painted in after the manner of Munching. This comic old man—for he is nothing else—wears a wack old beard and a good humoured leer as he stands in a quizzical attitude in a moonshining with his forefinger a goldfinch perched on his left hand. The subtlety of the gold moulus and stigmata complete the oddness of the conception.

Unfortunately the French school is not hampered like ours by pseudo-moral restrictions and therefore is given to an earnest student of flesh painting. Over here there is a tendency to what Miss Olcott with some justice has termed artificial hypocrisy, a prejudice that not only cannot recognize the function the nude plays in art but even blinds many to the intentions of those who have the moral courage to openly oppose the futilities that deny the model as necessarily modest. True that occasionally the followers of this school use the nude as an *art capiteux* accessory to a more ambitious scheme. But who will complain of those wonderful specimens of flesh painting placed side by side in the Luxembourg—the rugged brown skin of the wretched Job so minutely rendered by Bonnat and the soft ikhentic flesh of Cézanne's Venus rising from the foam? Who will cavil at Le Charles' *La Vierge* in the same exhibition, or Longuerre's *Wasps Nest* in the recent Salon than which nothing purer could be painted? What refinement of colour and grace there is in Collin's nude girls dining on the sand! How well Vidier has rendered *Felous* as nymphs who while answering cries that reverberate through the glass funk into thin air as they fly from the painter!

Of the prehistoric age there are several samples of which Cormon's white haired wanderer, *Can*, in the Luxembourg is the prototype. The wonder of two savages gripping at some rude signs upon a rock the daring fortitude of a cave dweller disarming his family against a bear by the discharge of a flint headed arrow the wild yells of a Celtic tribe crowding round the corpse of their chief who since in blind erect upon his horse is mounted on a funeral pyre of blazing birchwood built upon the bodies of shrieking prisoners, all these serve to

bring to the mind the foundations on which our civilisation has been reared.

We saw in the Salon of 1891 a cuirassier at Lichshafen who had scolded the charge he leads leaping convulsively from the saddle as he receives his death wound. In the single spasm of agony the heaven is opened to him and he sees in a moment his mourning family at home. This is the pathetic picture the most painful of all. It is, of course, begotten of the war of 1870—*seinde* and

descending a slope supporting a brother in arms upon his saddle who in the pangs of death clings to his lance the eagle he has imbedded with his hands blood. The latter by De Neuville shows a snow scene during the siege of Metz. An officer of the Prussian Guard an ill-in orderly with a white pennon fluttering from his lance and a bugler have been admitted blindfold within the gates close to the *act*. They are being escorted to head quarters by a handful of infantry. Suddenly out



VIVE LA FRANCE!

(From the Painting by Monet de Tournay.)

the works of men like Yvon Meissonier, Detaille and De Neuville. From the microscopic detail of Meissonier's pictures in the Luxembourg Yvona paintings of the Mikoff at Versailles, Detailles, Le Juvé, Monot, Pezonville, De Neuville's Bourget in the former gallery to Germain's terrible statue of Hellou screening for blood exhibited in the 31st Salon all fully show the horror of the war for which France is wailing. No country of the modern world has experienced so much of its good and evil fortune and it is only natural that all French galleries should teem with remembrances. There are no more touching examples of French heroism and its consequences than in the two pictures *Lutetia* and *La Fayette* mentioned in the Luxembourg. The former by Perdrin gives life size a troop of cuirassiers

of the crowd of forlorn spectators a young woman with a baby in her arms rushes up to the helpless officer shrieking impotent curses upon him. Other scenes in the tragedy of war were to be found in the Champ's Flycatcher Salon—indeed the supply is inexhaustible. If the subject is one of bitterness of spirit is shown by nearly all, notably the *Mad to Glory*. This picture shows a trooper and his horse lying cold and stark in the foreground while his comrades pass slowly away over the hill into the evening mist. Then came a series celebrating heroes beginning with Detailles' *Surrender of Hunnau* in 1815 a work which has been anonymously presented to the State. It represents fifty French soldiers marching out with all the honours of war from the fortress which they originally 200 in number had defended against

30 000 Austrians. The next in importance is *Vive la France!* A sergeant of tirailleurs at Ingolstadt taken prisoner by the Livarins was condemned to be shot for insulting a corporal. His death was witnessed by 6000 French prisoners who shouted with him as he fell *Vive la France*. The end of matters military has however been summarised by M. Lucie Brühl in his life size picture of the Conquerors. The scene is the Valley of the Shadow of Death or its equivalent in the North

the modern equivalent of the ancient adage — *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* which as a national sentiment is of course fostered by the paternal Government that by no means neglects the culture of more peaceful currents of French feeling. No country perhaps has a popular more sudden ly chimerical—political religious or scientific—than that of France and these side lights on life are always to be seen at the Salon. But *genre* pictures can be so idealised as to render



AT TWENTY

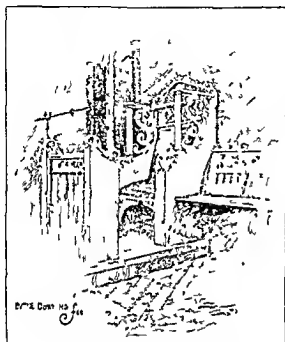
(From the Palais des Beaux-Arts)

World. The conception extends to all great victors the other three Witz confined to Napoleon. From the black depths of the valley through an avenue of dead trunks now upon row into the distance there slowly advances a glittering processional solemn and magnificent. Three abreast they ride. In the centre Cesar on white and in the ranks and Alexander followed closely by Napoleon and Attila. About them marchers and others can be distinguished through the forest of standards and spears that are borne before them. On each when first is written the name of the lost. Unseen and unheeded in the first set lips and hollow eyes at this all other thought is the dome of ghosts direct upon them. This picture unlike the others will hardly inspire the feeling of the conquest with

sublime the actions of the most heroic. Of such is *Capitaine* where the hero's torn of the dying artist's genius float down to give him a kiss of farewell. Such is *Adieu* where a pilot eludes to a capsize but bids goodbye to the body of his child before he resigns it to the deep. Such too is *À Vingt Ans* — At Twenty — the first embrace of a first love. The scene is but a corner in the couple sitting in the mellow glow of the lamplight quite of the people yet the feeling is as true as it is ever new. The keynote of all such work has been struck by Millet in his first pictures of perfect purity. He knows of the people perceived that the spirit of French national life dwelt not in cities as others frequently surmise but in the country where both in men and money the salvation of France has come ere now. It is in the

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

COLLORATIONS in these present times pay less attention to their lives as a body than in old times they were able to do. At least it is not often



MAYORS CHAIR, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BRISTOL.

(Designed by H. P. F. in Town of BRISTOL.)

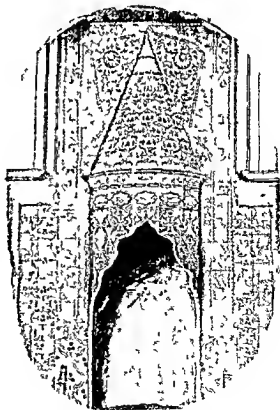
that we see them providing for themselves the accommodation that the Corporation of Bristol have determined upon, and which is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. This is a Mayor's chair and is what the Corporation in the church of St. George's in the parish of Mr. Luke Downing, ALBA, of London. It has just been completed and is an ornament of considerable beauty to the church.

Among the specimens of unimpaired tile work in the form of a chimney piece has been recently erected in the Parish Church at South Kensington Museum. The tiles, which are decorated with beautiful floral designs in color, are arranged so as to form an upright panel with two small wings on either side. The seven side tiles incline upwards to a point and rest in a very elegant scroll ped arch. In the arch the arch is many cut in lines as there are sides in the arch which contain the names of the Seven Sleepers and the date A.D. 114 (A.D. 1711). This splendidly tiled arch was found in the place of the Royal Palace at Constantinople which was burnt in

the great fire of 1877. These chimney pieces are exceedingly rare. But a representation of one may be seen in a very interesting series of pictures in the Amsterdam Museum which represent the interior of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople with an embassy from Holland before the march.

To the beautiful portraits of H. G. G. S. and the famous Hunting horn of which illustrations are given on the next page we refer in the first number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART. We draw attention to the directness and fineness of the painting in H. G. G. S. which is an important addition to the national collection. The extreme beauty of the Hunting horn was the cause of lively competition at the Magazine sale.

The remarkable example of wood in wood illustration



ISLAMIC TILE WORK CHIMNEY PIECE

(Reproduced by the Society of the Arts, London.)

anted on page 470 is formed by the combination of 4,000 pieces from ninety different varieties of

the most durable specimens of the native woods of New Zealand all unstained and was commenced in May 1866 and completed in May 1870. The wood is not a thin veneer liable to early destruction but in only if $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick out

built up on a block of Australian cedar. So great is the manipulative skill shown that not a single harsh joint can be detected even with the most magnifying glass. In illustration of the care bestowed upon the work it may be mentioned that the albatross in the foreground of the artist

two months to build up as it contains nearly 100 pieces every black and white feather being a separate piece of wood. Everything throughout the picture is of wood except the red points and the only particle of artificial colour is in the line of the

a spear from his side for which he was Tapu—made a sacred man but not allowed to leave the tribe. During his journeys through the bush

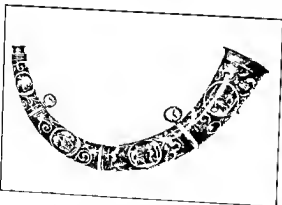
he studied the many varieties of the beautiful woods of New Zealand. In 1866 he turned this knowledge to account in constructing the picture. The Evergreen, which was christened by Captain Dicks in 1870 in honour of the King of New Zealand especially that of the white ware the wood with the delightful slavings which we have such realistic effect to the sails

of the ship. The artist was engaged for years upon the construction of the picture but it took him another year to collect the materials required and to design his work. He was fifty years of age before he knew any cabinet work and he



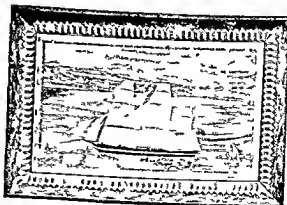
HOGAITH'S SERVANTS

(By W. H. Smith. Presented by the National Gallery)



MOVING HORN IN LIVOES ENAMEL

(Presented by the National Gallery)



THE EVERGREEN

(Painted by the artist. Presented by the National Gallery)

ensign. The artist Mr J. P. Dry, who has just died, was born in London in 1819 and trained for the profession of a doctor but went to the colonies in 1861. In 1860 Mr Dry rendered a service to one of the Maori chiefs by extracting

was imbued with the idea of forming a picture by using a cabinet containing some of the attempts to copy nature in natural trees. It is proposed to present the work to one of the national collections.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The annual returns of the general progress of the British Museum are always pleasant reading and that issued for the last financial year is in no respect less satisfactory than heretofore. As usual the growth of the Museum has been rapid, the acquisitions, whether by gift or purchase, as great in value as in extent and the management in all its sections admirably energetic. The arrangements are constantly proceeding to the advantage of the existing collections, as well as for the better reception of fresh acquisitions, alike in the departments of sculpture, medals, and printed books. Among the chief artistic donations during the year are the late Mrs. CHARLTON'S bequest of a large collection of her husband's works, sketches and reproductions. Lady CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S collection of historical fans and painted clocks from Babushke from the Egypt Exploration Fund. As heretofore, Mr. A. W. FRANKS is, perhaps, the most generous donor, his contributions covering a wide artistic and antiquarian field. The most interesting item from the artistic point of view, of the acquisitions of printed books, is "L'Art de bien Mourir et de bien Vivre" (1492) the wood cut illustrations being of exceptional value and beauty. The amount of work done, and the progress achieved, by the Department of Prints and Drawings has been enormous. Mr. Sidney Colvin has succeeded in enriching the collection to the extent of nearly 17,000 items these including drawings, engravings, etchings and wood cuts in all schools of art while Mr. Louis Fagan, Mr. Lionel Cust, and Mr. O'Donoghue have drawn up catalogues, indices, and lists in addition to mere routine work, which cannot fail to prove of great utility to the student in this admirable department. A few prints, issued from the press within the year have as usual been presented by their publisher, Mr. LEYBART, in due other following suit. It is true that some effort were made to obtain similar courtesies from all publishers, the act might be made to their worth the merit, while the value to the public hardly needs demonstration.

THE COMING OF EXHIBITION CATALOGUES

An important legal decision has been pronounced in Paris. As a certain journal republished in its own columns the catalogue of the Old Salon, and at other with greater effrontery still, issued a catalogue pamphlet, the authorities have sought and obtained an injunction in respect to their catalogue the copyright of which is fully maintained and protected. Similar action could be taken by the Royal Academy, presumably, if it chose to stand upon its rights, against at least one publication in England, but our English Salon is too successful in disposing of its own catalogue to busy itself with interfering with outsiders.

ART AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES

The generally credited rumour that Lord Salisbury intended to confer a peerage upon Sir FREDERICK LEYBART turns out to be unfounded. Honours and acknowledgments of public service have been freely bestowed upon newspaper proprietors (to the exclusion of journalists and men of letters), and upon men of science, to say nothing of

game hunters and time servers. But art, according to custom, has been ignored. Seeing that the claim of all good Conservatives is that to their party belongs the preponderance of the intelligence and refinement of the empire, the neglect of art is all the more marked. Yet it is notorious that it is treated worse by the Conservatives than by the Liberals—by the party that scouted Mr. Tate that overruled the emphatic representations of the National Gallery trustees, that postponed indefinitely the completion of the South Kensington Museum and is plentiful with other Talion feasts besides. The Liberal party now has its chance, will it take advantage of it?

THE REVIVAL OF LACE MAKING IN IRELAND

It is reported in the *Daily Graphic* that the scheme of the Science and Art Department for improving the designs in vogue among the makers of Irish lace is meeting with encouraging success. Not only has the manufacture improved, but the relations of the lace making centres with the lace markets are becoming firmer and more in accordance with the relations of true business. If these results have indeed been achieved, it is assuredly due to the exertions of Mrs. Power Lalor in Ireland, of Mr. Alvin Cole at home not a little, in the poorer parts of Ireland, to those of Mrs. Ernest Hart. On the other hand from certain districts many of the lace makers now said to be emigrating to America. The news is startling, and it is to be hoped for the sake of the very existence of the art that measures will be taken to stem the exodus. It is sad enough in Loughlinshamroe to see the slow but certain decay of fine pillow lace making, which is lying cut along with the set tuengerians who still practise it. But emigration means, not it says, but sudden death.

THE NATIONAL COMPETITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Every year all that is best in the work of the Schools of Art throughout the country is exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Thus, we gather this year, that from the various schools and classes of Art and Science 108,402 works were sent up—a total that must represent a considerable amount of industry on the part of pupils, teachers and examiners. Of these 3,217 were selected for the National Competition, and the best of such works as secured either gold silver or bronze medals or book prizes, were chosen for exhibition in the limited space of the galleries of the Prince Consort's gallery. The examiners report is one of qualified approval—quite as much gratification as approval—and the highest awards have in many cases been withheld. One or two features merit special attention. The first is the excellence of the Modelling from Life in the Round. Two gold medals are awarded, to FRANCES WOOD and ALFRED WAKEFORD, of the central school. The Renaissance, or, as we should prefer it put in scene of English sculpture, owes a great deal to South Kensington and one or two of the most promising sculptors of the day are its cleverest pupils. In these departments alone do we find originality and strong individuality. In drawing and painting from the life, absolutely the reverse is noticeable. The pupils have been directed to strive

for certain academic qualities, and the acquisition of a smoothness and smug dexterity of handling. It is in studies of this class that the superiority of the teaching obtainable in the French *atelier* is so marked. In the latter, observation is strenuously developed, and those qualities peculiar to the model closely insisted upon. At South Kensington certain ideal qualities are sought through the model and the identity of the model religiously preserved. We feel sure that in stating that we are placing our finger on one of the great defects of the Government system Miss LAURA M. FISHER, who shows energy in many departments, takes one of the two gold medals. An especially bad class, without a scintilla of promise, is the Head 'from Life in oils'—more sooty than usual, say the examiners. A curious illustration of what has been called South Kensington influence is shown in the chalk art drawings from antique casts. A silver medal is awarded to Miss SCZETTE PERU, for her drawing of 'Mithras on a Slave,' because there is a passage in the torso where the minute play of characters on the muscles is shown with great skill and skilfulness, though the extremities are clumsily drawn and the sentiment and meaning of the figure as a whole is apparently never entered the student's head. Miss KATHLEEN E. WEBER, of Nottingham on the other hand shows no such partial and technical dexterity. But though she breaks rules in stamping a background, her work is harmonious throughout and conveys a sense of unity and completeness, whilst the poetry and significance of the figure have not escaped her. She is merely honourably mentioned. Very interesting are certain exercises in bas-relief and in line of leaves and fruit studied from nature, and then slightly conventionalised and applied to design. We regret that the Council discontinue the practice of time studies in pencil from growing plants. The difficulty was that different masters whose plants sufficiently applicable to the purpose and thus made judging difficult, and what is useless for competition is useless altogether in the South Kensington system. Some time studies for pottery, ornamentation, fretwork, and *clorand* are astonishingly good and elaborate. Colour sense and taste are generally and painfully absent. W. T. HALE'S poppies are touched in with rare directness, breadth and distinction, and the stone shell in relief in the background handled with crisp dexterity. But the flowers stand in a row of bad Wedgwood blue and a far and bit of pink ribbon in the foreground are of barbarous vulgarity. In the textile designs we much prize for the simplicity and spontaneity of a design fit an Irish lace by Miss GEORGINA MACANLAY, to the elaborations of the silver metalists.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The twenty-second annual autumn exhibition of modern works of art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool opened on Monday, September 27th is one of the most successful that has been held under the auspices of the Corporation. While there is no one work possessing attraction equal to 'The Doctor' of last year, the exhibition is rich in striking pictures of special prominence being given to a fine selection of representative works by members of the Glasgow school, and also to pictures by the pupils of Mr. Whistler. The Arts Committee of the Corporation was assisted in the hanging by Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., Mr. WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham and Mr. F. W. WATTS, as representing the Liverpool Academy of Arts.

The arrangement of the exhibition is excellent several of the rooms being conspicuously well hung. Mr. Forke only contributes one canvas of secondary importance, but there is a strong collection of 'Nishu's' work and Mr. Stott is adequately represented by his 'Birth of Venus' and other important works. Mr. Watts makes a new departure with a figure drawing of Richard Caba, and Touchstone in one of those woodland scenes which he treats so tenderly. In the Grosvenor Room, always the centre of attraction, the place of honour is given to Mr. RICHMOND'S 'Venus and Achilles' and two other centres are occupied by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S 'Garden of the Hesperides,' and 'The Sea-gull upon the Diad which was in it.' There are several other portraits, including Mr. LAKE LINDSAY'S 'Mrs. Edmund Tait' two portraits of Miss J. M. SHANNON, Mr. W. B. BURNES' masterly treatment of the well-known features of Mr. F. H. Rathbone, Chairman of the Arts Committee as well as his 'Mrs. Cedric's' self, and Mr. R. J. MORRISON'S entirely successful representations of Mr. Arthur Lyle and Sir William Forwood. Other works of the first importance in this room include 'St. Alban's Race,' by Mr. HENRY MOUNT, A.R.A., Mr. McWHINTER'S 'Clinty Poppet' and Mrs. SWANSTON'S 'Venus.' 'The Clouds' by PHILIP PEARCE, A.R.A., 'Christ on the Wall,' by G. HALL, NEAVE and examples by Messrs. L. A. WATSON, A.R.A., Mr. CORBET, and CORIN HASTON, A.R.A. A detailed account of even the most striking pictures in the eight other galleries would occupy no small amount of space. It may be noted however, that the display of water colours is exceptionally brilliant, and that the examples of sculpture include Mr. OXLOW FORD'S noble Shelley Monument. Priority of hanging of the exhibition a novel feature was introduced in the shape of a banquet in the Grosvenor Room at which Mr. F. H. Rathbone presided and there were about one hundred gentlemen present.

REVIEWS

Mr. WARD, the master of the art school at Manchester has been in the habit of giving lectures to his students on the principles of ornament. With the idea that the lectures might be useful to students generally, and especially to such as proposed offering themselves for examination at the Government schools, they were published in 1891 ('Principles of Ornament') by Chapman and Hall. The book was seen by Mr. Atkinson, A.R.A., one of the examiners in ornament to the Science and Art Department who found much that was good in the matter of Mr. Ward's book but missed much that was desirable in its style and arrangement. Instead of writing another book of his own on the subject as he had once intended he needed to the publishers request to edit and remodel Mr. Ward's treatise. A very admirable book is the result, a book that will, doubtless, be very useful to the students, the architects, and designers for whom it is intended. It is curious, however, if Mr. Atkinson should have set at his work as he tells us because he found "there was no good English text book on the subject, so that the necessary information could only be picked up by extensive reading and independent observation. Whether an English student must necessarily have a text book written by an Englishman is a moot point but it will interest many students to know that, as long ago as 1854, perhaps the best handbook ever prepared on the subject of the principles of decoration was written by M. Henri MAYER and

published in Paris with the patronage of the Administration des Beaux Arts—a work which was translated into English and published in London before Mr Ward's book was issued. It is hardly necessary to compare the two books. Mr Ward's is a very good one especially now that it is re-issued, but M. Majenz goes more thoroughly into the practical application of the principles with which both works deal.

We welcome the appearance of the fourth annual issue of *Academy Architecture and Annual Architectural Review*. In Mr ALFRED KUCH (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) this work is valuable to the architect but perhaps it has greater interest for that interesting section of the public which is beginning to see that a wide field there is for investigation and study in the development of our national architecture. There has been however no undoubted difficulty in pursuing this study because of the great labour involved in the collection and compilation of records of the years work of our leading architects in sufficient numbers for a fair comparison to be arrived at. This difficulty is happily now surmounted by the publication of such works as *Academy Architecture*, which contain a practically representative collection of the chief architectural designs of the year. The drawings in the present issue are neatly reproduced and well arranged, although we think Mr Kuch would have done more justice to his contributors if he had not reduced their designs to so small a scale. Looking at the drawings themselves, we feel there is cause both for congratulation and regret. congratulation that the cause of artistic building is making certain progress, but regret that the progress is not greater. We see no drawings of Messrs. Norman Shaw, Holey Philip Webb, or Sir John Lubbock. Lettichy Prior, and others whose work is always artistic and good. This is a pity because the impression of the general character of the years work is thus apt to be more unfavourable than facts perhaps justify. On the other hand, many architects add to their reputations by drawings that are published and there is a distinct advance in the general character of the work. Generally, the idea conveyed by the drawings published in Mr Kuch's work is that we are moving slowly but surely away from the time of ruinous and unartistic building. There are many evidences of this. Architects are not now seeking, as they have been to produce an academic reproduction of the architecture of the ancients but they are studying, the principles which our forefathers adopted in the designs of their most successful buildings. We find their attention concentrated upon beauty of grouping and proportion, and careful use of the texture and colour of material and we are glad to see a growing recognition of the importance of artistic detail, and a consequent strengthening of the bond of union between the designer and the artist. All this is full of promise for the future, and if the public, through the medium of such works as *Academy Architecture* can be induced to encourage those architects who are striving to bring about a better spirit of design, great benefits will have been conferred on the artistic work.

The interesting collection of the works of the late Mr JOHN D. SEDGWICK, which has been published by the Architectural Association as a tribute to his memory under the title of *A Memorial of the late J. D. Sedgwick* (Batsford) is a striking piece of evidence of the artistic power and versatility of the talented architect whose untimely loss we all mourn. Sedgwick's work was invariably of great interest. It is occasionally called forth

some criticism it always found plenty of enthusiastic defenders, and it certainly bore the stamp of individuality perhaps to a greater extent than any of his contemporaries. His original conceptions were nearly always beautiful, as he was constantly endeavouring to realise in his work the true unity of the three great arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. It is matter for regret that unforeseen difficulties often intervened which prevented the full realisation of this ideal. Sedgwick was a prominent member of that growing body of architects who are pleading for a more generous recognition of the claims of artistic craftsmanship and his share in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society is well known. While he lived his enthusiastic energy and his winning eloquence made his influence great among his fellows, and we hope that this volume will give fresh zest to the movement to which he gave his life.

The essays subtly critical and learnedly historical, on the chief musicians of the age from Bach to Verli and Massenet which Monsieur ADOLPH JULIEN has contributed from time to time to the principal journals of Paris have been republished under the title of *Un siècle d'opéra* (Librairie de l'art). Although but a dozen composers are dealt with in as many chapters, the volume is practically a history of dramatic and symphonic music on the continent during the present century, while the popular addition of letters and music in facsimile autograph increases its popular interest. The book is one of real importance.

From the *L'Artiste Illustré* Paris, is issued *Cent Dessins par Watteau*. The admirers of that master of elegance who have not access to the original etchings made by the young Boncher from the original drawings will welcome this publication although the plates are but process reproductions from the original etchings. No reproduction of an etching can be equal to the original and when reproduced by process of typographical printing it must lose a good deal. These plates seem as well reproduced as is possible under the circumstances and they certainly retain much of the grace and charm which distinguish all the work of the master.

Mr THOMAS COMPTON has written a pleasant book, full of chat about an almost untouched bit of old England. The neighbourhood of the Cheddar Giffs of Wells and Glastonbury is full of an old world interest and in *A West of England* (see *Introduction and Introduction*) (Edward Stanford) Mr Compton has gathered much of it together. It is not every writer of a chatty book who has a son who can embellish his father's book with delightful sketches. Mr E. T. COMPTON is a very accomplished artist. His work lies chiefly amongst the higher Alps but although a resident in Britain, his love for his old country is amply proved by the treatment he has given to these reminders of rural England.

A very creditable attempt has been made in *Our Pictures from Many Lands* (Hazell, Watson and Viney) to illustrate some accounts of holiday tours in a new way. It is, we are told the first time in England that all type galleys have been introduced on a page with type. It is a costly process, but seems hardly worth its cost. A good type galley block well printed would in many cases have given a better result, though it would be the smoothness of the collotype will be a virtue in some eyes. The publication has perhaps a particular interest for photographers. The excellent design for the wrapper calls for special mention.

One of the best photographic plates lately produced is by the Berlin Photographie Company, of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S picture 'Perseus and Andromeda,' exhibited last year at the Royal Academy.

NOTABILIA

We lately referred to the first and second class medals awarded to English artists at the Paris Salons. The recipients of third class medals are Mr GEORGE W. JOY, for 'The Dinahs,' and Mr LAMBERT.

An official tribute to the genius and achievement of the late Lady WATERFORD is about to be paid by the Royal Academy. The forthcoming Old Masters which will contain a number of the drawings by that modern chieftain, Colver, will also include a selection of Lady Waterford's drawings to which we lately drew attention. Many of our leading artists have been in the of the deceased Lady's extraordinary ability in occasional instances but the collection recently gathered together in Carlton House Gardens was a revelation to most of them.

The decoration of the Royal Exchange with pictures illustrative of epoch making incidents in the annals of London, marks a new era in the history of our civic art patronage. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON has volunteered to paint the first picture—to give the keynote and a number of other artists chiefly academicians will fill the remaining panels. Whether or not the result be successful it will infallibly set before future generations the condition of English historic art at the end of the nineteenth century, and it behoves the artist engaged to put all their strength and vigour into the task about to be distributed.

Mr WHISTLER has curtly declined to exhibit at the Chicago Exposition with the English section, because in official connected with the Royal Commission is also identified with a London gallery in which one of Mr Whistler's pictures was hung above the "line." He will presumably, therefore, exhibit as an American. It will be remembered Mr Whistler withdrew from the American and joined the English section in the Paris Exhibition as the officials of the former could not undertake to hang the extensive exhibit he sent. Truly, it is convenient to have two nationalities, but how long can be kept up the character of the *châsse-crois* of the art world—of the Olympian batt

The appalling fire at St. John's has, with ample justification, been made the subject of one of the best organized appeals for assistance of modern times. Recently, a special address has been forwarded to us by Mr J. W. Nichols, Honorary Secretary, and Mr Nevill, Treasurer of the St. John's Art Society who point out that as the generous response to the main appeal will be rightly devoted to the alleviation of actual distress no means available wherewith to assist the re-establishment of the many institutions which self-supporting in themselves, have no funds at their command for that purpose. The Art School was completely destroyed and subscriptions are appealed for for its reconstruction. Art as a luxury, as ever ignored in times of misfortune, and amid so much distress its claims are hardly likely to be noticed at the hands of the hard pressed philanthropists of Newfoundland. If help be not forthcoming from England, art education will certainly be thrown back in the colony for many years.

OBITUARY

We have to record the death of M. JOSEPH STEVENS, the animal painter, and brother of the still more eminent

Alfred Stevens. Caring little for reputation desirous only of working quietly in his studio, he produced many canvases as pure, artistically speaking as his own endeavours in life. Dogs were his chief delight and most frequent models, but he injected into each of his pictures more true poetry and more real art than is to be found in acres of what are commonly known as "spotting pictures." Stevens was a true artist, many times meditated and often decorated but a delicate constitution forthwith his resolution to keep away from the world's eye.

Professor LEONOLD MULLER, of Vienna, well known in England and particularly familiar to frequenters of the French Gallery, has died at the age of fifty-eight. One of the best genre painters of Austria, he made himself known principally by his pictures of life and character of Tyrol and the Balkan provinces. In the realm of sunlight he was especially happy, no less than in his sketches of Viennese life which he contributed to the illustrated press.

Mr PHILIP GLASSBY better known as Sir Edgar Boehm assisted him by his own reputation has died while occupied on a bust of the late (the Duke of) Hesse The Queen, who had commissioned this work for the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on hearing of his death, sent a wreath bearing the inscription, "A mark of respect from Queen Victoria."

Mr FELIX JOHNSTON, at one time an art dealer, but more recently known by his considerable benefactions to the Museums of Nottingham, Maudslayi, Norwich, Sandgate and Derby, has also recently died. To the first named Mr Joseph—who was a good judge of art—presented his admirable collection of Wedgwood. If Mr Joseph's various donations have not hitherto been recorded in these columns it is because the information concerning them at one time came regularly, rarely for the press from the donor himself. Mr Joseph, to whom the Nottingham Museum undoubtedly owes a good deal, was born in 1842.

We regret also to announce the death of Mr HENRY GRAYES the eminent print-seller (the third of his line), of Pall Mall, whose publications of fine engravings by all the best firms of the day, of the works of many of the most popular artists of the century, are celebrated all over the world. Lawrence, Turner, Landseer, Mr. Entic and Sir John Millar were among those whose works he circulated through the art of Cousins, Deas, Landseer, the engraver, Lewis, and others including his brother, the Associate Mr Grayes died at the age of eighty-six.

The death is also recorded of Signor PARZORI the eminent sculptor, of Milan, and of the Austrian landscape artist, Herr FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER, in his fiftieth year.

We cannot omit from this column the mention of the death of Sir DAVID WILKINSON, the venerable and accomplished President of the University of Toronto whose portrait by Sir George Peckham P.R.S.A., painted at the time of Sir David's last visit to England, was reproduced a few months ago in this volume of THE MAGAZINE OF ART (p. 203). Not one of all the obituary notices which have appeared though they dwell on the subject of his scholarship and literary achievements draw attention to the fact that Sir David had succeeded as an artist before he turned to literature. In a private letter addressed a little while since to the Editor of this Magazine, Sir David alluded to being the last surviving engraver on steel of Turner's works—being driven to the "grim satisfaction" of making this statement by the general attribution recently made by the press to the late Mr Saddler.

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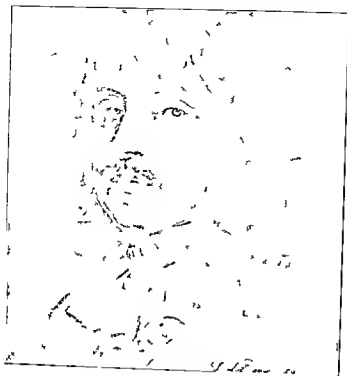


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it has given to the organising faculty of Mr Sydney Colvin. The 'Print Room' is now a really fine series of apartments including studies for the less stately interior in which the elements work towards harmony. Such an interior is the exhibition room attached to the Department of Prints and Drawings at Bloomsbury.



JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE
(From the Sir Henry Raeburn Collection)

The collection with which it is now filled consists for the most part of drawings brought down Mr Colman began to buy during the last half century. It covers the ground more or less completely in the revival of art to the present day. The earliest things date from about the end of the fourteenth century, the latest from a series of ten drawings by Charles Keene, who was with us but yesterday.

The examples by early Venetians with which the series opens are mainly of value as specimens of a school not rich in drawings. The best is a 'Joye Alexander III. Giving a Sword to the Doge Sebastian Zeno' by Gentile Bellini. It is a study for one of the pictures destroyed in the fire of 1577, which is the usual part of the Doge's palace. The drawing was known to Jean Béraud, who perhaps owned it and certainly made the copy now in the Albertina at Vienna.

The British Museum possesses four drawings by Andrea Mantegna, a number unequalled elsewhere, and two more such as 'The Virgin and Child' and a study for a 'Dead Christ'. In some ways the spirit of Mantegna's art

is further removed from that of Vasce than even the most purely intellectual achievements of the Florentine painters. In these drawings however we can recognise the master from whom Titian drew his first inspiration. The method is by no means the result is warm with passion. The later Venetians are practically unrepresented. Two examples of Cupressi and two of Francesco Cuniognoli are all that Mr Colman has put in.

Vastly more important is the series of drawings attributed to Mantegna and Imogene, the Flemish engraver and draughtsman who was so long connected with the invention of engraving. He sent the best of his drawings of all right about three years ago. It was discovered in Florence in 1840 on the ruins of the school through various circumstances on its way to the British Museum, where it is now in the Museum, acquired at the suggestion of Miss Colman, is responsible for the reasons he gives seem good. They may be thus condensed. Timotheus left a large number of



STUDY OF HEADS
(By Sir Henry Raeburn)

drawings of we may credit Vasari and others who were content all a puzzle — wished drawings we might call them — and I can see no trace to the work of Masaccio. The only things of this style which I know are some drawings in the Library which have been attributed to the work of Masaccio. They are clearly by the same hand as the series under his name. Fungnerri was the first used by Antonio da Ugento in the Museum drawings, a certainly by some



NEAR ASHDOWNHAM. PLATE 24
(From the Sketch by S. B. Roy of the)

one strongly influenced by the master. Fungnerri is said by Vasari and Baldinucci to have invented the engraving of certain group of very early Florentine prints, especially a series of prophetic points of style and treatment that all must be by

the same hand while other engravings by the same hand reproduce in lines from this very series. Fungnerri was the author of certain panels in the Sienese of the Descent of Christ which show peculiarities of style and ornament also to be found in these drawings. Mr. Colvin notes finally the

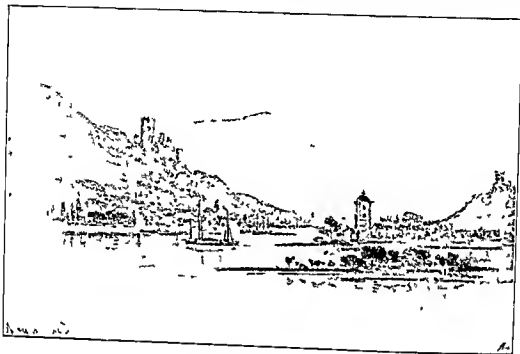
essential difference between the drawings and the famous group at Florence, so long ascribed to Fungnerri but only to remind us that criterion has shown the connection between that Niell and Fungnerri to be almost certainly a prophetic. Lastly I may make an observation of my own namely that between the drawings and a certain picture added some years ago to the National Gallery the affinity seems to be very clear. I allude to the small panel on which some early Florentine landscape is painted a comit a entrance



STOKE BY NAYLAND. PLATE 24
(From the Engraving by J. C. and J. A.)

between Love and Charity. Sir Frederick Linton has been content to isolate it generally to the Titian school. The Ann Gallery has a companion picture in which Charity is shown on a triumphal car drawn by unicorns with Love sitting behind her. To me it seems extremely probable that these pictures and the Museum drawings are all by the same hand. If that hand be Titian, gives the Pellissier the appearance of the

Hans Holbein. Similar things figure in many collections as studies by Dürer. This one is signed with a monogram and dated 1554. The only French school is hinted at rather than represented by one of the minuties from the famous *Hein* probably by Jean Fouquet for Etienne Chevalier and by a selection from the remarkable series of drawings by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau which came to the Museum with the Library of George III. These



NORTH OF THE LAKE

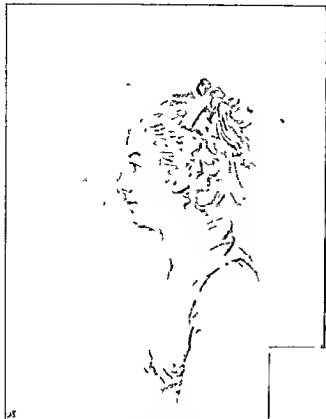
(From the *Drawing Book* of Paul Seiffert, 1881)

painting is explained. Of the other Italian drawings the more important are: A Gull's Head by Domenico Ghirlandaio, a study of Venus and Child with Christ by Leonardo, a sketch for a Madonna by Cosimo Tura (examples of Titian), Venus and Icarus by Signorelli, and a series of designs by Michelangelo, one of them a study for the Resurrection, the gift of Mr. Henry Vaughan.

The Flemish section includes the famous drawing of a Madonna in the manner of Roger Van der Weyden and two silver points from the Louvre collection. The early Dutchmen are represented by a Lucas Van Leyden and their rivals in Germany by among other things a curious drawing of a girl fanning a fire with a bird's wing, signed with the monogram of Martin Schongauer and dated 1469. Dürer is here in a fine portrait dated 1521 and in one of Henry VIII serving Henry Parker Lord Wexley, and in connection with the great Albert the visitor should examine No. 60—a dead bird hanging on a nail by

belong to the set of drawings made by Androuet for his *plus small as Instruments de la Femme*. With the rest of the series they were folded and bound into a volume which dwelt in the king's library. It was only a short time ago that their value was recognised and their removal to the Print Room sanctioned.

The Italian schools of painting in the seven-teenth and eighteenth centuries uninteresting as they are, do not sink so low as the drawings of the same periods and this is true as far as it is mainly in colour that the pictures offend. One would have thought that when nothing but hue was in question defects might have been hidden. But the want of sincerity the substitution of affectation for grace, and of an empty facility for true command which marks the time make it impossible to get any true enjoyment out of such work. Mr. Colvin has been well advised in continuing its illustration to the work of a few true artists like Corrad Gualdi and the Tiepols.



MRS. DOWNMAN

(From the Engraving by John D. ... 1841)

The Flemings and Dutchmen of the great century are well represented in the Museum collection is which but in this display of new acquisitions they do not count for very much. A few drawings by Pieter and Van Dyck are characteristic rather than important. A very fine half-length portrait of a young man ascribed to Franz Hals, is probably the work of one of his followers. Drawings by Hals are very rare, perhaps non-existent and there are qualities in this which prevent our seeing in it an exception to the rule. Rembrandt, on the other hand was one of the most prolific of draughtsmen and the Museum is rich in his work. The most notable of the specimens here shown is the study of an elephant. It shows the master in a somewhat unusual light as a student of texture. But perhaps I should not say this for the texture which in many corresponds to that of a pachyderm hide is rendered more precisely by him. In Rembrandt's pupil, Landt, December 1 and

scape painter who owes such fame as he enjoys to the portrait his master painted of him rather than to his own fine productions is present in two excellent drawings. Albert Cuyp's earliest manner may be studied in a drawing which recalls Van Goyen and his very clever imitator Van Stry in a pair of drawings which show him at his best.

In an English collection it is only fair that English work should be treated with generosity and by far the largest section is devoted to our native artists. The general standard here of course is not so high as in the other schools but the best of the English drawings hold their own with any in the room. It would be difficult—it would perhaps be impossible—to equal the Constable series without again turning to Constable. In their own way Thomas Girtin, George Morland, Thomas Rowlandson, Samuel Prout, Tompington, Peter Dewint



SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

(From the Engraving by John D. ... 1841)



ARDESVILLE LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHERAL
(From the Drawing by S. Pratt)

Alfred Stevens and Charles Keene, the all first-rate while among the examples of J. Lewis Cookshank, J. I. Smith, James D. Whinn, and many more drawings of the greatest character to be found. The series begins with Lely, who can scarcely be called a master in his own right. English or not I never Lely was the real father of our school. His style is his own, from Van Dyck rather than the work of that artist. I am of the opinion that the English schools of the eighteenth century were founded. The best but sufficient drawing of Lely has gone to the Louvre and his works were placed in the Louvre for a hundred years. With his own technique, but I am not sure, Lely could draw truly when he chose, this is a very early looking at his best of Lely's life (q. 2). He may be said to have settled down in this country of collecting drawings. In many ways Hogarth and Lely were at the opposite poles of art, in that they stood side by side. I know portraits by Lely—the Buckingham of the Nation and portrait of the

is out—which might almost be taken for Hogarth's were it not for details of costume and others by Hogarth—the Queen for instance—of which the converse might be said. The chief difference for is things like these are needed in the greater instances, both of conception and of execution of the native but in Hogarth evokes deeper and purer with more devil than Lely. Lely at his best has a finer sense of design and a warmer sympathy with the serious side of art. Lely's intimacy with Lely was only his own and then Hogarth was nearly always Hogarth. These drawings represent him I mean Hogarth here. The Christening of a Child is the best. The next in merit to it is a portrait of a woman whose study of a woman's face is extremely fine. In the Christening's simultaneous drawing from the same model. In sum, on we should place his work—while being interpreted means more before things. Intellectual Trainers: Wrentham, J. I. Smith, Paul Smith, Munn, William Tiele, David Wilkie, J. Dewant, Samuel Hunt, J. I. Smith, S. W. Poynter, S. J. Lely, S. Lucas, George Cruikshank, J. F. Lewis and



STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
(By J. I. Smith, from the original by J. I. Smith)



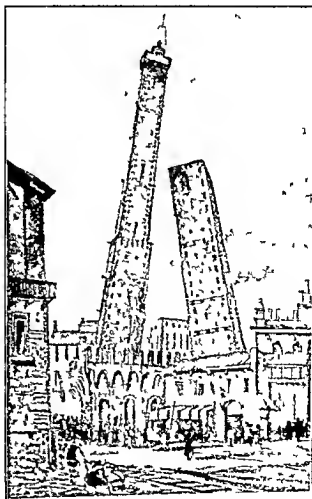
YOUNG WOMAN WITH LITTLE BOY
(From the Drawings by J. W. P. A.)

of course before the very interesting selection from the superb drawings left by Alfred Stevens as well as to the series already mentioned of sketches by the greatest of all English painters as I write this to call John Constable. Nature has inclined me the power to admire as art such productions as those of the late Edward Colver. But I must find room for a word in praise of Delme's portrait of Michael from the Empress of painting, for which I feel a sort of child affection.

Lastly we may pause for a moment before a few examples of the French school. No. 1 is a graceful study from the notebook by Ingres. It was used for one of the figures in his picture of 'The Cullen Age' and shows to perfection the master's fine eye for contour. Nos. 17 and 18 are studies in pencil by Meryon. The three last are fragments of architecture and show marvellous

precision in the conduct of a very hard and sharp lead pencil. Nos. 20 and 21 are by the two Millets while from 19 to 26 the numbers belong to Watteau who is now represented almost as well in the British Museum as he need be. Eight of these drawings were acquired at the Times sale last year seven being bought and one presented by Mr. S. S. Joseph. The Watteau reproduction p. 2 is good but must yield in artistic *fineness* to a study from a woman seated in the ground numbered 18 which is carried out in the hard red chalk he seems to have never dared to handle with a soft lead.

The Japanese collection which was the first receipt of this room is of remarkable interest and when the East Room makes another acquisition *à la* we must expect to find it submitted to the general approval. Until that happens the public can be invited to an interesting show that is like this.



THE LEANING TOWERS AT BOLOGNA
(From the Drawings by F. P. Eschsché)

ART IN ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRY

By L. ALMA TADEMA F. A.



N order to define Art in connection with Industry I think it will be best to begin by trying to find out what Art is and what is Industry.

Art is as yet an unexplained expression of the human mind. Many lofty æsthetic explanations have been given of it but none has been quite satisfactory to my mind.

Some time ago I heard a Belgian artist of great repute M. J. de Maendt say in a speech: "The soul of the artist must be the looking-glass in which the Trinity of Nature is reflected. I have thought of that beautiful saying ever since, and if I add to it the motto of a still friend of mine—As the sun colours flowers so art colours life—I begin to see somehow much clearer what Art is and what is its calling in our existence. I know it is all a question of sentiment and I know that were possible it is to give an adequate description of a sentiment so that I will not try to define it in any precisely defined sense of being myself altogether."

If now we accept it as in vision that Art has to awaken in the spectator a higher sense of the beautiful we come naturally to the origin of all things to Nature. What do we see done by Nature? If for example a building falls to ruins or a lighthouse with its unsightly gash Nature it once sets to work to make it beautiful again by climbing and covering with plants and flowers what had become ugly and forlorn. In fact she is for ever advancing everything with beauty either by colour, light and shade or sound and therefore she should teach us to be grateful for all beauty and all good. Just as by her softening influences the sharper edges of steel and snowflakes render themselves less cruel so Art helps us in the same way—his who is in trouble or in pain is always relieved and sustained by the sight of a lovely view or a beautiful work of art or by hearing a fine piece of music. My mother who suffered sadly long ago at the end of every year and often to be carried from the bed to the sofa and at last often said to me: "My love if it had not been for the music I could never have borne all this."

Of course all this is Art in its highest form but as

we have not to talk about it in its highest form only and as there is in Art as in everything else no excellence without different stages we must not be astonished to find Art represented sometimes in a lesser degree and influence and it therefore cannot always be on every occasion and in everything as preponderant as I have tried to explain it to be.

Industry—I read it so at least—signifies the production of arts and manufactures and as the manufacture is nothing but the execution of a subject given by Art there must exist between Art and Industry the closest possible bond and the more these two work hand in hand the better it will be for them both. So we find that by giving the direction of the manufacture of Swiss into the hands of consummate artists the porcelain of that factory has claimed the very highest reputation and we find that when our great Elkan was the artistic soul of the manufactures of the Wedgwoods they produced ware of such excellence that it is now worth its weight in gold. So long as our Art guides our Industry we need not fear any competition. Our Chippendale and Sheraton furniture is second to none—but why should I sing our own praises when the facts are familiar to everyone?

Art and Industry are in reality inseparable. It is the greatest error to believe that the ornaments steel it and iron on a bridge or a building or architecture, and that the construction is Industry and that the decoration stamped on a knife handle is Art and that the knife is the Industry. The parts that form a whole must be homogeneous and must be the outcome of one thought or one idea. So it was from the beginning and so it ought always to be. One of the first things men attempted was the making of tools and weapons. Surely it was Art that discovered the most suitable shapes. The early stone implements show us to what degree even then in the search for beauty and usefulness the two were combined. Then came the making of receptacles and utensils. In all these things man was never any and was developed at once by means of Art and Industry. In the vessels perhaps more than in anything else it is impossible to say where Art stops and Industry begins and *vice versa*. The pots had to be handled, and so handles were added to the surface was roughened by means of indentations and of additional forms which made ornaments. And then the marks were put upon them to distinguish the use made of the

different pots and the different contents which ultimately led to the most elaborate decoration. The most beautiful ever made were the Greek ones the highest in taste and the purest in form being just as beautiful with or without the paintings on them. These must have been added originally for the reasons I have already mentioned reasons to which we

most interesting to trace the constructive origin in architectural details. For example the primitive square pillar to give more room became octagonal then the sharp edges were once more chamfered and from eight faces they came to sixteen as we find in the rock cut tombs of the Twelfth Dynasty at Beni Hassan in Egypt and in a part of the



L. ALMA TADEMA RA

(From a Portrait by H. Self the Ryppleto Collection.)

must not forget to add that omnipotent factor in Art throughout all times—I mean Religion with all its stories and allegories.

Then came the tent the house the budding giving the protection required against inclemency of weather and in many cases against the enemy and when it was needed a lodging store room. This was the beginning of architecture in all its branches and consequently also of the industry that goes with it—such as the making of nails tools and so forth. Out of construction sprang architectural forms and it is

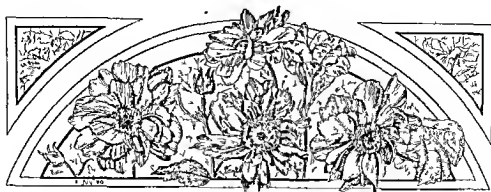
runs of Karak built under Thotmes III. This form is generally accepted as the origin of the Doric column. The numerous members of the cornices of the different orders of antique architecture show clearly that they are derived from the original forms of construction. The Ionic capital is explained from wood construction just as the Corinthian capital is the result of metal forms. One might even say that the flutings of the Corinthian column suggest that they were originally invented in order to strengthen the metal shaft when hollow.

So architecture developed and became more beautiful through refinement in the study of line and proportion and reached in a way its highest point in the Parthenon at Athens. This reminds me that one day, at Tunbridge Wells while talking about Art and Industry with my friend, the late Sir William Siemens he remarked that the delicately diminishing form of the antique column was the exact form for carrying power arrived at by most modern engineering calculations. He added the remark that it was wonderful to think that the artistic eye and feeling should by intuition have arrived at the most perfect form which the engineers could have arrived at by figures. I myself believe that the constantly progressing feeling for proportion through many generations of first class architects ought to lead it first to a sense of safety and strength which is equal to calculations.

So Art has never been at a standstill directing Industry and forming for itself new laws according to the fresh wants and the expansion of the Industry of the time being. The more Art worked together with Industry and tried to support the want of the time the more original it grew, and the more it developed in the right direction. It has always been more or less a reflection of the time which produced it because it gave the feeling of the time and it showed in its execution the state of development the Industry of the period had attained, and the wants of the time. At present where there is no more that unity of purpose in society, where all expressions of civilisation are laid together under contribution when today they build Gothic and Queen Anne, and Chinese, and what not in the same street, and make of a town a real sample book of the architecture of all ages we want more than ever a guide for Art and Industry. The best way to obtain this is through education. Education in Art is very difficult, and all things considered in view of the development of the Industry of this country, I think that the South Kensington schools are second to none supported as they are by a wonderfully complete museum which being part of the educational system, must liberally lends its treasures to the prominent galleries. This system of schools, so sensibly established for the last three-quarters of a century, does honour to the country, to those who founded them and to those who have since given all their power and thought to the best of their abilities, and the soundest of their experience to improving the teaching. Each year the great competitions show considerable progress, the drawings for industrial purposes for decorative motives and for manufactural designs of all kinds show at the same time how much profit is to be derived from the study in these schools.

I always look forward to visiting the annual exhibition in the South Kensington Museum of the best works produced in the schools, and I cannot too much recommend our manufacturers and industrial men to visit them also as they may find it worth their while to reproduce the work of those young artists—to develop their talents by giving them employment, and perhaps by doing so to induce our buyers one day to prefer English goods to Parisian wares. The South Kensington Art Schools are like every successful thing much attacked especially so because they do not produce picture makers and sculptors of statues, but that is not their aim nor their intention. They teach from the human figure because without it their art teaching would be inferior in quality.

Sir Frederick Leighton in an admirable address delivered in Liverpool some years ago after having explained how the Greeks lived for beauty remarked with absolute truth that they surpassed all other civilisations in their art excellence because they were the only ones who made the human figure the basis of their study. When now we look at the work of the Egyptians the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Japanese, and of the Middle Ages, beautiful as their productions are, they cannot compare with the best of the Greek works. None of them started from the human form. Therefore it is essential for our Art Schools to keep to the study of the figure as the fountain head of all art education, and we are convinced that the further progress of industrial art in this country will prove the truth of this assertion. Besides these special schools there are other things of great influence, such as art galleries and collections of all sorts, and, moreover, lectures—those with diagrams especially. But above all a more technical education for the child and not only reading writing and arithmetic. The Froebel System, and certain others, teach children by forms before they can read and write, and I believe they are right. The general demand for technical education of which we hear so much spoken of late, is much the same thing. The more you teach children to look for beauty around them the more they will think of it in after life. Then let us open their eyes to the beauty of Nature, and let them find joy in form and colour. It will most assuredly bear fruit, as throughout life they will be guided by taste, and Art and Industry will profit by it. And then they will improve and produce wonders as in days gone by, and the future of our country and our race will improve also, and they will think us for not having neglected a part in the education of the young which until not so very long ago received but little attention from those who directed education in this country.



A WORD TO YOUNG ENGLISH PAINTERS

A Letter from MONSIEUR FERNAND CORMON to the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART

"MY DEAR SIR—To tell the truth I lack alike the habit and the capacity of writing what is called a magazine article. But I propose to express to you my opinion on a question which we have already discussed together. The subject was the French school its influence on foreign schools and particularly on that of England or rather the services rendered by the French to the English school—services which in my opinion should have their strict limits set.

According to my view I see at the present time in the whole world but two artistic schools (I am speaking only now of the section of painting). These are the schools of France and of England. America, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Russia and the rest can none of them set before us at the present time the spectacle of a National school. At the most can they present but certain technical formula and certain characteristic defects. It is not that they cannot bring into line a very gratifying number of men of talent and indeed certain remarkable personalities such as Israels in Holland, Von Uhde in Germany and several others, but save these certain personalities, all their artists are but the pupils of the French school. I am perfectly well aware that one people among them could put forward before us a series of canvases which would demonstrate a particular attitude in using the brush, that another will show us a certain unity of coloration and that yet another an extraordinary proof of research into small detail. But all that does not make a school. It is the poetic sense of a race which creates its national art, and not a certain habit of craftsmanship or of vision. Well I repeat that in my opinion *at the present day* France and England alone possess that national poetic sense which endows each of them with a distinctly individual pictorial art.

"Nothing can remain stationary in this world

Everything changes and must change. A school therefore cannot stand still. It must be subject to transformation if it is to endure, and having regard to this fact I consider it an excellent thing that each of us watches his neighbor's profits by his progress seeks to correct his own weaknesses, and to assimilate what may advantageously be absorbed always in the condition of never losing sight of that sincerity of feeling which is the essence of his originality.

I therefore strongly recommend English artists to come to us to learn our trade secrets, to acquire by such personal contact greater breadth in their craft greater freshness in their coloration (which is often too yellow and too varnished). But I would most earnestly implore them not to forget their national qualities—not to lose when in our midst their power of subtle and searching analysis or their sense of exquisite mystic poetry. Let them gain with us such pictorial qualities which perhaps they lack, but let them not lose their hold through contact with us of their English poetry—poetry so deep and so sweetly thrilling.

I would find no every young English painter who comes to work in France—I would find him come here firmly resolved to acquire the painter's skill with the view solely to use it for the better expression of English art. The true value of an individual member of a race as of the race itself is his individuality. In the domain of painting at the present time we English and French we are *our selves*. Well, let us remain ourselves. Later on other races will find what I have called the pictorial formula of their poetic feeling. American, Russian and others too have their future. But meanwhile England and France which have it seemly must guard and develop it each according to her individual genius.

Such are my general ideas on the point we have raised and they are at your disposal to make what use of them you will.



CATECHISING

(From the Pictorial by J. B. Burgess R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Goss and Co.)

THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY—I

By S. J. VICCARS

AMONGST the many art galleries established in our large provincial towns of late years the one forming the subject of the present article is perhaps less known outside Leicester than others, not difficult to explain. When first it was inaugurated no large donations either of money or works of art were forthcoming, and no public building specially devoted to and specially adapted for the exhibition of pictures and other works of art was available, so that the Leicester Art Gallery started on its career in 1881 in an extremely modest and unimpressive manner. The town had for many years possessed an admirable School of Art—how excellent the results obtained in the National Competition in 1890-91 and the present year show.

the school for the benefit of its students offered a donation of £500 with the view of initiating such a project under the auspices and control of the Committee of the School of Art. Several exhibitions of pictures in addition to the annual one of the students' works had from time to time been held in this building.

Amongst others who warmly seconded the efforts of Mr. Lacy were Mr. James Orrock, F.R.S., formerly resident in the town; Mr. Wilnot Pilsbury, F.R.S., formerly Head Master of the school; and Mr. John Fulkyn, F.R.S., a native of Leicester. After numerous meetings and considerable discussion it was ultimately decided to put the matter on a broader basis by constituting a committee under the authority of the Corporation.



NOT-LUCK.

(From the Publishing by T. Ford, E.A. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)

works by Henry Dawson T Baker (of Leamington) A W Williams James Webb and Wm Duffield were soon forthcoming. These supplemented by the purchase of various pictures formed the nucleus of the present collection and the wall space was filled up with loans from different collections in the town and neighbourhood.

It was not however until three years later that

permanent collection—Henry Williams Italian Leasants Pestano William Hilton R.A. The Meeting of Abrahams Servant with Rebecca at the Well William Etty R.A. Study of a Man in Persian Costume B R Haydon Inch of May Day H Singleton Marto and Thersites " J M W Turner P.A. The Gale of Venice and The Bridge of Sighs Venice



CATECHISING IN A SCOTCH SCHOOL.

(From the Picture by S. G. Haynes)

the Town Council by an Act passed in that year (the Leicester Corporation Act 1884) was empowered to increase the rate levied under the Public Library and Museums Act in support of the Art Gallery. In March 1884 the libraries and museums rate was increased from one penny to three halfpence in the pound and £400 from this source was applied annually to the support of the Art Gallery. This newly constituted building was opened to the public on the 6th of January 1885. The following loans from South Kensington which have since remained in the Gallery and are among its attractions were contributed by the Government and may now be considered to form part of the

Since its transfer to the Corporation the Art Gallery has been managed by a Committee of the Town Council assisted by six members chosen from outside the Council. These outside members who are elected annually and supposed to be specially qualified to assist in arranging and selecting works of art are designated co-optative members.

In 1885 the total number of pictures the property of the Corporation was thirty-five. This number had increased to eighty-six by the year 1891 two pictures only having been presented and fifty-one purchased. It can easily be seen however that with such limited means at command and a comparatively small annual grant the purchase



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(Frø de fa b e n f o l a)

with the Leicester Gullery) but abstaining from lower price than might otherwise have been the case. The Village Phillips the late J. H. Light



IN MEDICINE.

Lee (1982))

up to this time of very important or expensive works of art was impossible. The Committee therefore endeavoured to secure pictures of good quality and of various schools necessarily ignoring some of the most fashionable works by modern artists the high

friend of the artist) has for its subject "Washington Irving searching for traces of Columbus in the Court of La Rabala." It is one of Wilkie's late works painted after his Spanish visit and quite different in treatment and handling from his highly

finished earlier works such as the Blind Fiddler and Penny Wedding. Though there are only two figures in the composition the contrast of light and shade and the general effect of this low toned work are admirable and show the powerful influence of Velasquez and the other Spanish masters upon the artist.

Pot Luck. By Mr T. E. A. RA. engraved on p. 13 was exhibited in the Academy in 1866 and in the artist's opinion expressed in a letter kindly granting the permission to reproduce it for illustration in this article it is about the best picture I have ever painted. The group of fowls is painted in a manner that would do credit to any animal painter of the day with the colour of the picture as a whole is particularly rich and the handling exceedingly powerful.

Mr T. E. A. RA. one of the few living members of the Academy represented here is well to the fore with No 77.

Catching which by the courteous consent of Messrs Henry Graves and Co. (who own the copyright) we are enabled to illustrate (p. 12) The group of girls being examined by the head-mistress is painted

with all the skillful technique and finish of the artist the utmost care having been bestowed upon all the accessories and details of the work which is one of the popular Academicians' brightest efforts.

A Woolly Landscape by the late William Muller painted in 1844 though not a large picture may certainly be considered both for colour composition force and truth one of the master's finest productions and this picture alone would render the Gallery well worth a visit. The Corporation were especially fortunate in securing it Messrs Agnew and Sons who bought it for the Gallery not only charging no commission (their inviolable rule



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From the Engraving by C. W. Cooper RA.)

price of a painting of this sort many such (as recent sales have fully demonstrated) are not having been painted.

In 1840 a totally unexpected bequest of £7,000 from the late Mr William Lillings, a hatter and a native of Leicester—who as far as was known had no special or any particular interest in the Art Gallery—enabled the Committee to secure some more important and highly prized works excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie, of A. W. Muller, Mr Thomas E. A. RA. and Mr J. B. Burgess RA. being included.

The example of Wilkie's *Smoker* in the collection of Sir William Knollys (a great patron and



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(From the Picture by George M. D.)

with the Lancaster Gallery but abstaining from lower price than might otherwise have been the
 computing thereby obtaining the picture at a much less price. The Village is that by the late J. J. Knight



THE VALLEY OF THE INN NEAR MUNCH

(From the Picture by F. T. F. 18)

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

(From the Picture by C. H. Cope R.A.)

prices then being obtained for many such (as recent sales have conclusively proved) not having been justifiable.

In 1860 a totally unexpected bequest of £1,000 from the late Mr William Pilkington, a Leicester and a native of Leicester—who as far as was known had never shown any particular interest in the Art Gallery—enabled the Committee to secure some more important and higher priced works excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie R.A. William Muller Mr Thomas Faed L.A. and Mr J. P. Burgess P.A. being purchased.

The example of Wilkie formerly in the collection of Sir William Knollys (a great patron and



CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

(From the collection of the artist)

with the Lancaster Galleries) it is not from a lower price than a lot otherwise have in the
 competition, thereby being able to give at a much less cost. The Village of the late J. K. lot



THE VALLEY OF THE INE RIVER

(From the collection of the artist)

L.A. is a fine example of colour and shows what good work this now somewhat forgotten artist did before the more lucrative attraction of portrait painting so completely engrossed him.

The early English school has always been a favourite one with some members of the Leicester Committee as a glance round the walls will show. Almost the first important purchase made was that

productions by the latter artist. Catechising in a Scotch School is the subject and illustrates with Wilkie like fidelity the visit of the clergyman and the examination of the youngsters in the large schoolhouse. Painted in 1802 the picture remains in excellent condition and though a little perhaps somewhat darkened the colour it has only added to its richness.



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

(From the Loan by T. S. Cooper, P. 1.)

of a large and noble work in oils by Peter DeWint the great master of water-colour. It is one of his favourite Landscapes taken a short distance from the city the distant towers of the cathedral standing out impressively from the background of clear blue sky. The foreground of the work is very bright and dark and hardly sufficiently defined but the picture is excellently fine in colour.

Among the many disciples and followers of Sir David Wilkie perhaps Sir William Allan and Sir George Hayter both members of the Royal Scottish Academy (the former being an English Academician) were as eminent and successful as any. The picture which is illustrated on p. 17 is perhaps one of the best known and most successful

Though Mr T. S. Cooper I.A. still exhibits annually in the Academy the small picture by his hand in the Leicester Gallery was painted fifty-seven years ago (in 1837) and is as brilliant and fresh to-day as when it left his easel. Those who have only seen his more recent works coming from the hand of a monogramist will scarcely imagine this golden Cypselike little Landscape with Cattle and Sheep to be from the same brush. Only one small picture (but that of exceedingly high quality) by George Morland No 74. (On the East of the Isle of Wight illustrated on p. 17) is owned by the Leicester Corporation. It is a lovely silvery delicate little gem in that gifted but erratic genius full of light and sunshine very highly finished,

ORIGINALITY IN PEN-DRAWING AND DESIGN

By HARRY FURNISS



NOTHING is more difficult for one who lives simply by the tossy-turry art of caricature than to give practical and serious advice upon matters of art. It might naturally be supposed that I could write more easily upon almost any other branch of art than that of design. However all art students may be said to tow in the same boat no matter with what special branch of art they may afterwards identify themselves and I will therefore content myself with the thought that should any of my readers acquiesce but a few practical hints from the remarks I am about to make I shall be amply repaid for lying down my cap and bells and tiding up the pen of the critic.

Now I am very frequently applied to for advice by students as to the best methods to be pursued in drawing and design. Fond parents and guardians send the albums of budding young artists to be criticised accompanied by an appeal such as this—

"I take the liberty of sending you original drawings by a young man (or young woman as the case may be) which I venture to think show promise of no mean order. You will see that he is original and that his designs show great spirit. Will you kindly let me know by return whether there is an opening in the Royal Academy, and send me a list of publishers in need of such work?"

The letters I receive of this description are innumerable and although in reply to them I could do so in two lines or two pages according to the time at my disposal I could sum up everything I have to say in the two words—Study Nature. The designer I care not whether he designs for a beautiful manufacture or for the illustrations in a comic paper must go to Nature for practice. Nature is an inexhaustible storehouse for the artist. In her he finds everything. But what to look for, where to look and how to look are questions that no one can answer for him but himself. All that he must find out for himself begins then by drawing from Nature. Even a leaf drawn from Nature is worth all the plaster casts in the art school. Even a foot is far better studied from Nature than by standing before a huge antique for weeks without varying light and shade. Facility in drawing and design will never be reached until Nature is studied and the most facile artists, like those whose work looks so rapid to the careless observer—artists like Turner in painting and Charles Keene in drawing—have

been the most persistent students from Nature. Of such enormous importance is this golden rule.

Study Nature to an art student that, having given vent to it I might for all the practical good which my further remarks will do you in comparison with it lay down my pen. But the mention of the term Facility in Art reminds me of other topics upon which I have to touch. I prefer in this article to confine my remarks to the subjects about which I may be supposed to know most and would like to say something about Drawing and Design.

It is of no use for me to deal with colour and I shall leave that to others who have had more practice in that department than I have. Indeed it would be presumptuous on my part to suppose that I am an artist at all. Of that fact I was forcibly reminded not long ago by one of my own little boys aged not more than seven. Some visitors were making in afternoon call and cross-examined young hopeful as to his future career in life.

"I suppose you are going to be an artist like your father?"

My father isn't an artist. He's only a black and white man. I'm going to be an artist in all colours."

That settles my position. But I may be permitted to say that colour after all is a matter of fancy, whereas drawing is a matter of fact. For supposing that you give several different painters the same subject for a picture one paints it in a yellow key another in a red another blue and another black. What can you say? They are all right from their respective points of view. Giotto when asked to send the Pope a specimen of his work for competition at Rome, simply took up his charcoal and drew a circle which shows that facility with the pencil marks the master more than the mere dubs of the trash. But with drawing it is a very different matter, for one artist cannot draw a figure seven heads high and another make it seventeen. Colour is according to a man's fancy and when that fancy is beautiful as in the case of Gainsborough we pardon the swine necks the twisted limbs and the sweetness of foam long drawn out which are to be found in his charming portraits.

I fear it cannot be denied that as a nation we are weak both in drawing and design. From the nursery to the studio the general desire is to paint

before we can draw. I know that some artists believe that an infant should be taught to walk the first almost before he can shake a rattle and in their enthusiasm for building talent glory in teaching the infant prodigy smear a blank canvas with giving even his excrement in colour upon the wall and furniture around. And thus mistaken they are too much enamoured in our art schools that it often when a student thinks he can paint and is sent to Paris to

acquire the knack of facility he finds to his horror that he is put back to the very rudiments of art and that he has to be taught how to draw. For my own part I think a student would do well to learn thoroughly how to draw before he touches a brush. He may of course draw with a brush if he likes so as to become familiar with the handling of it but draw he must before he can paint. If you have colour in your soul it is he will to come out when you arrive at the paint box, but I believe that unless you have colour in your soul you can never be taught it. A

beautifully drawn picture which is told in colour is in my opinion preferable to one which is solely drawn and depends for its effect solely upon its colour. A writer may hit on a beautiful theme for his book but should the grammar and construction be faulty the work is unreadable and the picture of an artist who cannot draw is just as bad. I think it is sheer nonsense to say that everyone can be taught how to draw. It might be said with equal reason that everyone can be taught music. Personally I have never been taught drawing and what little I know about it I have picked up myself but in music I have had lessons without number and now at the present time I don't think I could manage to play "God save the Queen" on the piano.

It is not merely that all children cannot be taught drawing but that some so-called artists even seem to be unable to improve the art. It is the fashion nowadays for certain painters to sneer at what they are pleased to call a fatal facility with the pencil. But they forget that it was not until the rise of illustration became a staple of how much use the pencil will be by it. If that artists of the English school learn to show a perceptible improvement in drawing.

It is not too much to say that certain artists who are new members of the self constituted body of architects, painters and engravers whom I would tell the Burlington Club but who are generally known as the Royal Academy have not only no fatal facility with their pencils but are in truth lacking in the elementary principles of drawing. This was brought home to them when owing to the disappearance in the interests of art and of art itself and artists in general had little work to do. Then the men of that Art Institution who will not recognise black and white as a complete art of



HERBERT FERNISS

(Even a Hot job like Ditch digging could become a hobby)

forced drawings, it is a pity to discover the sad truth that they knew not how to draw and that their work is not good enough to get black and white. But the use of illustrated journalism has done much to alter this state of things and every day we are being educated in spite of ourselves by means of the really fine drawings which are appearing in our illustrated papers and magazines. This is having an enormous influence upon the rising generation of artists. Our fathers had only a few—very few—illustrated books in which the illustrations were generally of the poorest and most conventional kind whilst the pictorial embellishments in the few illustrated periodicals were of the most inferior description. But now it is difficult to take up even the cheapest

illustrated paper without finding some beautifully drawn picture. In fact the flood of illustrated literature of all kinds which deluges our museums, play rooms, and drawing rooms constitutes an art education in itself for there is no denying the fact that the English illustrated papers surpass those of any other country in the world providing work and remuneration for a body of first rate artists the rapidly increasing number of whom is amazing.

At the beginning of the Victorian era it was at its very lowest ebb. The young lady students of the period were copying those impossible lithographed heads which formed the steel in trade of the drawing master or those fashion plate Venuses whose necks recited the proportions of the gargoyle with the eyelashes of a wax doll and fingers that tapered off like the point of a pencil. These sirens of the drawing board were mirably smelling roses or kissing a cunty and always had a weak ness for pearls. They used to be drawn upon tinted paper and when the faces had been duly smeared over with the stamp to suggest shadow and after the drawing master had endowed the work with artistic merit by the application of white chalk to the high lights the pearls the cunty's eyes and the pitkinetic tear drops upon the dimples face the immortal productions were ready for framing. The griffin or swan necked angel was the fete note for all ideal work and even the renowned artists of those days—with one or two brilliant exceptions—allowed in her train.

In the art of designing for manufactures the public taste was equally vile and distorted, and to this day it is suffering from much the same cause. The root of the mischief is deeper than at first you might imagine. It has origin in the habits and enervated the ideas and modes of thought of the people and especially of their leaders. What Thackeray did for society by writing *The Book of Snobs*, it remains for the wit critics and satirists of to-day to do for art. It did not indeed require Thackeray to show us that snobbery is one of our national shortcomings, but it did require the keen edge of his masterly satire to deal it a cut which it would feel. The snob however was scotched not killed. It was only a few years ago that he caught a popular princess unfortunately spinned her milk the Alexander lamp threatened to become a national characteristic and I verily believe that were another princess to take it into her head to jump instead of walk the whole of English society would soon come to an untimely end by jumping itself out of existence. We have feelings no right to be injured with the taste of others but in the case of those who give the lead in the case of the highest in the land, must I venture to say with ill loyalty and

respect that English art is still suffering from the too conservative spirit of the patronage extended to it, and I may be pardoned for noting the fact that the crimson curtains and huge flowered carpets that we still sometimes encounter in out of the way places positively continue to be turned out of the loom for the royal palaces to-day. It should be remembered that although snobbliness exists in other countries also yet we are not so clever at concealing the skeleton as are some foreign nations and that when royalty exhibits a preference for foreign artists snobblism will follow suit *en masse*, and rushing to the studio of the shy dash painter, shower gold upon him for the bad art upon his easel. It was ever thus and so long as we neglect our native artists so long will the national talent for design remain dormant.

Now we are all expecting great things from technical education and I only hope we shall not be disappointed. Some years ago I had the great advantage of accompanying the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction upon one of its journey abroad. All credit is due no doubt to the gentlemen who give up their time and money in order to travel in search of knowledge which might benefit the scheme for technical instruction for I may mention that all the Government gave them was an eighteen penny writing desk and the price of a room at each hotel they visited whereon to note it. Lookers on are popularly supposed to see most of the game and judging by what I saw upon that journey in foreign parts and now that the *Large Blue Book* which was the result of the labours of those gentlemen is duly shelved—or it may be that it is propping up some rickety piece of foreign furniture in their studies—and now that the humours of the expedition have been divulged and we are awaiting the result I may frankly admit that it is my opinion that the worthy members of that Royal Commission were sadly hoaxed.

In the first place the foreign technical schools which they visited were aware I foreboded that the Commission was coming. Now, why we never catch Guy Fawkes under the Houses of Parliament when the cellars are searched at the opening of the session is because when the Yeomen of the Guard arrive upon their mission they find the policemen and officials whom they encounter at every turn know beforehand that they were coming. That is why they find the basement merely whitewashed and duly carpeted for their visit and I have seen them get through the solemn farce of making a search for Guy Fawkes Peckham under circumstances such as these. In like fashion I could detect plainly that these technical schools abroad which I visited had been speedily prepared for the visitors. The work which

was being done in them was being done by ordinary workmen, and as for schoolboys, indeed! the youths who were on show in the foreign technical schools were simply full-blown workmen—very full-blown after the prodigious way they worked for a moment in two after we pised round. In a word I saw detected a want of genuine purpose or regard for success among them, and saw that they were simply acting a part. Indeed it was admitted I think, that some of them were duly qualified workmen, and that they were there because without them the so-called schools would have been unable to number sufficient students to qualify for the Government grant. The majority of the establishments I saw were merely trade shops and not schools at all. Whilst at Arco in the north of Italy there was one where they were doing a brisk trade in cheap wall paperweights with "Mount of Olives" prettily inscribed upon them. These, we were told were regularly shipped to Jerusalem where they were eagerly bought up by the tourists and highly prized as mementoes of the Holy Land.

We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that we are not a nation of artists nor are we likely to improve in this respect until we give up striving to copy the tricks and traits of other nations. What could be more absurd than to see a stout, homely Englishman attired in evening dress and conspicuous in white gloves and a very tall hat walking from church with his link got up in white satin and a veil or strolling along a high street, followed by a party of friends in similar apparel? Yet, in France, such a sight as this strikes us as being not only rational, but even picturesque, and the manner, the *cha*, and the *go* of our neighbours across the Channel, redeem it from any appearance of absurdity. Now it would be just as absurd for an English artist to paint a stout lady of some thirty summers reclining on the slender branch of a tree, as Oplichi, or for an English designer to try and imitate the artificial although wonderfully ingenious designs of the French workman. It is simply not our nature. We must therefore, make the most of what is in us and besides encouraging originality in art to foster a love for it.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about art I know, and a great deal of rubbish is passed off as genuine work. Of course, if the student has only to please his or her parents or guardians or nicks and amuse a poor copy of a poor subject provided it has a great deal of rich mounting and elaborate framing will no doubt, pass muster. But it is only when the work has to be regarded from a commercial point of view that the hall-mark of success is founded upon it honestly. I

dare say people sometimes wonder why so many bad pictures are painted and what becomes of them subsequently. It is because the typical picture-gallery *hangar*, with nothing to do and more money than brains will buy up any shoddy that strikes his uneducated eye. But no business man will buy a picture with an eye to reselling unless he sees sufficient merit in it to justify the outlay of his capital and no manufacturer will buy a design unless he feels that it is good enough to warrant the cost of manufacture. It is the same with us who as artists in black and white. We also are commercially minded. We are employed to fill so many pages of a newspaper or magazine at so much a page according to our particular price in the market and we know therefore, that our publishers would not employ us as they do if we did not bring them profit. It is for this reason that we indulge in a feeling of independence that is simply delirious. I believe I would rather starve than have recourse to the farming and truckery to which certain painters have to descend in order to sell their pictures. Indeed I should have a sleepless night were I to feel that I had ever induced anyone to buy on the purchase of a work of mine against his will. That is one reason and perhaps not the best why I remain a black and white artist. And what too becomes of half the pictures that are painted? It must be evident to anyone who looks at the contents of a railway bookstall or booksellers shop that the artists in black and white have no necessity to peddle off their works on their too good natural friends who, I may add graciously relegate these precious works of art to the butlers pantry in the housekeepers parlour, unless indeed they go straight to the cellar.

Now I have dwelt upon this subject in order to encourage students in the study of drawing for the reason an immense skill and a growing demand for good draughtsmen and provided they have any originality no income awaits them equal to that resulting from the successful pursuit of any other profession but one—the legal.

But I should like to say a little more about design. In our country in our proposed no print note in all other dies and stamps in a word in everything *note* and the highest price ought to be paid for the most original designs and there ought to be open competition. The fatal consequence of selecting an artist for work of this kind by favour instead of merit are claims on that awful judges' corner which so troubled the artists eye of the Lord Chamberlain that he pronounced them to be not only artistically but also commercially a disgrace to the country.

Yet that eccentric painter, Mr. H. Ham

Hunt writing *apropos* of the art of drawing has remarked that Armistead actually wasted his life as a goldsmith's designer. What does Mr Hunt mean by that? I have a personal interest in this matter because as a boy it was my greatest ambition to be a goldsmith's designer. Mr Hunt in decrying the flashy commercial side of art and pleading with his usual high intelligence for art inspired by love does not surely mean that a designer is lost in the studio of a goldsmith? What is the very place to develop an latent talent he possesses?

The name of another young artist a sculptor and one of the few geniuses we have in the English art world occurs to my mind. I mean Mr Alfred Galtart. He begins where Mr Armistead left off and anyone who has seen specimens of his splendid handwork in metal anyone who has seen the wonderful chain which he exhibited at the Academy a few years ago and the Guards' memorial gift to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee must acknowledge that if we had more Galtarts we should have little to fear from other countries in the art of design and that our home manufactures would quickly lead the fashion in a way which would be unassailable by those of any other country in the world. Why then is Mr Galtart not more frequently applied to when the services of a special genius in design are required? I must say again that here we have another flagrant instance of indifference and patronage and the squandering that talent in out of the unworthy tasks.

Now there is no denying the fact that we are a great deal of improvement in colour and design in dress and art surroundings and also I suppose to the exquisite fabric of lace to the late æsthetic craze. That by the way was a wave of artistic feeling which was supposed to have originated in the time of Mr O. W. Wilde and it was caricatured by Mr Munier and parodied by Bernard. My two French friends however only look up that with no hope of cards to make capital out of it although it certainly drew attention to the cartoons and flowered carpets to hosiery and papers and ludicrous fashion plate designs in dress. Then we

were afflicted with another form of æsthetic dementia. This time it was dramatic, and the wishy washy but highly amusing drawing room comedy was assailed by its frantic worshippers who hoped and still hope to supplant it by the un-savoury dramas of the Norwegian writer. But this craze will also be killed by a touch of ridicule although no doubt it will not be without its good effects in infusing new blood into the drama. And it is to this same strain after some new thing which was the special characteristic of the Athenians of old that we must also look for the new developments in our art schools. I would therefore impress upon the students of design as well as of imaginative art that they should aim as much as possible at originality. Whether in books or plays pictures or prints no matter is a subject of success than a host of imitations follow in the same groove. An artist for instance paints a picture of a baker standing by a sign post to bury. It becomes the popular picture of the season. It runs the usual course is engraved photographed and given away coloured with Christmas numbers. Forthwith a whole shoal of artists paint nothing but donkeys braving at sign posts. In literature we have Dickens and Lewis Carroll copied *ad nan am*. It is the same upon the stage. Originality, therefore is what we must all strive for. All cry out for something new but that something must be good. After a student has digested the best works of the masters in the particular branch of art he intends to pursue he should search his own brain and try if possible to outdo them. He must be an inventor, and not a mere copyist. I think it is that lack of originality that lack of self confidence in ourselves that is the cause of our allowing foreign countries to show us the way which we have followed. Your English man pictures goes to France for his designs just as does your English dramatist. Both bring over the models of the foreigner and dish them up afresh for the English market. That is neither plucky nor honest and until our students feel that it is degrading to us is a nation we shall never cease to be the mediocres of art.



Hail, soft November, though thy pale
 Sad smile rebuke the words that hail
 Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words
 Or gratulate thy grief with song
 Less bitter than the winds that wrong
 Thy withering woodlands, where the birds
 Keep hardly heart to sing or see
 How fair thy faint wan face may be.



NOVEMBER.

(Poem by *Alfred Charles Swinburne*. Drawn by *M. E. F. Britton*.)

of the successful competitors which show great promise and may be taken as a fair result of the method of training adopted at the school.

The subject given to the students of painting for interpretation (Jeh and his friends) was one which called for the utmost skill of the artist in composition and sentiment. But although seemingly difficult at first sight it appears more simple when it is noticed that the moment to be represented is when Jeh, visited by his friends, expresses by his words and attitude his absolute faith in the God who is thus trying him. The programme repeated the verses of the Bible when Jeh in the depth of his wretchedness reduced to poverty even by sales and insulted by his friends in spite of all still remains trustful in his faith in the Almighty, trusting forth in eloquent terms of the God who having once endowed him with happiness and riches now chooses to overwhelm him with the utmost woe.

Amongst the pictures sent in only two or three seem well deserving of notice. That of M. Laverne was awarded the *Grand Prix* by the Academy. His picture possesses good coloring qualities and contains more delicate sentiment than any of the other paintings. It is evident that the young painter has conscientiously endeavored to treat the subject simply and broadly. M. Laverne carried off the second prize in the young competition.

The work of M. Mitreux, which gained the second prize although containing less sentiment than that of the *Grand Prix* picture, is treated very intelligently and with a certain amount of dramatic accent. Jeh is represented crouched in a corner of a stable, his eyes closed as if to look from himself his own wretchedness. His three friends standing in the doorway cast looks of horror at their unhappy companion whilst one of them with a perfectly natural gesture before the pathetic state of Jeh holds his nose with the fumes of his own.

There is no doubt that the subject was not an easy one to treat properly. In nearly all the pictures the young painters seemed to have divided the task of representing the horrible state and suffering of Jeh into separate parts in an attempt to show the expression of sublime sadness and faith which should contrast with the play of such utter misery.

The subject given to the sculptors was the expulsion of Adam from Paradise or in the words of the school programmes "Adam driven from the terrestrial Paradise is condemned to labour the earth which produces but weeds and thorns according to the words of the Bible. Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." The first prize was carried



ADAM

(From the Stat. by M. Lafitte. Awarded the 1st and 2nd Prizes)

off by M. Lafitte, a young sculptor who like the successful artist in the painting competition won the second prize of last year. His figure of Adam is greatly superior to those of any of the other competitors. He represents Adam resting and fainting from his work in order to brush away the sweat with which his brow is wet. His right arm tired after his hard work rests on the rough implement with which he has been tilling the soil. His body bowed under the weight of overpowering weariness and the legs swollen by excessive labour seem

THE "PRIX DE ROME" AT THE ECOLE DES BEAUX ARTS, PARIS

BY A. A. PALMINIER.

THE annual contest of the *Prix de Rome* at the Ecole des Beaux Arts Paris has recently taken place and Parisian buyers of art have enjoyed the opportunity of admiring or criticizing the different works of painting sculpture and

the student must follow as nearly as possible from his preliminary sketches any great deviation from which may possibly put him out of the running. The finished work is then exhibited in one of the school galleries and the Art Jury composed



JULIUS AND HIS FRIENDS

(From the *Exposition* by M. Lavery, Award of the *Grand Prix de Rome*)

architecture sent in by the competing students and exhibited in the galleries of the school. This event is no looked forward to by the students who are fortunate in each branch of art. A certain number who have obtained the requisite preparation of points and medals for the years work in the different studios belonging to the school are all wed together for the preliminary contest, the result of the contest being that ten of the students in each section of art who satisfy the Art Jury by their preliminary sketches are permitted to compete in the drawing exercise. A certain amount of time is given for the completion of the life size painting or sculpture or the drawing or sculpture to a high level of the architectural design the title for which

of painters sculptors &c. decide to which of the ten competitors should be awarded the *Prix* first second and third prizes being given. The winner of the first *Prix de Rome* carries off the scholarship which affords him a three years study at Rome, and he is expected each year to send to the school for exhibition the work resulting from his studies at the Villa Medici. The *Grand Prix de Rome* is certainly an honour worth winning and in his several years of serious study combined with natural talent in the schools.

The work this year does not appear to have attained the standard of that generally done for this *concours*. But still a number of very good points may be observed in the work

of the successful competitors which show great promise, and may be taken as a fair result of the method of training adopted at the school.

The subject given to the students of painting for interpretation ("Job and his Friends") was one which called for the utmost skill of the artist in composition and sentiment, but although seemingly difficult at first sight, it appears more simple when it is noticed that the moment to be represented is when Job visited by his friends, expresses by his words and attitude his absolute faith in the God who is thus trying him. The programme repeated the verses of the Bible when Job in the depth of his wretchedness reduced to poverty, often by sores, and insulted by his friends in spite of all still remains trustful in his faith in the Almighty, bursting forth in eloquent terms of the God who having once endowed him with happiness and riches, now chooses to overwhelm him with the utmost woe.

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The work of M. Mitreux which gained the second prize, although containing less sentiment than that of the *Grand Prix*, is nevertheless treated very intelligently, and with a certain amount of dramatic accent. Job is represented crouched in a corner of a stable, his eyes closed, as if to hide from himself his own wretchedness. His three friends standing in the doorway cast looks of horror at their unhappy companion, whilst one of them, with a perfectly natural gesture before the loathsome state of Job, holds his nose with the folds of his gown.

There is no doubt that the subject was not an easy one to treat properly. In nearly all the pictures the young painters seemed to have doubled the task of representing the horrible state and suffering of Job and displayed their ability to show the expression of sublime submission and faith which so all contrast with the idea of such utter misery.

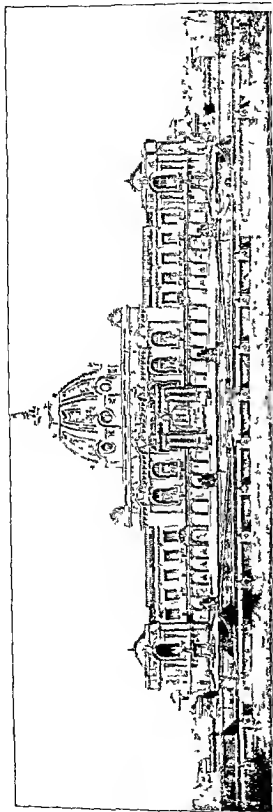
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ADAM

(From the Statue by M. Lefebvre. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome.)

off by M. Lefebvre, a young sculptor who like the successful artist in the painting competition won the second prize of last year. His figure of Adam is greatly superior to those of any of the other competitors. He represents Adam resting an instant from his work in order to wipe away the sweat with which his brow is wet. His right arm tired after his hard work rests on the rough implement with which he has been toiling. His whole body bends under the weight of oppressive weariness and the legs swollen by excessive labour seem



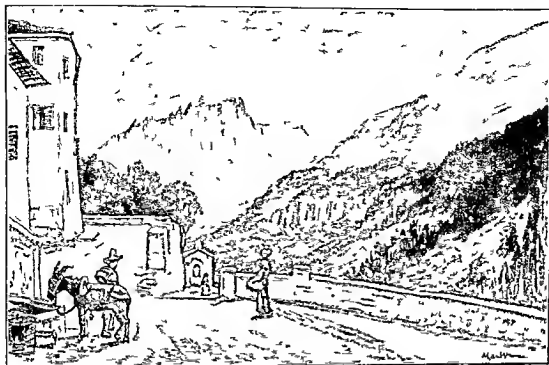
A MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY
(Proposed by M. B. de la Roche, Architect)

almost to give way. The idea is excellently treated and the figure well modelled, the freshness of execution and the happy interpretation of the idea won for the young sculptor the highest prize of the Jury.

The sculptors who gained the second and third prizes have given quite another idea of the outcast Adam. That of M. Clansade, which gained the second prize, unlike the Adam of the winner of the *Grand Prix* seemingly resigned to the hard will of the Almighty is apparently more overwhelmed by his sin and regret for his fault as he compares his present woe to the calm joys of the lost Paradise. In a sitting posture the head leaning against the breast the torture of his soul and deep regret is plainly and beautifully expressed in the downturned face and gesture of the arms.

The Architecture *Prix* although attractive in a less degree to the general art public is nevertheless interesting as showing the system of teaching in the French Art School. The subject for competition was A Museum of Artillery to be erected in the capital of a large state. It should, said the programme, be designed in a severe style and have a monumental aspect. In front of the building was to be a kind of dock to contain the floating museum of naval war engines, and a vast gallery leading to a monumental staircase should together with the exhibition rooms occupy the ground floor. The staircase was to give access to the upper story set aside for military trophies and arms of war of all various, repairing workshops, dwelling and library complete the plan. Whether the subject was too difficult in itself, or whether the competing students found the task of representing a style of architecture suitable to such a museum not an easy one it appears that the severe style asked for by the programme was utterly set aside. The usual pompousness of the school appears in this case to have given way to ideas worthy of the splendour of the ancient Roman palaces, gaily casinos, or even reminiscences of the plaster palaces of the last Paris Exhibition.

The design which seemed to combine more simplicity and calm is that of M. Berton which is reproduced on this page. Before his drawings the somewhat astonished eyes of the Jury found repose, so the plan being well arranged, and the style of architecture well composed and dealt with to him was awarded the *Grand Prix*. Though some of the other designs contained some good points in style and treatment the competitive work as a whole was far below the average.



IN PIEVE DI CADORE, LOOKING TO MONTE CRETALLO

(Drawn by J. H. C. 1895. Engraved by M. J. 1895)

TITIAN'S SUMMER PILGRIMAGE

BY LEADEL SCOTT

THE old painter was lying in his house by the waterside in Venice the weight of eighty-eight years bowed his shoulders and as he sat in his garden in summer evenings the memories of things that his hand had done were more potent than the joys which were left. His gaze turned northward where far far away peaked Antioch shot its spires up into the sky like a white phantom above the mists of the Lagoon and the glimmering points seemed fingers beckoning him back to the home of his youth. Year after year had he answered then call and though they were more than eighty miles away—as many miles as he counted years—he staid all men that he was now again to go toward them in the summer of 1660. We will follow in spirit the course of his pilgrimage.

In his own black gaulch he is carried to the mainland with his attendant baggage and painting paraphernalia. At Mestre they take the road Titian is mounted on a richly hooded Spanish mule for he is now a person of rank and honour and holds State offices in Venice and his followers—with perhaps his son Orazio among them—are on

in a plainly saddle and while a train of sumpter made up of mules laden with everything that painters and baggage placed on in the rear. The first night the halting place is Treviso and here when the great artist has eaten and rested he strolls into the church and glances at the Annunciation a work of his earlier days. He looks over the faulty drawing and knows that he looking ahead at eighty-eight years can paint a more perfect angel than that in the looking glass.

Next day he feels the Poise which in this summer season is a broad expanse of pebble with a narrow thread of water and so along the dusty road through fat and luscious and broad level a size he comes where the green hills stand on its low hill with the evening sunlight falling on its dusky houses. At last the wide verdant plain is reached and he sees the high frowning castle crowning the first hill. The old painter looks wistfully at those towers and shakes his head regretfully for he is not the Pope once called Castle and his journey to his own son Pomponio who had not been worthy to accept them?

But a little further on brighter thoughts came, for here is Serravalle, where his dear daughter Lavinia and her husband, Corrado Sarenelli, are waiting to welcome him. A little higher on the hill of Maiza is one of Titian's own villas, which he might be said to have built with his brush, for he had some score of years before painted a picture for the church of Castel Bolognola, and the inhabitants, having no cash wherewith to pay him, promised to supply stones and workmen for eight years to build him a house. He chose the site well; it stands on the crest of the hill, overlooking the vast plain where the verdant shades off to a purple haze, and the white villages with their tall towers, seem like flowers dotted about in a vast field.

This low rolling horizon is one of Titian's favourite backgrounds for it appears in several of his pictures—sometimes glimmers in yellow or rose light, sometimes dark and purple under a hue of clouds. One in trace of this may be seen in the *Saviour and Mary Magdalen* of the National Gallery. Turning the other way he can study woodland and mountain effects, for here the wavy lines of hill are broken by crags or emphasised by bustling fortress towers over which the clouds throw shadows, and the mists cast softening veils.

The late Mr. Gilbert in *'Titian's Country'* has given the Madonna and St. Catharine in the National Gallery as a reminiscence of this scene, and the upright landscape in Buckingham Palace as a study in rolling clouds which blot out all the Maiza range, except one fat point rising black against the amethyst light.

Between this villa and his daughter's house at Serravalle the painter possibly lingers a day or two. The towers of Serravalle rise in the very entrance to the mysterious region of dolomite mountains, which, however, were not called dolomites in Titian's days. Here, too, he has reminiscences for in the church hangs that Madonna ordered by the Serravallines in 1742 and over which there were six years of litigation owing to Titian demanding extra pay for having painted a St. Peter instead of St. Vincent. Saints have a commercial tariff it appears.

When he leaves his daughter's house, she probably stands to watch the cavalcade on its way up the gorge past the entire Lago Monto in the precipitous pass beyond which the painter's eyes rest on a more smiling valley, where Lake Posagno gleams brightly in the mist with distant white limestone peaks reflected in it. On his left lies the great forest of the *Consiglio* which supplied Venetian galleys with their masts and oars and which has also supplied Titian himself with an inspiration for the scenery in *St. Peter Martyr* and his *St. Jerome* at the *Pieter*.

He crosses the Piave again on the bridge called *Capo di Ponte*, over which Maximilian had within Titian's recollection, led his army. Here the mules, turning away from the fatish 'Vale of Mel' take the rough stony path up the mountain where the torrent of Vurpa joins itself out from a dark inaccessible cleft. The precipitous pass leads by the mouth of a dim dark cave, the memory of which has once or twice served the painter as a setting for his ascetic saints, and it winds up past quiet villages whose rough huts cling to the very face of rugged and lofty cliffs. It is a savage dell indeed with the Piave rushing and roaring in the rocky depths when hill-topped rafters men winking long poles guide their narrow rifts round the perilous turns with hoarse screams. Arrived at the top Titian's heart leaps for he obtains the first view of his favourite mountain the *Monte Tobi*, always the first but of course to greet him on his homeward way, and the last he takes leave of.

Here are the two craggy peaks like twin giants standing tall amid the many jagged forms surrounding them. How often has he seen these peaks—sometimes appearing like molten gold above the purple mists, sometimes frowning and black beneath the lowering clouds, and how often has he sketched or painted them under different aspects.

At Longone, on the next day's journey, the scenery becomes grand, and he ascends an awful gorge where his mule traces a tortuous path winding about the faces of tremendous cliffs of yellow white and grey dolomite, and the torrent runs homely in the depths. Up and up passes the little caravan till it reaches Penarolo where rough houses fill the gap. Here behind the houses in the cleft between the two hills, the painter's eyes fall on a sight which strikes him exultant with joy. There shoot up the whitish peaks and summits of mighty *Anteio* all wreathed with gorgeous clouds—those summits which have called him from Venice perhaps for the last time. From here he makes a westward turn, and soon descends other mountain peaks and even Monte Cristallo's glaciers gleam far away beyond the Ambrone range, and next a little cluster of white houses on a hill.

Titian's pilgrimage is almost over. Colore is in sight and the very first house on this side is his own old home. As he draws near, he sees the various levels of its red roofs for the house is built of different portions, and there is the old fountain with his true father, St. Triano, standing in the midst in stonemasonry, just as he saw it when a boy.

* Maxima crossed it with his fleeing solders two centuries later and the more modern Austrian invaders destroyed it in 1846.



THE BOULDER FIELD AND THE V. L. CAIRN

Turning towards the south west and following the course of the Pata Valky the eye is caught by a timber lift in iron—timber is it might be called reaching into heaven. It belongs to that marvellous piece of defensive architecture the "Seslerfelsen." The rest of it from this point is cut off by the flanks

of the Antelao which although the kernel of the Cadore mountain system is still but little seen. To the left of the Pata Valky rises a spectral mass which those who know its surpassing grandeur is seen from the secluded like of Algho can scarcely believe it to be in the Civita—a holocaust of milder proportions on it. In winter it is regarded for effect than any other. All these exceed 10,000 feet in height. Eastward more still there are the jagged summits of Monte Cristoforo of a more extensive form north to south this is here 11,000 feet from the top of the hills but which from a few paces up and down the valley is a most startling appearance. The sky is

only did not rain. The last member of that race, a youth of a noble race, with the helmet at the top that is Monte Cristoforo.

These are the hills from which Titian drew so many of his backgrounds. You may see them in many of his sketches. One of his drawings is a landscape of the "Belluno" belonging to W. Le Drake Esq. It is a landscape with the very real road that he so often traversed. The "Cathedral" comes into the well known picture of Titian. He is much in a position with regard to the mountain. He looks down with delight on the mountain down with

* From "The Art of Titian" p. 11

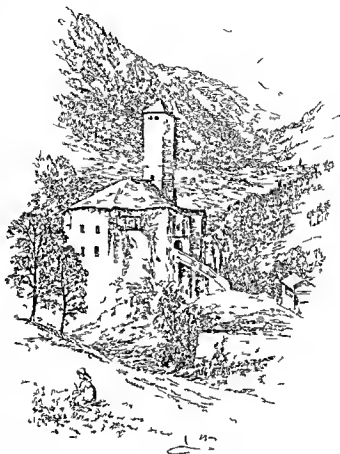
shadows but never gives them that startling disposition of colour varying from the awful pallid of whitish grey to the gorgeous yellows and reds which lead me that go off into purple shadows and the greens look startling and more. If he had they would no more have seen the sky as he made

of landscape—that of

of landscape—that of the Antelao and Belluno. The setting would in that case have abolished all the colour power of the composition to the detriment of the effect.

We may believe that the journey of 16 years is Titian's very last pilgrimage to the mountain cradle of his genius. He must have been in need of a strong man to accomplish such a journey at eighty-eight years of age but his vitality still boasted of energy and his good hand held in the best of command. The very year after it (1660) the Commune of Belluno elected him to office during the war of independence. He must have accepted for on July 2 the Commune set against

200 soldi for the pictures to be put in altars during two years also a quantity of wool for herself. It is believed however that Titian only furnished the cartoons and that his scholars painted the rest. There is no proof of intended exhibition of the pictures for the frescoes were destroyed in 1815 when the church was rebuilt. In 1667 at ninety years of age we find him painting the portrait of Giovanni Strada of Udine, now in the collection of Vienna. In such a work was about 100 years of the old man's energy took him away from his garden by the water. The old man's last Antelao then came from a further pilgrimage.



AT WELSBERG NEAR CADORE. LOOKING BACK TO THE DOLOMITES.
(Duke of S. V. de la Torre (P. 1))

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE BOOK

TO the acquisition by the National Gallery of the two important portraits reproduced on this page we have already made some reference. They



SIR JAMES COCKBURN, THE EARL AND HIS DAUGHTER

(Oil) John Zoffany R.A. Brought to the National Gallery by Maria Anna, the Lady Hamilton

are the gift of Mrs. Augustus Lady Hamilton who bequeathed them to the nation. They painted by different artists they bear the interest of close relationship being portraits of man and wife and then children. The first is the portrait of Sir James Cockburn, but his daughter plays a role in it. It is painted by John Zoffany, a that strange painter whose real name was Zoffelly and who passed his life through his own restless temperament in rapid transition from poverty to comparative poverty. This Cockburn the sixth baronet of the name was Major Forbes and was the great uncle of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn who died but a few years since. He was the lord in chief of the beautiful Lady Cockburn whose portrait is given here. The exquisite picture is included by common consent

among the masterpieces of its painter Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has indeed several special features to mark it. Not only is it in brilliant condition, painted in Sir Joshua's first period—in the year 1744—and with all the charm of composition and treatment with all the vivacity of manner and execution, but it has the peculiarity of being one of the two pictures ever signed by the painter with his name at length. This suggests that the artist in his most content and contented like manner brought the performance of the lady whose beauty had made him feel very loved and respectful slave to allow him to go down to rest upon the hem of her garment. It is certain that Reynolds' purpose is to be found in the edge of her dress, but the circumstance is less we imagine to be ascribed to the emotion of this particularly uniqueness will picture than to his



LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

(Oil) Sir John Zoffany R.A. Brought to the National Gallery by Maria Anna, the Lady Hamilton

and judgment in certain knowledge that this was one of the finest pictures he had ever painted—full alike of painter-like excellence and the very refinement of charm—and that out of conscious merit he took upon himself to put his name to it. The

famous macaw of which Northcote speaks is introduced into the picture.

It may be mentioned that this work was engraved by C. Wilkins in stipple in 1791 and issued with the very inappropriate title "Conjugal and Her Children" with an accompanying extract from Hooker's *Learned History*. It was again engraved by S. W. Lockwood. Lady Cockburn it will be remembered was the daughter of the daughter Deane of *First-Last Thomas Ayscough* the mighty deity of divinity who successfully combats against *Compassion Christ* *Call* and *Confession* in the *First* of his presentation to the rectory of *St. Nicholas* in *St. Nicholas*.

We much regret to announce the death of Mr Charles Jones, of the well known musical family. His loss will be deeply felt as he was an ardent and loving student of nature and apart from artistic excellence one always recognized in his works that as a thoughtful man of all things he could make himself highly be excelled so thoroughly in his knowledge of their anatomy and habits. Mr Charles Jones was a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon and all the London and provincial exhibitions.

His important works such as "The Inquisitive Magpie" (1946) and "The Fox With a Tail" (1951) are the best of his.

ber (1 A) A Frank Army. The herd of the
Dames (collected at the Pines, Salina and lately
around a gold medal at the Crystal Palace) as well
as the well known part and lime (up) with scenes
and figures of beautifully-dressed sheep, so true

to nature will never be forgotten. One of his greatest characteristics was his clever representation of the woolly fleeces. But Mr. Jones's pony

and line extended to portray
of all animals. In his studies
can be seen among varied
subjects many sporting pic-
tures—one very important
the Return from Deerstalk-
ing and a very fine lion sub-
ject. In all and every work
of his men to be recognized
the loving care and devoted-
ness of the enthusiast.



THE LATE CHARLES JONES R.C.A.
(From a Photograph by C. Pagan about 1900)



FISH FIGHT THE DOCKER BANK

*It is the Fish and the J C Hook I A I seen & argued by the Exn ghuu Art
(all over)*

English school may well be proud of such work as
fish from the Dogger bank. The willingness of the
lowlanders respect and the sense of an innovation
is remarkably low. The figures too are conspic-
uously good and the animated scenes full of interest.

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

ART IN OCTOBER

ENGLISH ART AT CHICAGO

Judging from the published list of English pictures which have already been secured for the Chicago Exposition, the display will as we feared be but a *poor* one in the aggregate. It may present a very fair average "average" but when other nations are preparing to exhibit their full strength, it is perfect folly on our part to be satisfied with showing a merely "fair collection." We have for years been waiting for the opportunity to overcome the ill-informed prejudice of America in regard to British art, which in the estimation of the States has generally stood on a level with that of British wine and British cigars. If we are not prepared to seize the opportunity now it has arrived we had better stand aloof altogether rather than present our country with a nominal basis for their present opinions.

SHARKS AND AMATEURS.

When the "Artists' Alliance" was first floated, we took occasion to warn our readers against it, in spite of certain good names published upon its list of "Honorary Members" simply on the free of its provisions and aims. Later on, when Morgan consolidated his bogus "societies" and issued the unique number of its organ, *The Pantheon*, we repeated our criticisms, which we were glad to see reprinted in quarters where, as parents, the valiant exposure by Truth had not penetrated. If ambitious amateurs and incompetent professionals are desirous of showing and, if possible, of selling their work, why do they not instead of feeding sharks who are only too ready to latch upon them, why do they not form an "Amateurs' Artist Society" on co-operative principles, and worked by a paid official? Then they and the public would know exactly what to expect.

DANGER FROM FIRE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND BRITISH MUSEUM

The newspapers have been anxious to something like interest by the statement of the District Surveyor for Plumstead that a fire recently broke out within a few yards of the British Museum, in a row of houses which ought, for the preservation of the Museum, to be razed, and the ground used as a belt of safety. Yet, people have remained entirely apathetic in spite of our repeated declaration that if the National Gallery is in hourly danger from the barracks behind which is not "within a few yards," but which is *absolutely adjacent*, and in which fire has ere now broken out. The trustees and the Government assume a heavy responsibility in allowing this state of things to continue. Were they to reflect that probably as many fine works of art have been lost to the world by fire as now remain in it, and that this loss has often been caused by criminal negligence, they would probably not be content to run the quite probable risk of losing one of the great treasures of the nation for the sake of the total destruction of the national collection in Trafalgar Square. The trustees

of the National Gallery are in urgent need of more room. Why do they not at once formulate a demand to the Government for the threatening barracks on which to extend the gallery?

EXHIBITIONS

The autumn exhibition at the New Gallery must be pronounced a disappointment without qualification. Its *raison d'être* is commercial and not artistic. The proprietors found the gallery lying empty and unproductive on their hands, and were, at the same time, conscious that they enjoyed an extensive reputation amongst artists which would enable them to fill it in one way or another. But even given such conditions the best has not been done. This collection of pictures, old and new, of design and sketches, lacks more of intention and such works as we must now, not for the first time, have been so recently exhibited that we find them wanting in novelty and powerless to awaken memories. An exhibition strictly of sketches and studies of such artists as meet affect the New Gallery would have been more interesting, or had the managers chosen to go further afield, a West of Scotland, or other school, display might have proved as attractive as instructive. The place of honour is accorded to Mr. ALMA TADEMA'S "Harbours in England," exhibited at the Academy in 1884, and one of the most prominent pictures at the Munich-Ster. Julian Exhibition since which day it appears to us to have been freshened. It is one of Mr. Tadema's largest canvases, and its depicted scene of colour belongs rather to the artist's earlier period than to that of his latter-day delight in classic forms and exquisite but intensely modern tints. An opportunity is given us of studying once more Mr. WATSON's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and of admiring its sedateness of colour and Venetian antiquity of line. Mr. W. H. DAVIS is represented by two fine landscapes. An April Evening" especially being suffused with a sweet and ineffable serenity. Mr. GEORGE CHRISTIAN'S "Labourers after Dinner" was painted as long ago as 1861. But it is one of the best and truest things he has ever accomplished. Still fresher in our memories is Mr. ERN. HART'S "Children." Crinkled Pa of the German folk, with wonderful settings in plumage and a little too insistently accented in the count is placed the recentest north face of the poet Shelley by OSWALD BURN, R.C.A. and whose with the last Archway in the east as it will appear in the complete monument. Unseparated apart from the somewhat unpurposeful accessories of the rest of the design this beautiful work gains greatly in significance and charm. It is one of the too-faded from a new softness and grace which it is very difficult to find words to express, and we are thus better able to understand the sculptor's reluctance to efface his design by the introduction of the altered drapery. The marble is very elegantly placed on a high, elegant case encased with green bronze and treated very carefully near the fountain. A little St. Christina, of more grace and elegance by Mr. FRANCIS, of various notes for its delicate marble quality. A little "Mystic" in clay of Mr. J. B. COO-

famous macaw, of which Northeote speaks is introduced into the picture.

It may be mentioned that this work was engraved by C. Wilkins in stipple in 1791 and issued with the very inappropriate title, *Caricature of Her Children with a accompanying extract from Hous's Roman History*. It was again engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Lady Cockburn it will be remembered was the daughter of the donkey Dean of Bristol—Dr. Paines was amongst the militant doctors of divinity who successfully contended against Corpus Christi College Oxford and on the occasion of his presentation to the rectory of Northchurch is still remembered.

We much regret to read the death of Mr. Charles Jones R.C.A. the well known animal painter. His loss will be deeply felt for he was an ardent and true student of nature and apart from artistic excellence, one always recognised in his works that as a draughtsman of all animals he could indeed hardly be excelled, so thorough was his knowledge of their anatomy and habits. Mr. Charles Jones was a member of the Royal Academy, Academy and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon and all the London and provincial exhibitions.

His important works such as *The Infant Sister Maggie* (exhibited at the Royal Academy), *"The Fox With out a Tail"* (Expos. Universelles), *"The Little Sister"* (E.V.). *A Trick Away*. The Lord of the Downs (exhibited at the Paris Salon and lately awarded a Medal at the Crystal Palace) as well as his well known portrait landscapes with scenes and groups of beautifully depicted sheep so true

to nature, will never be forgotten. One of his greatest characteristics was his clever representation of the woolly flocks. But Mr. Jones's power and love extended to portrayal of all animals. In his studio can be seen among varied subjects many sporting pictures—one very important the "Return from Deer Stalking" and a very fine lion subject. In all and every work of his were to be recognised the loving care and devoted zeal of the enthusiast.

The Art Gallery Purchase Committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery has recently acquired from Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons a large and important work by Mr. J. C. Hook, P.A. entitled *Fish from the Dogger Bank*. It represents the shore at Scheveningen, Holland with three Dutch fishing boats or 'pinks' waiting at anchor.

In the foreground a group of women are bargaining about the sale of the fish which has just been landed by means of baskets flung overboard into the shallow water which are then dragged ashore by the fishermen who wade out into the sand and collect the sea. This picture which is from the David Price collection was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1870 and may be looked upon as one of the artist's finest works. It is full of atmosphere and sea air. Mr. Hook's feeling for breezy weather is delightfully healthy and our

English school may well be proud of such works as *Fish from the Dogger Bank*. The rolling up of the bow line there is perfect and the sense of air in motion is remarkably low. The figures too are convincingly good and the atmosphere is full of interest and life.



THE LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.
(From a Photograph by C. P. Jones, R.C.A.)



FISH FROM THE DOGGER BANK
(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, P.A. Acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery)

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HARRIS are among the exhibitors. Professor HERKOMER fills up almost the whole of one of the smaller walls with his portrait group of a board of directors. Most of the portraiture is disappointing. Messrs. JONATHAN LEATT, S. H. BAKER, F. R. TAYLOR, C. T. BURT and C. W. RADCLIFFE are prominent exhibitors among the veteran local artists, while among the younger men Messrs. OLIVIER BAKER, F. W. DAVIS, E. S. HARPER, MERCER, REID GIFF, and GABRIEL MITCHELL send excellent work. Mention should be made of a vigorous piece of sculpture "A Clever Pass," a group of three young football players by Mr. CROFTON, the modelling master at the Birmingham School of Art. It is full of life and good.

An important exhibition of modern paintings was opened in the Museum and Art Gallery of the Borough of Nottingham in September. Mr. WATTS, P.A., contributes his fine portrait of Mr. Walter Crane which attracted so much attention in the New Gallery Exhibition. The Council of the Royal Academy lent to the Chantry Request picture "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation" by Mr. CALDERON. P.A. Sir J. E. MILLAR is represented by his "Widow's Mite," lent by the Corporation of Birmingham. Mr. LA THAN, R.E. has sent his "Mission to Seamen," and Mr. LOVEDILLON is represented by "The Only Survivor." Mr. F. W. TOWHAM contributes a large picture entitled "Judaea." There is also a very powerful landscape by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON of a Scotch Mountain River scene. Other important works by Messrs. ALFRED EAST, H. CLARENDON WHITE, J. HENRI HENSHALL, WYKE DAYLON, F. FRANKS, WALTER LANE, L. F. HAMILTON JACKSON, LANCE CALKIN, W. S. TAYLOR, ROBERT MEYERHOFM, Mrs. ANDERSON, &c., are in the collection.

"Fun and Landscapes" is the title given to a collection of studies and pictures exhibited by Mr. DEWINE CURRY at the Mallock Street Galleries, Bond Street. The artist is somewhat aggressively impressionistic, and is fond of playing his delicate brushwork with unblatant seriousness on very small canvases. In choosing his subject his primary object is to secure a field for the demonstration of his own technical dexterity. His "Johnson Ward Lincoln Hospital" is a case in point. The long straight line of bed affording an excellent exercise in the various values of his whites, but the angular attitudes of discomfort of the male patients refusing to be made amenable to his art. In a first picture "Lancashire Gleamers," the veracity of his realism hides fine and fit expression.

REVIEWS

Mr. EGERTON CASTLE has long been recognised as the very apostle of the art of fine in England—as the man to whom even before the late Sir Richard Burton, Captain Hutton-Larson de Cosson, and Mr. Walter Pollock the revival of the study and practice of the art is due. The revised edition of his "*Schools and Masters of France*" (George Bell and Sons) is, therefore, cordially to be welcomed not only for the altogether admirable completeness of the contents, but for the exhibit character of its greatly extended bibliography of the literature of schools and masters. The book, which treats of France down to the end of the eighteenth century, is at once scholarly and popular in manner, is profusely illustrated with cut-drawn from standard instruction books of all periods, and particularly with a series of collotypes representing a great number of the finest specimens of arms in the celebrated collection of Baron de Cosson.

The poetic qualities of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS'S "*Fables of Saints*" are too well known to render it necessary for us to say anything on the literary achievement. But in the new edition of the work issued by Cassell and Co. the illustrations are such as greatly to enhance the pleasure to be derived from the forms, into which Mr. Morris has cast what he terms "the beautiful Christian legends and records." These illustrations, admirably reproduced in type-figure—that process which has of late been brought to so high a pitch of perfection—have been wisely chosen from contemporary portraits as far as possible and from the less-known paintings of the great masters. From St. Christopher to Elizabeth Fry and Father Damien's portraiture attend upon the poems, the most interesting plate from the point of view of rarity being those of Sts. Alexis, Marina, Adrian, Dorothea, Elizabeth and George of St. Francis.

The new volume of the *Bibliothèque Littéraire de la Famille*, published at the Librairie de l'Art Paris under the able direction of Monsieur LAMOUR, deals with "*Les Femmes Ecrivains*," critical notices accompanying selections from their works. The work has been carried out with great taste and discretion and affords, as well as such a book can, an admirable view of the share taken by the gentle sex in the literature of France up to, and including the contributions of Anne de Souzi. The book is a delightful one and, being copiously illustrated with reproductions of portraits of leading literary lights, is one likely to be of real service.

NOTABILIA

HEER LOUIS TITUS ART has been appointed Director of the Academy of Painting of Ghent in succession to the late Heer Cannel.

It is said that some paintings by Giotto have recently been discovered in Verona in the "Palazzo" occupied by the prefecture.

BATHURST's great fountain has been opened at Lyons. This is the superb work which in these columns we urged in vain should be bought for England for erection on the finest site in London—Hyde Park Corner. It was for sale for a mere 500 after the Paris Exhibition.

It is humiliating to find that even the experts of the Louvre have had to own them selves beaten by the finger-maker. The *Charnage d'Arts* announces that an action is to be brought by the State against a skilful artist who succeeded in painting upon the Museum's statues, of a nude male, apparently a die Venetian *droze* of 1870. It has already been refused by the Louvre Museum.

It is announced that the famous Tretiakov gallery of pictures by Russian artists, including many by the master painter, M. VERESTCHAGIN, artist and war correspondent, have been bequeathed by their late owner to the City of Moscow together with a sum of money sufficient for their maintenance and for the extension of the gallery.

The resignation of Professor LEVITSKY from the Stuck Professorship of Art, which will take place at Christmas is a serious loss to University College. Whatever may have been the result of the friction which is believed to be the cause of it, the influence of Professor Levitsky for good was necessarily great, although, so far as we are aware, Mr. STRANG is the only artist who openly declares himself in feeling an unwelcome disciple of Mr. LEVITSKY.

The mosaics on the Dard staircase at the Louvre which have been at length uncovered have been received with a storm of disapproval. Tasteless, crude and even violent in

colour, without elegance or style in the figures, designs suitable only for a safe concert of heathenish mediocrity—such is the criticism of so temperate a commissioner as M. L. de Goussé who demands a speedy and complete removal of the whole.

Pussu—that faithful ground of so-called artistic discoveries—is the scene of a repeated sale of a duplicate set of cartoons by PAPPAGEE for the Simeulajestras. Whether or not these are the works that were exhibited near Trafalgar Square a couple of years ago and failed to convince the English public, is not expressly stated, but we are told that "the annals is inclined to part with them for £10,000—inclusive, of course of the speculative story of how they came to be executed and then spirited away to Pussu by the unconscionable Count Jagorjanskis."

Between thirty and forty years ago one of Mr. WATTS' first earlier works disappeared from sight and in spite of newspaper appeals, no trace could be found of it. This was "The Sentinel"—a couple of young Syrians accompanied by a lion and on watch duty at the edge of a cliff. A few weeks since the present writer found the picture in the collection which the late Mr. Barlow gave recently bequeathed to the City of York. An effort will probably be made before long to secure the loan of the picture in a London exhibition.

The first exhibition of pictures and works of art at St. Helena's University held under the direction of the corporation, was recently brought to a successful termination. During the three months in which the exhibition was open, 18,731 visitors paid for admission. The exhibits were of a very varied nature, including examples of work by GUSTAV SEYMOUR, SIR JAMES HENRI, PROFESSOR BENJAMIN RAY, and others by LOUIS L'AMOUR, paintings by local artists, and photographs by professional and amateur workers.

The statement that £200 are still wanting to defray the cost of removing the Wellington Memorial to its proper place in the nave of St. Paul's is little to the credit of our attitude of military patriotism. It is to be hoped that this sum will be soon subscribed. But, as we remarked before, STEVENS was shockingly ill-treated both by the Government and the authorities of St. Paul's, not was he properly recognised by the Royal Academy itself. Would it not therefore be a graceful act as well as a proper *amen le hoie rite* were the Government, the Cathedral, and the Royal Academy to subscribe a hundred pounds apiece?

Last month the record of the three Polytechnics intended for South London was officially disclosed in the Borough Press. The building was formerly used as the Training College of the British and Foreign School Society and the school connected therewith and has been admirably adapted to its new requirements by Mr. POWELL AND COY. F.R.I.B.A. Technical education forms the principal feature in the scheme, and we are glad to learn that Art Classes more especially for instruction in design applicable to the landcrafts taught are to receive a large share of attention. Four of the immovable and well-lighted rooms have been set apart for the use of students preparing for the South Kensington examinations and in the direction of applied art there are classes for instruction in wood carving, metal work, photography (for which a special studio with adjacent dark rooms has been built), lithography, building construction, and drawing and on the women's side art needlework. The institution has an endowment of £3,500, which the governing body are anxious to increase to £4,000 per annum.

OBITUARY

We have to record the death of Mr. JESSE GILBERT, better known perhaps as an author on subjects of art than as an artist. Born in 1814, he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and adopted the profession of portrait painting with considerable success. Returning to the home of his forefathers in 1843 and settling in Oxford, he wrote in 1854 "Art, Its Scope and Purpose," in 1859 "Endore, or Italian Country," in 1871, "Art and Religion," and in 1883, "Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator," and was principally author with Mr. Churchill of "The Book of Mountains." He was a charming illustration of his own pages and a member of the Alpine Club.

The Titian Club has lost its learned Director of the Museum of Comparative Sculpture, M. GEORGE DE LAMOTTE. Born in 1816, and a pupil at the École des Beaux-Arts in 1835, he completed his artistic education under David D'Angers. His chisel was employed on the Arc de Triomphe and he cordially seconded the efforts of Viollet-le-Duc in the intelligent restoration of many ancient monuments, notably at the cathedrals of Laon and of Notre-Dame de Paris. Among his best-known works are his "Musk of Bismarck," his "Lust of Pique," and his medal of Christ. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Herr KARI L. FRIEDMAN, one of the oldest landscape painters of Prussia—having been born in 1802—was a member and professor of the Academy at Berlin. He is known best by his pictures of Swiss and Upper Italian scenery, a selection of which he exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and of which a number have been engraved.

The Academy of Berlin has lost another of its members in the person of the sculptor, Herr ALBERT WITTE, who has been connected with its professional staff since 1866. He is well known by quite a number of public statues erected by him in the principal cities of the Prussia.

A great number of medals and art medals in his eightieth year—M. FREDERICK GOSSET, the eminent carver in the waxen wax process. He learned the process from his father, Honoré Gosset, and practised this, by far the most artistic and admirable method of casting statues and statues with a success so distinguished that he was in the enjoyment of a State pension. He exhibited at the Exposition and the Salon "Mirabeau"—the latter a work which occupied him for the last seven years of his life. It has been said that the secret has been lost with him, but it is not true. Mr. Alfred Gilbert is a most expert exponent of the process—nor is he the only one in England.

We have also to record the deaths of Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD SHARPLEY of Victoria best known as a political caricaturist, and who bears the distinction of being one of the first native-born artists of South Africa, of Signor BARACCHI, the sculptor of Milan, of Mr. GUSTAV SURFELD member of the Manchester Academy of Arts—a draughtsman of considerable power, of Colonel JAMES M. STANLEY LEVINE whose landscapes at the Salon since 1859 when he had just attained his majority have always been of great merit and won their painter the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, together with an officership of the Academy, of M. JEROME DE JORY, the eminent architect of the Chamber of Deputies—a work for which he was created an officer of the Legion of Honour, and of the Dutch landscape, JAN WILHELMUS BOMFLEY. So the death of Mr. THOMAS WILSON, R.A., we shall refer fully next month.



can select one and say, 'This most resembles the mental image of Tennyson that belongs to me. But this good office must be done now it must be done while the image in each brain is in full intensity, for everything in some degree fades in this. Nothing keeps its brightness—no not even Memory's most brilliant picture of a dead friend's face.

And in a certain sense it is the duty of these

itself and that though the physique of a poet must be fine indeed if it can successfully compete with the image his own artistic genius has unwittingly raised Tennyson's physique could and did always pass with safety that ordeal. Let us each one I say turn to recount while he may the opportunity he has had of showing how far in Tennyson's case the spiritual part of the man

was represented by the material part and so do his best to prevent the one portrait of him which is nearest the truth from being challenged by other portraits not so near. And if it seems to any one of us witnesses that notwithstanding all the artistic genius which has been called in to render Tennyson's head by men like G. F. Watts, Sir John Millais, Professor Herkomer, F. K. Sandys and others some unpretentious photograph represents after all his own mental image of Tennyson let him say so frankly and these great artists will never take offence. Each one of them will know that it is not at all the friend of the dead man loves the painter's style less but that he loves the memory of Tennyson more.

It will be observed for instance that I have selected as the frontispiece to this article not the lovely painting by George Frederic Watts but a painting that is based entirely on a photograph. For having done this that great painter and great man being himself one of Tennyson's most cherished friends will ask from me no justification

save this that though not in any way the most artistic representation of Tennyson this portrait approaches nearer than does any other to that mental image of the man which is mine.

Mr Watts's portraits no doubt are as remarkable for their truth as for their style. His imaginative designs show him to be not only a painter but a poet of a very high and a very peculiar order. Fine as is his executive power and as is sometimes tempted to ask whether his success in giving artistic expression to the poetry within him would not have been still greater than it now is had his artistic medium been like that of his friend the laureate rhythmic language or like that of Peckham's absolute music.

And in the portrait in question there is a great



TENNYSON

(From the Medal by the late Thomas Woolton R.A.)

friends to do this—their duty not only to future students of poetry but to the great poet himself. For let his friends remember that the lovers of poetry in future times will in trying to form a mental image of Tennyson suffer from an embarrassment of wealth more bewildering than that embarrassment of poverty from which we now suffer in trying to form a true mental image of Coleridge or Shelley or Keats. Let them remember that so strong is what is called the anthropomorphic instinct in us all that it is impossible for anyone to read any poem which shows itself to be charged with the writer's personality without forming a mental image of him who wrote it.

Let them remember that this picture is necessarily built up from the suggestions of the poem

d al of this quality of his—a quality which may be called the mystical music of thought. It gives us the poet of the Lotus Eaters—it gives us the very



TENNYSON

(From the Ensl by the late Thomas Woolner R.A.)

type soft and luminous from which could come the lines—

"Muscle that gentler on the spirit is
Than if end eyes is upon it end eyes."

But though Tennyson from those early days when he said—

"Check every outfall every ruler sally
Of thought and speech speak low and give up wholly
Thy spirit to fill mine I instruct only"

down to the very last showed clearly enough that he could be on occasion a good Lotus Eater it is not as a Lotus Eater that I think of him—it is not as a Lotus Eater that I see the most variously endowed English poet that has appeared since Shakespeare

And if there is too much of the painter's style in Mr Watts's portrait the same must be said with still more emphasis of the splendid huge water colour and etched portrait by Professor Harkness and with more emphasis still of that portrait by Sir John Millais which a writer in the *Times* told

us a little while ago rendered his own mental picture of Tennyson

I know of course that as every portrait must be painted either by a painter of style or by a painter of mere executive skill we must expect that while the work of the latter kind of execcutant is much more than a map of the features (such as we see in Froesch's tantalising portrait of Shakespeare) the work of the former kind of execcutant must always run the danger of being unduly steeped in the painter's own individuality—steeped some times so deeply as to become not so much a portrait of the subject as the image of a flood's me thod between subject and artist. I know of course that in every portrait which is a work of art it all there must be the splendideggness of style and that to balance this eggness with dramatic truth was the object of him in whom artistic style and dramatic truth seem one—Velázquez

I know that to achieve this balance is enormously difficult with all painters and that what St. Basil said up in a still greater subject that One little turn of the eye sets a man either in the sun or the shadow of his worldly may with very special appropriateness be applied to portrait painting. I know that by the arrangement of a line or by an arrangement the fall of the hair up in the cheek the expression of the face may be infinitely enriched or



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1850)

(From the Sketch by Richard Doyle in the British Museum.)

infinitely impoverished and that the more fully endowed with genius the artist may be the more likely is he to vary the line or arrange the fall



TENNYSON (1859).

The Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by W. Eleanore Gardner.

according to his own style. And it is my very knowledge of this which makes me say what I am now saying for between the man of genius and the common herd of workers in any art the difference is not of degree but of kind it is the less to me. Le style est l'homme même (to give correctly for once I shun soft misquoted works) but the man we want to see in the portrait of one we love or admire is the man himself even though he who paints him be among the very kings of art may the more kindly the painter himself be we ought to exclaim when looking at the portrait—

O! let me taste thee in excelsis by thy kings!

And here I come to the core of these remarks. While most faces gleam by the artistic halo which a painter of genius always sheds over his work there are some few some very few faces that do not and of these Lord Tennyson's is the most notable that I have ever seen among men of great renown—yes even including George Byron's.

When I first saw the poet he was already advanced in years but I perceived at a glance that the simple greatness of character which his face expressed could never be rendered by any portrait—as indeed I said to the late Lord Houghton to whom I introduced for ever indebted for my introduction to him. This was at a garden party where although the walls were thronged with some of the most distinguished people in England he appeared to me to be the only person there. I remember coming up to him as he stood towering under a tree by the side of his son—his only child now—his devoted son whose own

fine talents and accomplishments (and I know but few men with finer) are necessarily lost in a light of genius so rare and a frame so enormous is his father's—at that garden party I say, I saw no one but Tennyson and no wonder. Fancy indeed the effect of the sudden apparition of Tennyson upon a man who through his youth had been a lover of poetry so passionate that for years he could read nothing not written in verse and who had long come to the conclusion that whatever might have been the natural endowments of Wordsworth or Coleridge or Shelley or Keats—whether in this regard they or some one of these might not have been his equal or even his superior—in virtue of the perfection the richness and the variety of the life work actually accomplished the man who stood before him was the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century. And yet I seemed to see that the man himself was greater than his work, even



TENNYSON AND HIS FAMILY AT FARRINGFORD (ABOUT 1840)

(If a dog were to go by the door)

difference between the true child of Israel and the child of the outside world. According to a passage in the Apocrypha one of the virtues of manna was that it toiled the very day in most accessible to each particular child of Israel who ate it while perhaps in the mouth of the man outside it would have retained the true and single flavour which belongs to that kind of food. All depended upon the person who chewed. Now it is the chewing of these painters of genius that gives me pause when I stand before the portrait of a friend. I am the enviable possessor of a portrait which all competent judges incline to be one of the most true as well as one of the finest portraits of our time—that portrait of Madox Brown given in THE MAGAZINE OF ART a year or two ago. But then it was painted by my dear old friend himself. It is Brown's own personality unadulterated by any flavour of Millais, Watts or Sandys—therefore price



TENNY'S N (18 9)

Fo Du gh G P Ma LA F gra d b F E mo de Gu d

portrait painters art more interesting than this—there would have been none more interesting even before we knew that it was in the light of the moon the great poet died.

I said just now that in all portraits of Tennyson the line of the hair (which indeed may almost be called tresses) upon the cheek and neck is of exceptional value and Watts never forgets this. On the other hand a finer illustration of the importance of not neglecting the hair could scarcely be found than that afforded by Sir John Villars' splendidly painted portrait at Queen Anne's Lodge painted for one of the laureates friends Mr James Knowles. The executive power of this great painter is as Fossetti once said to me paralyzing to look upon and here it is seen to perfection. But no painter can import the Baconian "strangeness" into a portrait displaying the pointed beard and the formal wings of hair that one sees here.

Sculpture of course works under peculiarly heavy conditions in trying to render this quality of "strangeness." Mr Woolner's first bust in which the face appears without any beard is no doubt an excellent piece of work and very striking but the sculptor seems to be haunted by a reminiscence of Dante when he deals with Tennyson.

Mrs Cameron's photograph (here given) was taken about twenty years ago. It is full of life and certainly very like and for the modelling or rather non-modelling of the temples and the frontal bone. The egg like roundness here is not true to nature. It has the advantage however of showing the hair drawing in the neck of the poet and certainly the more I look at it the more I recall the number of times that I have seen that earnest meditative expression upon his face.

With regard to the group in the glade at Farringford by Rypluker where the poet Lady Tennyson and the two children Hallam and Lionel stand this is the photograph which is alluded to by my friend Mrs Pitcher (who seems somewhat to me now that one of the two poets we loved is gone).

There is a photograph says that delightful writer I have always liked in which it seems to me the history of this house is written as such

histories should be written in sunlight in the flushing of a beam in an instant, and for ever. It was taken in the green glade at Farringford Hallum and Lionel Tennyson stand on either side of their parents. The father and mother and children come a-haunting towards us. Who does not know the fearful lines to the mother?



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871)

(From the Photograph by Mrs Cameron.)

Dearest dear and true—no truer than I myself
Can prove you though I make you never more
Dearest and never

How has been played with this photograph by the sunlight falling on the folds of the figure. Still it is a fairly picture so intensely interesting that I could not resist giving it (if only as a return to Mrs Pitcher for the delight her book has given me) though the modern costume looks enough when in fashion and intolerable when out of fashion is very distressing and the outline of Lady Tennyson's features so extremely delicate and beautiful in nature is entirely lost while the eyes of all the group are darker than in nature—results chiefly due to the fading of the print.

such work as his. Now this impression upon me was produced by something in the expression of the face especially in that of the eyes which it would be impossible for any painter to render.

But what was that impression? It suggested to me as I have said on former occasions in the *Athenæum* the songsmith of the northern Olympus Brage the son of Olm and Ruggi described in the Elder Edda whose eyes were both old and young. It suggested I say the great Welcomes to Valhalla! —

Whose eyes where past and future both are gleaming
With lore beyond all youthful poets' dream
Seen lit in shadows of some far forgotten day!

This is the impression which the painter's art has tried to render and which though caught by Girardot in his portrait based on the Mayall photograph has been caught only because the artist followed a portrait painter who to be sure is not always to be relied upon the same. Though the man never troubles himself about style nor the best way in which it may be reported into a picture and although he is often the most savage of caricaturists he sometimes can work a miracle of truthful representation before which the highest exemplars of artistic style must bow. Such is a certain photograph of Mr. Glastone and such is the splendid three quarter profile photograph by Mayall hanging at Aldworth.

And I may say that this is not merely my own opinion it is shared by those who have a greater right than I to speak with confidence on this matter. In order to prevent mistakes let me say that allusion is not made here to a photograph extremely like it in some points and yet unlike in certain essentials the one of which an engraving is given as a frontispiece to Macmillan's edition of the collected poems 1884, where the eyes are too small and where instead of a light there is a shadow over the prominence made by the cheek bone.

The great photograph I mean whose chief and indeed only shortcoming is that the three quarter profile is not always the best angle for rendering the modelling of temples like Tennyson's is in some respects better even than the printing that was undertaken to correct this and is corrected it admirably. The expression in the eyes which I have taken so much trouble to indicate is still better given here. The line made by the hair falling on the cheek always an important point in a portrait of Tennyson is more irregular and therefore has more of the sweet unevenness of Nature. The shadow under the great muscle of the cheek is not so dark thus allowing the shadow under the eyes to throw up their light with more brilliancy.

Of course, the quality which Bacon calls strange, the quality which he says is inseparable from the highest beauty may exist quite apart from this peculiar expression in the eyes which I have tried to indicate otherwise there would be no beautiful portraits. And here the painters have been much more successful.

This high quality of strangeness is to be found in some degree in the early portrait of the poet by Samuel Laurence—an exquisite piece of work—and yet one which it is difficult for me to think was ever true as a mere map of the features—though one whose opinion on such a point is above all challenge says the portrait was like Time does not alter the bony structure of a face and yet when we compare this portrait with those taken in later years either by the painter or by the photographer we shall find in it a great and even a fundamental departure from the type as expressed by all the other exemplars. The space between the nostril and the inner corner of the eye being in appearance abridged the lips and mouth seem wrong. I may remark parenthetically that it is as I once told Tennyson who was extremely familiar with questions about Shakespeare this same variation of the space from nostril to eye—so noticeable between the Dorothea portrait of Shakespeare and the Stratford bust—which makes the art critic pause when he is told that both works represent the same face, strong as in other points is the resemblance between them.

Yet here is the remarkable thing not only does this portrait remind one somewhat of the poet's son Lionel but Doyle's portrait taken when Tennyson was about forty six years of age though it reminds one less of Lionel than does the Laurence painting exhibits the same apparent departure from the accustomed type.

That the high quality of strangeness would not be missing in any of Mr. Watts' portraits of the poet was certain. Between all these indeed there is a point of kinship of a very peculiar and a very fascinating kind. They may be called fine moonlight representations of the original.

Not of course that this impression was consciously produced by the artist but there is a mystery about them, a certain dreaminess which suggests the poetic gleam of moonlight rather than the more prosaic radiance of the gaily brilliant and remorseful day as though the painter between whom and the poet there was the bond of such a deep affection had unconsciously recalled those delightful strolls he had had with his friend in the walks he loved and in the moonlight he loved. If this is so as I should like to think, there would be no chapter in the history of the

portrait painter's art more interesting than this—there would have been none more interesting even before we knew that it was in the light of the moon the great poet died.

I said just now that in all portraits of Tennyson the line of the hair (which indeed may almost be called tresses) upon the cheek and neck is of exceptional value and Watts never forgets this. On the other hand a finer illustration of the importance of not neglecting the hair could scarcely be found than that afforded by Sir John Millais splendidly painted portrait at Queen Anne's Lodge painted for one of the laureate's friends Mr James Knowles. The executive power of this great painter is as Rossetti once said to me—paralysing to look upon—and here it is seen to perfection. But no painter can import the Paeonian strangeness into a portrait displaying the pointed lead and the formal wings of hair that one sees here.

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histories should be written in sunlight in the flashing of a beam in an instant, and for ever. It was taken in the green glade at Farringford Hallam and Lionel Tennyson stand on either side of their parents. The father and mother and children come as living things as Who does not know the beautiful lines to the mother?



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871)

(From the Photograph by Mrs. Cameron.)

Do not say all this to try to do it
Compare you though I make you even so
Dear and I never

Never has been played with this photograph by the sunlight falling on the back of the figures. Still it is a family picture so intensely intimate that I could not resist giving it (if only as a return to Mrs. Litchie for the delight her book has given me) though the modern costume looks enough when in fashion and unbecomingly out of fashion is very distressing and the outline of Lady Tennyson's features so extremely delicate and beautiful in nature is entirely lost while the eyes of all the group are darker than in nature—results chiefly due to the fading of the print.



LANCER AND HIS DOG

(From the Point, by A. L. E. J. A.)

THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY—II

By S. T. VICARS.

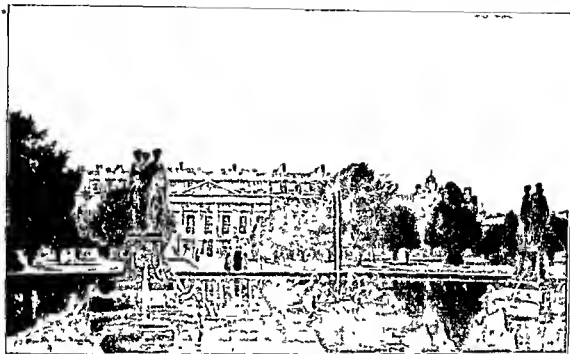
THE Leicester Gallery has at various times been enriched by personal gifts of pictures by artists—works made by Mr. James Orrock, J. L. (who had previously given a number of valuable studies by the great English masters of water-colour to the School of Art), James Wall, and John Varley having been thus circulated. The most important acquisition of this kind however is the large "Lute Morgue" by Mr. G. F. Watts, P. A. In June 1888 the artist who had been travelling in Egypt, married to the Committee that he had been so deeply impressed with the scene as rendered by the French Empire, and to the cause of civilization by Mr. F. M. Cook, that he wished to present to the town clerk as a gift with Mr. Cook's reputation as a picture that should with its representation of the work and character of that gentleman. The outcome of this was the presentation to the Gallery by Mr. Watts of the above-mentioned picture, justly considered for its novel and vigorous and brilliant one of his most successful works.

An etching from this picture was published in the *Magazine of Art* in November 1890.

As the casual and superficial observer (who only knows Turner by the brilliant and comprehensive at times and also even stent works of his little period) when standing before one of the quietest and most scholarly landscapes of his early years fails to recognize the hand of that master at all, I have often noticed many a fault when I have at the only work of an other great landscape artist of the English school in this part of the world and a native of the Midland counties. To many the late Henry Davis is only known as the painter of a picture of its sunlight and such work as it shows in the "View on the Trent and the sketch (N. 6) in the gallery will come upon them as a revelation. The large picture painted in 1847 by Henry Davis, seen because of its as a lovely rendering of a quiet pastoral landscape, perfect in its softness and delicate greys and greens and its wonderfully powerful and transparent sky. It shows the Wilsonian

influence strongly, but those works were not appreciated at all at the time. Dawson was told by the dealers that his pictures were not pretty enough, he must finish more, and try to produce work in Creswick's style. And this poor fellow to earn his bread, he did and from about 1855 to 1867 or so painted some of his worst pictures. The sketch referred to shows if anything even more power than the finished picture. It is bold, vigorous, luminous.

Several members of the Royal Institute are connected with Leicester, Mr. John Dalleylove and Mr. George Elgood being natives and Mr. James Orrock for many years a resident. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the Institute is strongly represented on the walls of the Gallery. One single figure by the President Sir James Linton "Valentine" in oil is hardly I venture to think a sufficiently satisfactory representation of this accomplished water



HAMPTON COURT PALACE

(From the *Illustration* by John F. Heghous R.I.)

and fine in colour, and as good in its way as any thing by Constable, Muller, Colman, or any of our great landscape artists. A simple enough subject—merely a bit of road, a stretch of meadow in common, and a stony, windy sky. The picture was presented to the Gallery by the late J. E. Hodges. The amazing folly of not letting well alone receives an apt illustration here. Dawson had merely put in a couple of insignificant figures amply sufficient for his purpose, and, of course, *aching and completing* the composition of the picture. Some former owners (however) (not having enough for his money, one would suppose), got another artist to insert a party a dog, and a couple of figures coming along the road in the foreground, well enough painted certainly but out of keeping with the rest of the picture and marring the general effect. It is to be hoped that some day the Committee of the Leicester Gallery will have the courage to order their removal.

Indian artist Hampton Court by Mr. John Dalleylove illustrated on this page also a work in oil is an important example of the artist showing all his powers of composition and skill as an architectural draughtsman. Mr. Orrock, who has always taken a warm interest in the Gallery presented to it a huge oil painting. Enacted on the front a few years ago a good example of his well known vigorous and honest work. Other important works by members of the Institute are the large upright picture "Roman Triumph," by Mr. F. W. Topham exhibited in the Academy in 1852. It represents the triumphant return after a campaign of a victorious Roman general and the grouping and drawing of the figures, and composition of the work, are alike good. The dramatic effect is heightened by the introduction of the youthful son of the Emperor who accompanies his father in the triumphal chariot, and whose fair delicate skin

others about it with the bronzed and swarthy
 complexion of the general and his attendants and
 of the poor slave standing behind him, who con-
 stantly whispers in his ear the warning words
 "Eyes peete, uwa mento le" ("Look behind

subjects illustrating various scenes from the works
 of our famous dramatist. Eight of these pictures
 were painted by the following artists—Augustus L.
 Egg, R.A., C. R. Leslie, R.A., Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.,
 F. R. Lee, R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., C. W.

Cope, R.A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (two works being con-
 tributed by Leslie). The Leicester
 Gallery has been fortunate enough
 to secure two of this series—
 "Launce and His Dog" from the
Two Gentlemen of Verona by A. L.
 Egg, R.A. and *Michael and the
 Witch* by Clarkson Stanfield,
 R.A. The former an excellent
 example of Egg's work is illus-
 trated on p. 44. The Stanfield
 though a somewhat dark and
 gloomy landscape is most power-
 fully conceived and carefully exe-
 cuted fine in composition and
 thoroughly realistic. Compari-
 tively recently, through one of the
 sudden turns of modern fashion,
 the works of one of the most
 poetic, and but a few years ago
 one of the most popular of
 our Academicians the late P. F.
 Poole, have been much neglected,
 and when for sale in the pic-
 ture market have realised rela-
 tively small sums. Leicester has
 fortunately been able to take
 advantage of this, and secured,
 only last year, two good speci-
 mens of Poole's work—one his
 celebrated "Arlequin" which is
 engraved on p. 49 and which
 was on the Academy walls in
 1848, and in a representative
 collection of the artist's works at
 Burlington House, the winter
 exhibition, 1888. The figures



THE FLIGHT FROM RUCKNOW

opened that building to the public from 2 pm to 5 pm on Sundays. Over 5000 persons visited the Gallery on the first open Sunday and though initially enough the numbers fell off after a few weeks during the first year the average attendance was over 600. The conduct of those visiting was most exemplary no disturbance or damage of any sort being reported.

Last year one of the late John Phillips Spanish pictures painted in Seville entitled "The Balcony" was added to

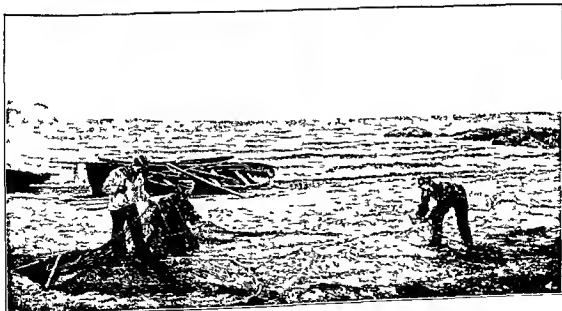


THE BALCONY

(From the Portfolio John Phillips I.I.)

the collection and is here illustrated. Though small it is a fine specimen of this splendid colourist. It found a place amongst the artists' works in the International Exhibition of 1873.

An illustration is given on p. 48 of a small upright work by Mr. Ernest Crofts A.R.A. who has attained a prominent position as a battle painter. The Friends is the title given to a view of a battle field with a white horse apparently his favourite charger standing defiantly over the



THREE FISHERS

(From the Portfolio John Phillips I.I.)

contrasts admirably with the bronzed and swarthy complexion of the general and his attendants and of the pulchre slave standing behind him, who constantly whispers in his ear the warning words "Look out for the negroes behind!" ("Look behind

subjects illustrating various scenes from the works of our famous dramatist. Eight of these pictures were painted by the following artists—Augustus Le Fanu, P. A. C. R. Leslie, R. A., Sir A. W. Chiddister, B. A., F. R. Lee, B. A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A., C. W.

Cope, R. A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R. A. (two works being contributed by Leslie). The Leicester Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure two of this series—

Lamiae and His Dog, from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by A. L. Fagn, R. A., and *Abimelech and the Withius*, by Clarkson Stanfield, R. A. The former an excellent example of Fagn's work is illustrated on p. 44. The Stanfield though a somewhat dark and gloomy landscape is most powerfully conceived and carefully executed fine in composition and thoroughly realistic. Comparatively recently through one of the sudden turns of modern fashion the works of one of the most poetic and but a few years ago one of the most popular of our Academicians the late P. J. Pood, have been much neglected and when for sale in the picture market have realised relatively small sums. Leicester has fortunately been able to take advantage of this and secured only last year two good specimens of Pood's work—one his charming *Arlequin*, which is engraved on p. 49, and which was on the Academy walls in 1848 and in a representative collection of the artist's works at Burlington House in the winter exhibition in 1884. Both the figures and landscape are equally well painted and the picture shows



THE FLIGHT FROM LONDON

(From the *Exhibition* by Abraham Solomon)

this remarkable masterpiece. Still in the possession of the Institute, Mr. Child's own collection is a pleasure for the large oil painting "The Good and Beautiful Man" representing the slayers of Joseph, the first of the kind playing the well-known air the motif of the charming figure of the girl in the foreground taking leave of her loved one in the full of the work.

The collection covers the late Isaacson period being anxious to form a Shakespearean Gallery of the fine arts of the day to point

great originality and of our and masterly execution. A very characteristic and carefully finished example by the late Abraham Solomon "The Flight from London" exhibited at the Academy in 1878 forms the subject of the illustration in this page.

After several animated debates and more than an hour's division of the advantages of the opening of the Fine Arts and Art Galleries on Saturdays carried their point in the Leicester Town Council in 1891 by a small majority. The Art Gallery Committee, in consequence of this action,

opened that building to the public from 2 pm to 7 pm on Saturdays. Over 1000 persons visited the Gallery on the first open Sunday and though naturally on such the numbers fell off after a few weeks during the first year the average attendance was over 600. The conclusion of these visiting was most excellent in disturbance or damage of any sort being reported.

Last year on of the late John Phillips Spanish pictures painted in Seville entitled "The Balcony" was added to

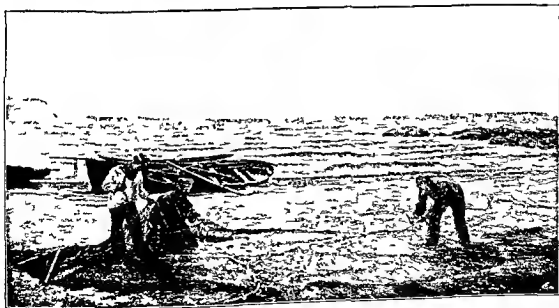


THE BALCONY

(From the Painting by John H. P. I.)

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An illustration is given on p. 48 of a small upright work by Mr. Ernest Crofts, A.P.A., which is a fine and prominent picture, which is a battle painter. Old friends is the title given to a view of a battle field with a white horse apparently his favourite. The artist's name is Ernest Crofts, and he is a native of the city of London.



THREE FISHERS

(From the Painting by Col. H. H. H. I. A.)

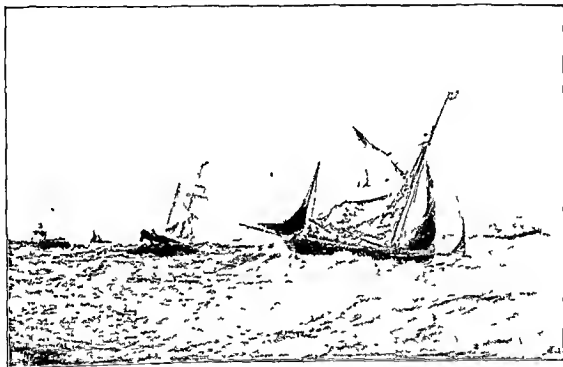


and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox, and Mr Seymour Lucas's large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp."

Quite recently, moreover, two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Farnham were purchased. One an exceedingly fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Leicestershire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted and was obtained for a merely nominal price as was also the other picture from the same collection "A Neapolitan Saint Minutefactory," by the late Thomas Twine R.A.

painted in 1831, and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited, and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have I hope, shown that the Leicester Gallery though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters, fully represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists, and a small but satisfactory collection of water colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GORLESTON HARBOUR.

(From the Painted by Edwin Hayes R.N.A. R.I.)

The Unseen Land.

THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night,
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with viewless flight,
And bid me wave my core good-bye!

Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,
Fleet softly to your starry place,
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall trace our Master's grace

'Till I may join your shadowy band,
I'll think of things that are to be,
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see

(T. N. LATE) J. RUNCIMAN

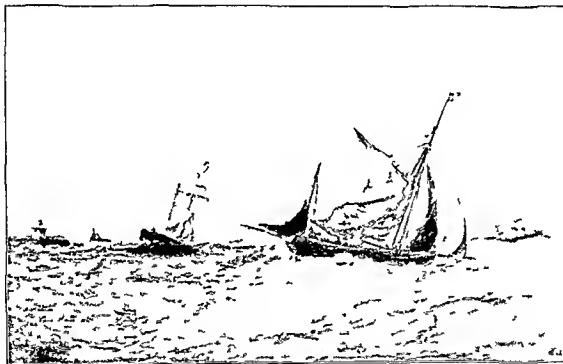


and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox and Mr Seymour Lucas. Large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp".

Quite recently moreover two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn were purchased. One an excellently fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Leicestershire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted and was obtained for a merely nominal price as was also the other picture from the same collection "A Neapolitan Saint Manufacturing" by the late Thomas Lewis. La-

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I have to hope shown that the Leicester Gallery though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters fairly represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists and a small but satisfactory collection of water-colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GOBLESTON HARBOUR

(From the Engraving by Edwin Hagen, R.H. & R.F.)

The Unseen Land

*THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with wingless flight,
And bid me wave my fare good-bye!*

*Spread your dim wings O sacred friends
Fleet softly to your starry place
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall crave our Master's grace*

*Till I may join your shadowy band
I'll think of things that are to be
The far-off joy the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see*

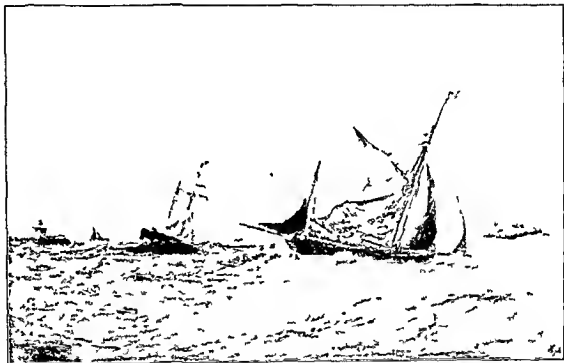
(T. H. LATE) J. R. KEMAN

and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox and Mr Seymour Lucas a large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp".

Quite recently moreover two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Furlair were purchased. One an exceedingly fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Lancashire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted and was obtained for a merely nominal price as was also the other picture from the same collection "A Neapchan Saint Manufacturing" by the late Thomas James Esq.

Painted in 1831 and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have I hope shown that the Leicester Gallery though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters fairly represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting has a few good works by modern artists and a small but satisfactory collection of water colour drawings and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay comparing favourably in this respect and I venture to think in many others also with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GLASTONBURY HARBOUR.

(From the Palace by Eliza Fayer. R.N.A. F.T.)

The Unseen Land.

*THE dreams that fill the thoughtful night,
All holy dreams are in the sky,
They stoop to me with careless flight,
And bid me woe my care good bye!*

*Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,
Fleet softly to your starry place,
I'll meet you as my journey ends,
When I shall crave our Master's grace*

*Till I may join your shadowy band,
I'll think of things that are to be
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—
The Lover I shall never see*

(T. W. LATA) J. RICHMAN



DON DIEGO AT THE INN OF VILLERO
(Don Diego del Tercero)

DANIEL VIERGE *

BY THE EDITOR



(Don Diego del Tercero)

MR H EWATTS, though a few know more of Spanish literature, has done admirably in placing before English readers the masterpiece of Quevedo, the contemporary of Cervantes. And the great author of 'Don Quixote' not eclipsed his young rival by his more dazzling fulgencies, Quevedo would probably have taken his stand as the

But what interests us most—or rather that with which our chief business is—the set of illustrations supplied by Señor Daniel Vierge, and commented upon with much spirit and characteristic prejudice by Mr Joseph Pennell. There can be no doubt that the author of these exquisite drawings is one of the most brilliant artists who ever drew with the pen—in artist in selection, in composition, in execution—a fine humorist and observer of character, and one who can suggest colour with the pen almost as well as he could with the brush. And moreover, he is more than all this—he is a critic—for he has invented a new method of his own and has become the godfather of many of the cleverest and most popular pen and ink artists in Europe and America—not excluding Mr Pennell himself. In the course of a letter written by M Vierge to his commentator in French and printed in the volume—but what could Mr Pennell have been about to his figure the page with a round score of school-boy blunders?—the artist tells us something of his

in 1869, but when the war broke out, Virge found *been more or less identified*. Amongst his best-



DON PABLO AND THE GUARD

(Drawn by Daniel Virge)

himself seized upon by the *Monde Illustré* and the *Vie Moderne*, with which papers he has ever since known achievements are his illustrations to Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame," "Les Travailleurs de la

Mr. Quevedo's "Le Comte Teseigne, Les Ties and Michel's History of France and the Revolution, but these by no means exhaust the list of his numerous works. In recognition of his talent he has received orders French and Spanish and was one of the recipients of the distinguished honour of the Gold Medal at the International Exhibition of 1889. A little before this Mr. Verge was struck down with

critic expresses himself thus: we don't the sensitive ness of his judgment as we recognise his want of moderation. Again his suggestion that the British Museum possesses no drawings of Charles Keene is groundless while his statement that there are no fine wood engravers in England to be considered is simply grotesque to those who know Mr. Verge's commentator laughs again when he first



(From the Jan 21, 1891)

ing with the stroke on the right side. But with her weakness and fortune he sat down to elaborate his left hand to the pencil so that in a few years time he was enabled to continue his work with but little appreciable variation of touch.

It is due to Mr. Pennell to say that he has done more than any man to make the work of Verge known in England. But he has the misfortune for a critic to possess and cultivate a strained unsympathetic style to display an aggressiveness as if he were as it is called for and to betray a bitterness and prejudice that can hardly be accounted for on the ground of ignorance. When a critic who takes us to be guided by his judgment says:

"Few people probably have seen Verge's Quevedo since it has been published thus in a day set and gaps and worn in awkward ignorance before the public mind and yet the latter is as if it had a piece of shabby commercial mass has ever been produced, the Quevedo is pure work of art—when a

critic's the stupid critics for not knowing Verge (an entirely gratuitous assumption) and then admits—but with assumption equally reckless—that artists' ignorance is as great, or again when he first complains that the imperfections of the printing press are the general cause of capable pen artists' failure forgetful of the facts first that Charles Keene practically triumphed over the imperfections of the press and second that the question of paper in which the artist can generally have a say is nearly as important as the printing, and yet again when he first declares that only by the hand press can perfect printing be obtained and then illustrates his view by commending the De Vinne Steam Press.

In spite of these and similar shortcomings of Mr. Pennell's which prevent him from recognizing certain minor faults in Verge's work the whole book as an artistic monument is as satisfactory as it can be and reflects the very highest credit upon Mr. Unwin and his associates.

O, what a glorious day it is,
 The day of our redemption,
 When the Lord our God is born,
 And the angels sing him praise,
 And the shepherds tell of his birth,
 And the wise men bring him gifts,
 And the Virgin Mary bears him,
 And the world is filled with light,
 And the angels sing him praise,
 And the shepherds tell of his birth,
 And the wise men bring him gifts,
 And the Virgin Mary bears him,
 And the world is filled with light.



SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR

THE SALONS OF THE CHAMPS ÉLISÉES AND THE CHAMP DE MARS

By CLAUDE PHILIPS

HAVE as in every other department of French art the sculptors in the last two decades made more or less

and sculptors makes itself felt but whether for good or evil is a question which admits of considerable discussion. The withdrawal to the Champ de Mars of the high penths of the masterful sculptors MM. Falguière and Dalou accompanied by MM. Barye, Saint-Marceaux, Tony Noël and others and followed by the various temporary expositions of the new school belongs both to the geographical France and to the artistic France. From the limits of which extend themselves but small its actual boundaries have left at the Champs Élysées many professors of the plastic art of the highest excellence such as MM. Carpeaux, Paul Dubois, Falguière, Merci, Barrias, Froment and Goussier and these exponents merit to MM. Clajou and Lys of whom the former is in my opinion the greatest master of his special art who has appeared in Europe since the time of Rodinelli in this group of imitators.

The absence of the whole mass of imitators from the presence among the professors of acknowledged fame and fully formed style of daring and personal initiative is marked by precedent or perhaps the cause of a certain lack of interest in the modern group which is heated while the John Dalou

school under the inspiration of its two brilliant leaders finds itself at the Champ de Mars and yet which is untrammelled by conventionality and tradition. And

then a man it has become so much the custom in the French artists who have achieved high fame to try to show their face — a rather thin wash — in the gaze of the public and not to make themselves a little more noticeable. Little by little is the way stopped by the imitators to be under stone only after some preliminary training in the style of the master. There is a growing tendency among those who have by some unwritten decree attained the rank of artist to show the picture and sculpture galleries of the great exhibitions to shrink from the imbecilities of their powerful lights and still more from competition with the coming youth who with nothing to lose and everything to gain are anxious to climb the ladder and secure up in the positions already occupied.



SECRET — TOMB OF M. CARPEAUX
(By Auguste Rodin. At the Old Salons)

CHAMPS ÉLISÉES

MM. Paul Dubois and M. Falguière have distinguished themselves in numerous chambers by appearing this year exclusively as painters thus achieving the conversion of what was in doubt at first a painter to them into a man and also saving occasion of their artistic career. MM. Clajou and Lys have

exhibited nothing and yet the public has keen constantly reminded of their art by the pale reflections contributed by a host of followers, who as is the custom in France express their admiration in the practical form of undiluting imitation, failing however, with their profusion of medallions, medals, plaquettes and bas-reliefs, to console us for the temporary eclipse of their masters and prototypes.

M. Antonin Moren has given in his two contributions a resume of his best and his weakest qualities. His statue Guillaume Tell intended for the municipality of Lausanne and as yet only half finished is sadly commonplace and wanting in accent while on the other hand his *Perse* a marble statue destined to form part of the tomb of the painter (and must count among his happiest inspirations. This is the mourning figure of a muse or genius seen in the act of becoming the name of the deceased master with a handful of flowers. The full contours of her body preoccupied form are veiled by half-transparent draperies, which serve to accentuate their tenderness, and the somewhat too voluptuous character of the figure is corrected by the elevated beauty of the mournful face.

Time would appear to have no effect on the vigor and the infinite capacity for taking pains of M. Guéme. He had already, in his *Timbre* (now in the Luxembourg) made a highly successful effort to solve the polychromatic problem in classical art and now in his *Pellone* he gives to the world a work recalling by the coarseness and variety of its materials and the exquisiteness of its workmanship, the chryselephantine statues of ancient Greece, of which the *Pallas* Athens and *Olympian Zeus* of Phidias and the *Argive Hera* of Polykleitos were the most famous examples.

M. Guéme's *Pellone* is fashioned, as to the face, arms and feet out of large single pieces of pure ivory, the heavy eyes and the wide open mouth from which issues the trumpet cry of war and misfortune, being most realistically painted to imitate nature. The elaborate draperies, the weapons and accessories of the goddess are wrought with the most patient skill in bronze, to which in the Japanese

more great variety and delicate gradations of tints have been given with the happiest results, so far as novelty and charm of colour are concerned. We are constrained to admire here the exquisite and untiring craftsman rather than the great sculptor,



PSYCHE AND GALATÉE

(R) J. L. Guéme At the Old Salon

for M. Guéme has spent all these pains on a design lacking in true breadth and subtlety. He does not—he cannot—attend to that concentrated simplicity of conception which alone is capable of bearing without sinking beneath it the burden of a mass of curious and interesting detail such as must inevitably distract the gaze and lead the mind away from anything short of a composition of overpowering force and unity. The same artist's group *Psyché and Galatée* is an important

effort in the direction of polychromatic tinting of marble surfaces. The moment chosen for plastic representation is that when Evgambon passionately clasps in his arms his beautiful creation and she quivering with the new thrill of life responds with equal passion to his caress. Here the flesh of the finely modelled figures is delicately tinted, the eyes, lips and draperies are coloured with a well-balanced modulation, a certain superfluous too realistic effect being channelled by showing the upper part of the figures of white marble, with the hues of life which the lower limbs are yet marble. In this instance again while retaining the completeness with which the delicate contours of Gubiter are modelled I cannot fulfil myself that the artist



POISSON DE CHIVASSON

(Fig. 4 of the Poisson, at the Champs-Élysées)

has too little chance to reveal the particular the individual and is thus fulfilled in achieving the generalised and impersonal beauty which so well befits the subject. And M. Cernuschi now, in his woman, suggests nothing of the magnificent project to the position her caress evokes the passion of Evgambon rather than the uniqueness of Gubiter. The statue, indeed, of M. Bernini is in excellent performance, but not true of a monumentally decorative character. His "Juvénal de l'Université" has a few months ago—having by special permission been withdrawn from the exhibition before the closure—been inaugurated with much ecclesiastical pomp in the Hall of the Louvre near the main

Genius of Liberty of M. Chavalland—part of a magnificent monument to the French and American Revolution in 1790—is marked by a happy neutrality of design and pose. It is a slender, noble figure with tressed hair and flowing draperies applied to the face of a fluted column on the base of which it appears to have newly alighted.

"In Distress" by M. Alphonse Amédée Cédin

mer shows the powerfully developed figure of an utterly naked sailor who despairing utters the last cry and makes the last signal for help. Undoubtedly force and mystery over technical difficulties are here manifested but the exaggerations of the modelling

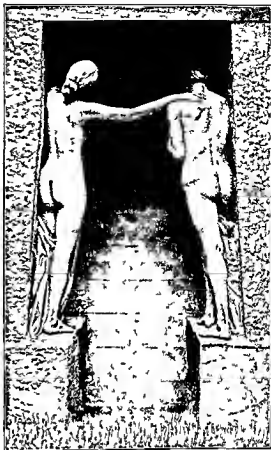
make of the study rather an academic display of virtuosity than the realisation of a pathetic conception. M. Alfred Bachelier's "Le Poisson" which has the good fortune to be among the works selected for purchase by the French State is the skilful and typically French presentation of a wholly undignified young man lying on a couch with which the sunbeams and cunningly disguised lines of her firm in the happy contrast. A very common theme, the one which might easily have been something more

accomplished by M. Most with his statue of "Le Glorieux" in the act of saluting, called "Mortuo salutate." The characteristic Poussin character with its virile entirely naked and obscures the heart of the work so that the artist must perforce exhibit the pathos of his subject from the fainting form of a which to a great extent he succeeds in doing. But why the limit it is? Why is M. Most depicted himself of the crown, pathos of the human form and his doing produced only a clever periodical work instead of one which might have been profoundly moving as well as effective? There were to be found at the Champs-Élysées many bold and more remarkable pieces of modelling than Mr. William Goswami's "Nymphs"—sent last year to the Royal Academy and there highly appreciated—yet few works were penetrated with the true spirit of this art. Not the least of them of the English sculptors had mastered statue, but the whole form suggests mystery and the line of the goal of sleep. A German sculptor Herr Arthur Volkman comes forward with a polychromatic

marble statue of Bacchus very skilfully imitated from the antique but from the antique of a post-Praxitelean period which in its soft voluptuous charm already contained the elements of decay.

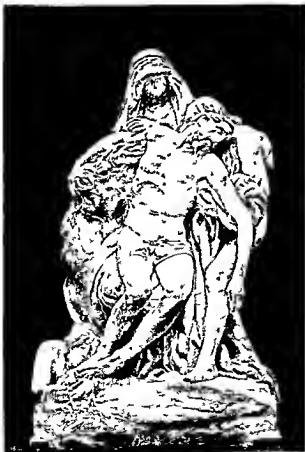
M. Trémois's important decorative high relief "The Constable Olivier de Clisson" is skilfully conceived, and executed in the style of the earlier Italian Renaissance, it closely resembles indeed a marble alto-relievo in the Renaissance section of the Louvre with the equestrian portrait of one of the *Mafatestas* of Rome. The French artist's little equestrian statue in gilt bronze, "Isidore de Pignerol," is far from equalling any a preceding work of the kind from the same skilful hand.

Very well put together very skilfully executed in the rhetorical style of the seventeenth century, is the large group "Death of Jesus" by the Chilian sculptor Simon Arriaga—an order from the Chilian Government. M. Reynot's important fragments of a monument, "To the Glory of the Republic," commissioned by the city of Lyons, and displayed on a scale only half that of the



DOOM DAY

(By A. Dethlefsen. At the Champs des Maréchaux.)



THE DEATH OF JESUS.

(By V. Arias. At the Old Salon.)

original one among those very skilfully and capably executed but not very distinctive performances of which numerous other examples are to be found in modern French art. M. Scollins's clever "Wicked Genius" is chiefly remarkable as an antique's plagiarist of the famous *Melephropeles* of the Prussian sculptor M. Antokolsky now in the Kremlin of Moscow, while a still more singular example of unacknowledged borrowing is furnished by the "Saint Saturnin Martyr" of M. Seysses the pose and characterization of which are almost identical with those of the beautiful little *Attila* by Stof in the Salle Houdon of the Louvre.

CHAMP DE MARS

In this exhibition the sculpture was not entirely confined within the charming winter garden recently arranged in emulation of that in the Palais de l'Industrie the minor examples such as busts and statuettes having been scattered through the long pleasant

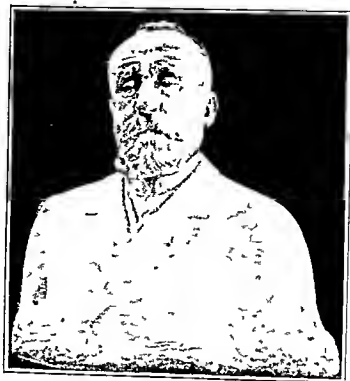
effort in the direction of polychromatic tinting of marble surfaces. The moment chosen for plastic representation is that when Pygmalion passionately clasps in his arms his beautiful creation and she quivering with the new thrill of life responds with

equal passion to his caress. Here the flesh of the finely modelled figures is delicately tinted, the eyes, lips and draperies are coloured with a well-balanced modulated tints, a curious perhaps too real to effect being obtained by showing the upper part of the figures firmly tinted, the lower with the hues of life, while the lower limbs are yet modelled. In this manner again while preserving the completeness with which the ideal contours of Galatea are modelled, the artist fulfils the intention that the matter

has not a little advanced beyond the particular the individual and has thus fulfilled in achieving the generalised and impersonal beauty which so well befits the subject. And M. Garmicheu's new born woman suggests in this, of the inexperience proper to the position, her curves, conveys the passion of Thersites rather than the innocence of Galatea. The statue "Lucifer" of M. Barrias is in excellent performance. In a time of a monumentally decorative character, his "Fountain of Art" is a few in the age—having by special permission been will known from the exhibition before the closure—has been decorated with much celebrated pomp on the hill side of Louvre Square near Louvre. The "Grotto of Liberty" of M. Chevallier—part of a monument commemorating the French and Anglo-German Federation in 1870—is marked by a happy felicity of design and pose, it is a slender and elegant figure with raised hair and flowing draperies applied to the form of a slender column on the base of which it appears to have newly ablated.

In the traces of M. Alphonse Amedee Corbin

mer shows the powerfully developed figure entirely naked sailor who despairing utters cry and makes the last signal for help. Unforce and mystery over technical difficulties manifested but the exaggerations of the in



PLUIS DE CHAUXES

(De la just. Féd. de la Chaux (1. Mars 1873)

mark of it rather in the ideal disposition of the plasticity of the realisation pathetic. The "Touche" pose, which the good to be in the world's self purchase French the skill typically present in wholly a nymphly couch with the sun-cunning pose of the firmness contrast, even in free who easily h something

and upheld by M. Mast with his statue of gladiator in the act of solving, called "M. Solitaire." The character of the man himself is entirely enclosed and obscure, the hero's secret so that the artist must perform the pathos of his subject from the face, which to a great extent he succeeds in why the limitation? Why has M. Mast himself of the or woman, the of the sculpture produced only a clever piece instead of one which might have been moving as well as effective? There is a faint but the Champs Elysees many of the remarkable pieces of modelling, then Mr. V. Gosselin, Julius "M. Gosselin" —cut last year, I would acknowledge and there highly appreciative of a work in a penetrated with the true sculpture art. Not the ideal value of the sculpture is truly magnificent statue, but the form suggests the mystery and the human god of sleep. A German sculptor, Herr Volkmar, comes forward with a polyph-

charm not very easy to define or account for. It is perhaps due to a vein of pathos running through and ennobling a conception of a tempered and not unpleasant voluptuousness. M. Injalbert was at one time giving up to the boldly decorative style and the conventional graces of Barman and his school but he has now, in addition to those influences taken under that of M. Rodin whose powerful, shrewd naturalism he now seeks to combine with his own seventeenth century style. Among his contributions were an animated but by no means original *Nymph Surprised by a Satyr in Forest* (with wax), 'The Dancer, in the same material, and a horrible but subtly expressed "Sacrificial Idol"—this last a work which for all its cleverness is hardly worthy of an artist of M. Injalbert's calibre.

M. Tony Noël one of the sculptors who in 1889 obtained the *Médaille d'Honneur*, does nothing to enhance, if he also does nothing to detract from his reputation with his *Homage to a model of the statue lately erected at Versailles to the memory of the greatest sculptor of the eighteenth century*. The more imaginative and eccentric among the French critics have of late dwelt with singular candour on the unconventional productions of M. Bartholomée in which they have professed to discover inventions of the highest and most poetic order. I have found myself up to the present time unable to agree with them and therefore this year find all the more readily the appearance of a work from his hand containing genuine elements of spiritual beauty, even though the conception be expressed in somewhat novel and eccentric fashion. The work in question represents the open gate of a tomb, entering which simultaneously on either side are two nude figures—a man and a woman—an ideal and impersonal in form and character. They

may—I hardly venture to say they also—represent the companions of a lifetime still bound together in death as they go to solve at last the unfathomable mystery.

One of the most brilliant of M. Polowsky's followers is M. Hüller whose success is often achieved by tempering a brilliant and daring naturalism with

the recognition of certain inevitable limitations of the plastic and decorative art for a certain reason which the greater artist his master often neglects. His *Design for Fountain* shows the nude human figure of a snowy old grandmotherly woman who highly ideal in her garments and sleekness is watering out of a large emulsa the flowers beneath him. Those grainy effigy of life here, too is hardly a suitable decoration emerging as it is from a bank of smiling flowers of which it forms the apex. Thinking for granted how over the peculiar standpoint of the artist we may not withhold our admiration from the admirably in itself expressive frame which is even in a certain sense decorative, seeing that its lines are—this quality in a modern statue—thoroughly harmonious from whatever point we examine it.



L'ÈVE HÉROÏQUE

(By C. Meunier at the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français)

The Belgian sculptor M. Memmer is in ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the miseries of labour in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appears to us to stand extremely in a mode of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be M. Memmer in presenting the mower stern and sullen the manner resting in his statue from crushing toil is overpowered by the forces of the fine which he loses sight of the essentials of his art and manages to preserve together with the generalised truth of the higher realism a treacherous disunity that cleaves without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

call it so as to afford just that relief and continuation which they require in order to escape the reproach of monotony. The marvellous of M. Louis Chavannes by M. P. him is the finest thing of the kind produced by the great naturalistic sculptor since he portrayed in the style of

throughout is remarkable yet no less so the suggestion of a strong mental personality. While M. Podin produces such work as this we can afford to wait patiently for the completion of the great Fougère de Cédus group and of the Inferno gates for the new Musée des Arts Décoratifs which



DESIGN FOR FOUNTAIN

(By Jean Fougère at the Champ de Mars Salon)

of M. Louis Chavannes his friend and rival M. Podin. Here we have a full and convincing individuality expressed with true and vital and without loss of realistic truth. The surfaces of the figures have all the suppleness and vitality of flesh and bone, and the purely superficial detail is united upon the suggestion of physical life

the artist has been such an inordinate number of years in hanging to his liking. Testing some what on his laurels M. Podin contemplated besides four busts and an immense marble group (Les Fougères) a small plaster group "Bacchus et Silène" which in twitting him a certain want of thoroughness in the execution has a rare

charm not very easy to define or account for. It is perhaps due to a vein of pathos running through and ennobling a conception of a tempered and not unpleasant voluptuousness. M. Injalbert was at one time given up to the boldly decorative style and the conventional graces of Beunni and his school but he has now, in addition to these influences, taken

under that of M. Rodin whose powerful feeble naturalism he now seeks to combine with his own seventeenth-century style. Among his contributions were an animated but by no means original 'Nymph surprised by a Satyr' in bronze ('wiste wix'),

'The Dance,' in the same material, and a horrible but subtly expressed 'Severed Head'—this last a work which, for all its cleverness, is hardly worthy of an artist of M. Injalbert's calibre. M. Tony Noël one of the sculptors who in 1889 obtained the *Médaille d'Honneur*, does nothing to enhance, if he also does nothing to detract from, his reputation with his 'Homage,' a model of the statue lately erected at Versailles to the memory of the greatest sculptor of the eighteenth century. The more unignominous and eccentric among the French critics have of late dwelt with singular complacency on the unconventional productions of M. Bartholomé, in which they have professed to discover inventions of the highest and most poetic order. I have found myself up to the present time unable to agree with them and therefore this year had all the more readily the appearance of a work from his hand containing genuine elements of spiritual beauty, even though the conception be expressed in somewhat novel and eccentric fashion. The work in question represents the open gate of a tomb, entering which simultaneously on either side are two nude figures—a man and a woman—undefined and impersonal in form and character. They

may—I hardly venture to say they do—represent the companions of a lifetime still bound together in death, as they go to solve at last the unsolvable mystery.

One of the most brilliant of M. Rodin's followers is M. Lathier whose success is often achieved by tempering a brilliant and daring notion with

the recognition of certain inevitable limitations of the plastic and decorative art *in pure excellence* against which the greater artist has never often rebelled. His design for Fontaine shows the more than life-size figure of a stony old garden or labourer who highly clothed in modern garments and shabbiness is water, out of a large cup the flowers beneath him. This grim allegory of life long toil is hardly a successful decoration, emerging as it does from a bank of smiling flowers of which it forms the apex. Taking for granted however the peculiar standpoint of the artist we may not withhold our admiration from the admirably modelled expressive figure which is even in a certain sense decorative so long that its lines are—rare quality in a modern statue—thoroughly harmonious from whatever point we examine it.



"ECCE HOMO"

(By C. Monnier. At the Champs de Mars Salon.)

The Belgian sculptor M. Meunier is an ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the martyr of Labour, in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appears to us to sound consciously a note of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be M. Meunier in presenting the mower stern and sullen the inner burning in his face from crushing toil or overpowered by the fumes of the fire-dump never loses sight of the essentials of his art and manages to preserve together with the gross physical truth of the labourer a breath of dignity that elevates without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

the Belgian sculptor M. Meunier is an ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the martyr of Labour, in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appears to us to sound consciously a note of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be M. Meunier in presenting the mower stern and sullen the inner burning in his face from crushing toil or overpowered by the fumes of the fire-dump never loses sight of the essentials of his art and manages to preserve together with the gross physical truth of the labourer a breath of dignity that elevates without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

gill net, so as to afford just that relief and excitement which they require in order to escape the reproach of monotony. The marlin, first of M. Luvu and Chaymues, by M. F. John is the finest thing of the kind produced by the great naturalistic sculptor since he portrayed in the style of

throughout is remarkable yet no less suggestive of a strong mental personality. I don't produce such work as this we cannot wait patiently for the completion of it.

Bourgeois-de Celis is young and of those artists for the new Musée des Arts Décoratifs.



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE

1 By John Joseph & At the Champ & West Co., Inc.

the President has since his trial and trial of the people we have a full and common human dignity expressed with the authors and with all the people of the world. The authors of the fact by all the people and validity of the fact is not a trial or a trial, but a trial of the people. It is the suggestion of a trial of the people.

the artist has been such an in-
veterate in finding to his life
what on his friends M. D. L.
for tests and an unbroken and
furnished by a small plaster group. The
solving of the whole in a rather un-
wieldy of the figures in the execution has a

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re imaginative

ces amateurs sans amour, de ces connoisseurs sans connaissance."

Looking back on the glorious past of the amateur belonging to the commoner stock, it can hardly be doubted that his effulgence is on the wane. Unless in the past, he can show himself another Seymour Haden or Rossetti or Burne Jones he will be able to produce no glorious facts with which to stem the rising tide of latter-day prejudice. A century ago when it was remarked that every artist is born an amateur, he was petted—very almost fawned upon—by our most powerful art institutions in a manner incomprehensible to us in these critical democratic times, for he had all the artistic advantages with none of the low mercenary motives as they were held among the very select, of that society outcast—the "printer fellow."

But was it really the delight of seeming outsiders become artistic and their taste, earnest and cultivated, that induced the Society of Arts to offer gold and silver medals to 'sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters of peers and peeresses of Great Britain and Ireland' for the best drawings sent in? Was it only with a view to encourage a healthy love of art among the merely fashionable—or was it because the best 'patrons' of it were at that time to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy? Did these mentors of the amateur fully appreciate the extent of their responsibility, I wonder, when they inferred honorary premiums, in 1790 for the best drawings by such young gentlemen under the age of twenty-one, and of young ladies (of any age) who were not professional or the children of professional artists? Nor is the Royal Academy less blundering for the same case of the Fallen Amateurs, for it recognised them so markedly that from the foundation of the Society right down to 1867, they were regular honorary exhibitors—were specially *favoured* in the annual exhibitions, and the catalogue always contained a distinct list of names conscribed to the unprofessional contributor. But that these favoured votaries of art who sometimes ranked in clerical persons of a certain talent amongst them, were not uniformly proud of the recognition, we may judge by the mystery with which they surrounded their identity by the adoption of initials or other pseudonymous disguises in lieu of names.

But you must recollect that the aristocracy had a very real claim on art, some prerogative in the matter of art patronage and art practice. They it was who in the old days encouraged richly talent who sent young men of promise to Rome and maintained them during the days of their studentship who purchased their works when they arrived at competence, and helped them on to fame. Thanks to the aristocracy the names of artists—but especially it must be con-

fessed, of dead ones—became an important portion of the after-dinner vocabulary of the world of fashion, and Melbury Road, Hampstead and South Kensington are in some degree a concrete testimony to the efficiency if not the orthodoxy, of the system.

That it was not so much a desire to patronise art as a love of the practice of it which impelled the aristocrat first to contend with the muse, and then to woo her in all seriousness is manifest from the history of the courtship. Since Prince Rupert in the intervals of peace passed from the laboratory into the studio and brought the craft and method of microscopist prominently before the world many of the persons male and female recognised by the fondly gazed of Linke and Delreth have not only practised art but have distinguished themselves in the execution. Richard Boyle the Earl of Burlington who was born in 1694, practised architecture with great success and moreover subsidised it with his purse. The old portions of Burlington House and several London piles were of his design, but the interior arrangement of General Wolsley's house, built by him close by Stude Row was so defective that Lord Chesterfield proposed to the owner that the best plan for him to enjoy the house would be for him to take another opposite and look at it. Picking too has been cultivated by many. Lord William Byron, who was the pupil of Tillamius, became renowned for his copies of Rembrandt as well as for his original portraiture. Viscount Knatchbull, the second Earl Harcourt exhibited and published a considerable number of plates which were highly valued by that arch flatterer Walpole. His amiable critic furthermore declared that the drawings of the clever amateur painter, Lady Diana D'Aubrey (sometimes wife of Viscount Boringhoke) were so unsurpassable and 'sublime' that he could not express for their reception Isabella, Countess of Ulster, daughter of the Lord Byron aforesaid and also a great Rembrandt with remarkable success and employed by her charms after the death of her husband that *Lord Macclesfield* whose name it is so pleasant to recall in connection with the higher forms of art patronage.

Lady Louisa Greyville, sister of the Earl of Warwick, too was a famous copyist etcher, and carried off the gold medals from the Society of Arts for landscape and figure subjects as well. And a little later the fourth daughter of George III the Princess Elizabeth who became the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was a prolific draughtswoman whose many designs were engraved though who was her ghost has not been placed on record. The wife of the third Lord Lytton was a portraitist good enough to be an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy and at Cheltenham and Amelia Lady Farnborough was

this phase of his art though less typical and important than have been seen on previous occasions are the bronze high relief *The Soil* (purchased by the French State) *The Mower*, and *L'Enfant prodigue*. But best of all is the bronze *Fecit Homo* in dimensions a mere statuette but yet—in virtue of its breadth of modelling its recent and above all its intensely human pathos—one of the finest things of the year. A curious example of the only half sincere mysticism which is a fashion of the moment in French art is in French literature is *M. Dantès*. On the *Threshold of Mystery*—the home of a skulder uncanny looking genius or spirit gazing with fixed and vacant hol into futurity its strangeness of aspect being enhanced by faint polychromatic decoration. The opposite extreme is touched by *M. Saint Marcoux* with his *Reverberant Woman* an ultra-sensuous presentation of the charms of woman hood in all their opulence which seems less in its place here than it would have been with many congeners at the *Champs Elysées*. The modelling is so skilful that the plasticity of flesh is almost at-

tained and the sensuousness of the work thus over-accented.

Among the most popular attractions of the sculptural galleries at the Champ de Mars were the grotesques of *M. Jean Carries* executed in every variety of material—an bronze in wax in enamelled stoneware fashioned and coloured somewhat after the Japanese mode. There is in the daring unbridled art of *M. Carries* something of the classic grotesque something of the mediæval Gothic something as I have just indicated of the Japanese. But it is after all essentially eclectic and superficial and calculated to amuse rather than lastingly to impress as the grotesques of an anonymous French sculptor of the thirteenth or fourteenth century of *M. Montagu* or *L. Leonello* impress. Among the most striking things in the collection exhibited by *M. Carries* are a *Sisy* a *clashing Bust of Ficus Hals* a *Dutch Woman* and in the section of vulgar trail art the enamelled stoneware masks masks and grotesque beasts destined to adorn (?) monumental chimney-pieces executed for a Parisian studio

THE NOBLE AMATEUR

BY M. H. SHELLEMAN



HE amateur—the untitled un-
rushed amateur—his fallen angel
by a civil times. For the most
part from his very meditation from
the moment he begins to dabble
in the arts he annihilates himself
beyond all hope of recovery not only in the esti-
mation of his friends but equally in the eyes of
the world. For the public has been taught to re-
gard him as a veridical criminal a creature whose
most noteworthy achievement is the stultification
of both his critical faculty and his reputation for
taste. It is the very exposure of his ineptitude to per-
form. He is indeed the free lance the *Somme* of
the art world appreciated only by those profes-
sionals whom he employs to fetch and encase him
and by the few who can sympathise with his
aspirations.

Generally speaking his fate is richly deserved
for as free plenty as not he is the unhappy symbol of
ambitions incompetency. And it must be admitted
that oftentimes he is very hardly used. That blessed
word *Amateur* which when the century was young
used to be synonymous only with *effortless* and
non-professional has become in most instances a
euphemism for the incapable—a term of reproach by
which the innocent suffer for the guilty.

But the folly of regarding every amateur

whether titled or not either as an *Ismael* or a
Cagliostro was strangely brought home to the case of
the public who seized the opportunity afforded them
of examining the collection of the work wrought
by the late Countess of Waterford during a long
and saddened life. She revelled in colour her in-
vention was unhampered her imagination successful
in the highest degree, her power of
feeling and instinctive her sense
equally tender and refined and her
keen and powerful. Mr. Watts
Janes were I think a little en-
thusiasm when they wrote that in her these lived
in 1866 an artist as great as *Vermeer*. In
some of her sketches—especially those made blot-
ter-paper, in pen and ink—might well be mistaken
for work by one or other of the great masters
whose manner they variously resemble. But she
failed chiefly where she tried to be too precise in
drawing—that eternal pitfall of the gifted amateur.
Yet in vast fresco in portraiture water-colour
and sketches in many methods she achieved
such success that proves that had she submitted
to the proper education of the professional artist
she might perhaps have conquered immortality.
She was not of those whom Count Stroganoff
apparently the sentiment of *Alibi*, sympathetically
exclaimed: *«Défiez-vous grand Dieu de*



ces amateurs sans amour, de ces commissaires sans commisance!"

Looking back on the glorious past of the amateur belonging to the commoner stock it can hardly be doubted that his effulgence is on the wane. Unless as in the past, he can show himself another Baymont Haden in Rossetti, or Burne Jones, he will be able to produce no glorious facts with which to stem the rising tide of litterary prejudice. A century ago when it was remarked that every artist is born an amateur, he was petted—nay almost fawned upon—by our most powerful art institutions in a manner incomprehensible to us in these critical, democratic times, for he had all the artistic advantages with none of the low, mercenary motives, as they were held among the very select, of that society of to-day—the "painter fellow."

But was it really the delight of seeing outsiders become artistic and their taste cherished and cultivated that induced the Society of Arts to offer gold and silver medals to "sons and grandsons daughters and granddaughters of poets and princesses of Great Britain and Ireland" for the best drawings sent in? Was it only with a view to encourage a healthy love of art among the merely fashionable?—or was it because the best 'patrons' of it were at that time to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy? Did these members of the amateur fully appreciate the extent of their responsibility? I wonder, when they offered honorary premiums, in 1790, for the best drawings by such young gentlemen under the age of twenty-one, and of young ladies (of any age) as were not professional or the children of professional artists? Nor is the Royal Academy less liable for the sad case of the Fallen Amateurs, for it recognised them so markedly that, from the foundation of the Society right down to 1867, they were regular honorary exhibitors—were specially fostered in the annual exhibitions and the catalogue always contained a distinct list of names inscribed to the unprofessional contributors. But that these favoured votaries of art who sometimes indeed included persons of a certain talent amongst them were not uniformly proud of the recognition we may judge by the mystery with which they surrounded their identity by the adoption of initials or other pseudonymous disguises in lieu of names.

But you must recollect that the aristocracy had a very real claim on art some positive in the matter of art patronage and art practice. They it was who in the old days encouraged early talent, who sent young men of promise to Rome and maintained them during the days of their studentship, who purchased their works when they arrived at competence and helped them on to fame. Thanks to the aristocracy the names of artists—but especially it must be com-

mon, of dead ones—became an important portion of the after dinner vocabulary of the world of fashion, and Mellars Road Hampstead and South Kensington are in some degree a concrete testimony to the efficiency if not the orthodoxy of the system.

That it was not so much a desire to patronise art as a love of the practice of it which impelled the aristocrat first to experiment with the microscope and then to woo him in all seriousness is manifest from the history of the courtship. Since Prince Rupert in the intervals of peace passed from the laboratory into the studio and brought the craft of linocut to a zenith prominently before the world many of the persons with and through recognised by the bodily graces of Burke and Delavall have not only practised art but have distinguished themselves in the execution. Lubard took the Earl of Burlington who was born in 1664, practised architecture with great success and moreover subsidised it with his purse. The old portions of Burlington House and several London palaces were of his design. But the intimate arrangement of General Wade's house, built by him close by St. Paul's, was so defective that Lord Chesterfield proposed to the owner that the best plan for him to enjoy the house would be for him to take another opposite and look at it. Itching too his been cultivated by many. Lord William Byron, who was the pupil of Tulliam, became renowned for his copies of Rembrandt, as well as for his original portraiture. Viscount Northampton the second Earl Hanover exhibited and published a remarkable number of plates which were highly prized by that arch detractor Whipple. This amateur critic furthermore declared that the drawings of the clever amateur painter, Lady Diana Spencer (sometimes wife of Viscount Balmorloch) were so "masterly and sublime" that he built a closet expressly for their reception. Isabella Countess of Ulster daughter of the Lord Byron mentioned, also copied Rembrandt with remarkable success and achieved by her efforts after the death of her husband that Lord Mungton whose name it is so pleasant to recall in connection with the higher form of art patronage.

Lady Louisa Cavendish sister of the Earl of Warwick was a famous portraitist and earned off the gold medals from the Society of Arts for landscape and figure subjects as well. An Italian later the fourth daughter of George III. the Princess Elizabeth who became the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was a prolific draughtswoman whose many designs were engraved though who was too great to be not been placed on record. The wife of the third Lord Lytton was a portraitist good enough to be an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere—and Anne Lady Farnborough was

similarly honoured by reason of her valuable water colours. Frances Countess of Morley who died in 1837 was another copyist of talent but she worked principally in oil colours and decorated Salford with good copies of the Old Masters. To a like talent Lady Pembroke added some ability in modelling but of course did not approach in this branch the Hon. Mrs. Damer (the unhappy daughter-in-law of Lord Milton) who a talent and a range of practice seem to have borne resemblance to those of the recently deceased Countess Gleichen otherwise Princess Victoria of Hohenlohe.

The list of the milk practitioners other than those I have mentioned is not a long one. Frederick Vincent Duncannon who succeeded to the earldom of Bedfordshire claims a place as one of the illustrators of Angus's Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in Great Britain and in a similar way but with a wider range of similarity the fourth Earl of Aylisford (who died in 1812) commanded public notice both in the Academy and out of it. Angus Townshend became celebrated in a still lighter branch of art—that of caricature. The familiar portrait he produced of the Duchess of Devonshire was the talk of the hour and he was still when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that he had caricatured every officer on his staff.

Again Sir John Fleming Leicester, latterly Lord de Tabley so famous for his celebrated collection known as the Leicester Gallery as well as for his innocent patronage of art for his share in the foundation of the British Institution of the Irish Academy and other kindred societies was a water colour artist of real ability and to develop his faculty he employed the services of some of the most eminent of the craft and reproduced his own work in lithography. Of the several known caricaturists of the day within the royal circle and beyond it there is no need at the present time to speak.

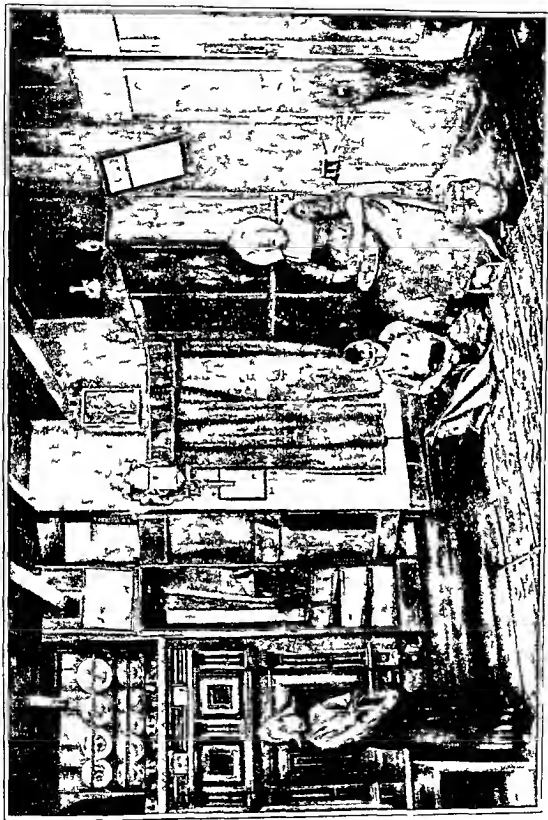
It is certainly matter for surprise that seeing what advantages of leisure and means they have at hand no members of the aristocracy with all their talent have ever succeeded in gaining entrance into the fold of the Royal Academy or of establishing themselves in public favour. But perhaps the nearest approach to such success was achieved by Lady Waterford who probably might had she pleased have attained a higher place in the history of English art than has fallen to the lot of any other woman. What she showed clearly and unmistakably was that devotion and patience are not all that are necessary for the attainment of real excellence and how for lack of severe tuition and study long applied genius is just fail in art.

ON THE SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

By C. A. T. MIDDLETON WITH A NOTE BY HUBERT VOS

IT is scarcely necessary and lying and Harwich in the direct route to North Germany and Russia the southern portion of Holland is well known to English travellers. With the shores of the Zuyder Zee that great water panorama which converts the country into a great horse shoe in form the rise is different and the tourist situated with the comforts of civilisation with its immemorial

There are old towns with their canals, and trees and bridges, and their towers upon the wharves now more than half deserted but telling everywhere of bustle and industry which have been. In such completely hygienic towns as Hoorn upon the one side and Harwich, on the other side of the Zee the narrow streets are all most picturesque, they have in no respect been superseded. But look out



THE AN FLES AT A END I

From A P. 100

simulacra honoured by reason of her admirable water colours. Frances Countess of Morley, who died in 1807, was another cognate of talent but she worked principally in oil colours and decorated Silken with good copies of the Old Masters. To a like talent Lady Hall added some ability in modelling but of course did not approach in this branch the Hon. Mrs. Kneller (the unhappy daughter in law of Lord Milton) whose talent and range of practice seem to have borne resemblance to those of the recently deceased painter Count Gleichen otherwise Philip Norton of Holcombe.

The list of the male practitioners other than those I have mentioned is not a long one. Frederick Vincent Duncannon who succeeded to the dukedom of the shrouded claims of a peer is one of the illustrators of Angiers. Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in Great Britain and in a similar way but with a wider range of sympathy the fourth Earl of Aylesford (who died in 1812) commanded and he uttered both in the Academy and out of it (as Mr. Marquis Townshend became celebrated in a still lighter branch of art—that of caricature). The landscape painting he produced of the Duchesse of Queensberry was the talk of the hour and he lasted when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that he had caricatured every officer on his staff.

Again Sir John Fleming Leicester, lately Lord de Bally, so famous for his celebrated collection known as the Leicester Gallery, as well as for his unflinching patronage of art for his share in the foundation of the British Institution, of the Irish Academy and other kindred societies is a native colourist and artist of eminence and he developed his faculty by employing the services of some of the most eminent of the craft and reproduced his own work in lithography. Of the several known amateurs if to this within the myid circle and beyond it, there is no man at the present time to speak.

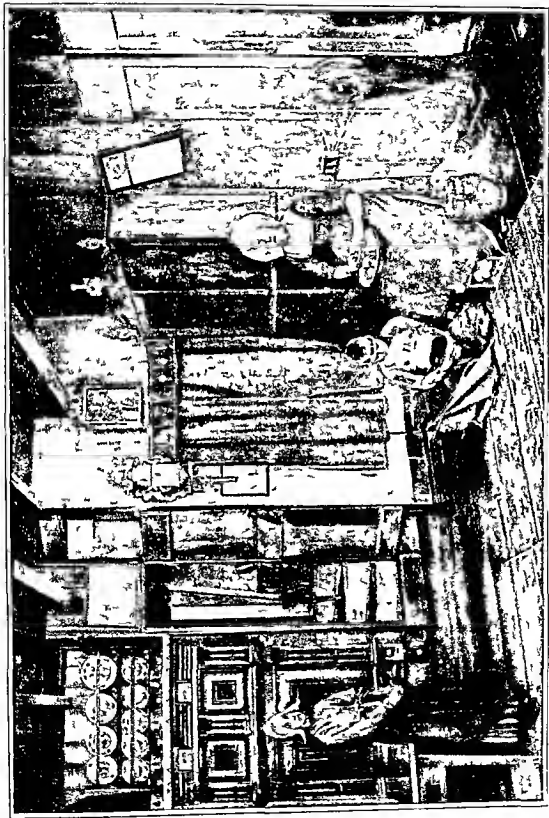
It is certainly matter for surprise that seeing what advantages of leisure and means they have obtained no members of the aristocracy with all their talent have ever succeeded in gaining entrance into the fold of the Royal Academy or of establishing themselves in public favour. But perhaps the nearest approach to such success was achieved by Lady Withford, who probably might, had she pleased have attained a higher place in the history of English art than has fallen to the lot of any other woman. What she showed, clearly and unambiguously, was that devotion and practice are not all that are necessary for the attainment of high excellence, and how, for lack of serious tuition and study long applied genius may just 'fail in art.'

ON THE SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

BY G. A. T. MIDDLETON WITH A NOTE BY HUBERT VOS.

EASILY accessible and lying but two hours in the direct route to North Germany and hence the southern portion of Holland is well known to English travellers. With the shores of the Zuider Zee that great water peninsula which converts the country into a great horse shoe in form the rise is different and the contrast, situated with the contents of men civilization, with its mammoth hotels, coaches and home comforts, cannot do better than make a wide among the simple people who live below the sea level. Its descendants of those who drove the Spaniards back and who fought on equal terms with ourselves for the supremacy of the sea, they had peace and unhastening lives—making no great effort to push forward along the road of progress, but content to be as were their forefathers. The day of Holland's greatness when she was in the van of all maritime and scientific progress has passed away indeed but the remembrance of it lingers still and hovers in a ghostly way about the visitor surrounding him continually of a dead but glorious past.

There are old towns with their canals and trees and bridges and their towers upon the wharves now more than half deserted, but telling everywhere of haste and industry which have been. In such completely forgotten towns as Hoorn upon the one side, and Kampen, on the other side of the Zee the narrow streets are all most picturesque, they have in no respect been modernised. But built up like the houses here in all directions from the perpendicular, while they themselves are put in out line, designed in a classical and utilitarian Renaissance perhaps but all the more picturesque and charming for this reason while the colonading rich in the tower which are alone produces is such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere. Generally, the gables face the streets but where they do not the sky line is still broken by the ranges of small dormers, which are as common as in Belgium or in Germany, and the gables are either stepped or, more frequently curved and perforated with much coarse carving on their covered with many coats of paint and held back in position by iron ties of greater richness and



THE ANCELTUS AT Y JENI AM

For a A. P. by the H. H. H.

variety than are even those seen in the sister kingdom. Wrought ironwork is employed somewhat sparingly, and even to the extent of inconvenience in the less frequented towns, for the footways are impeded by iron boundary fences dividing them into lengths corresponding to the widths of the houses and so forcing pedestrians into the carriage ways or on to the towing paths of the canals and yet these fences in the frontage line viewed from the artists' standpoint add greatly to the picturesque quality of the streets.

Thus it is to the small and quaint rather than the huge and dignified that attention is mainly drawn in the streets and buildings. There are no fine boulevards—only tree-bordered canals with towing paths and bridges—and no great Hôtels de Ville or cathedral churches. Yet there are evidences that the latter at least have once existed. Grand Gothic piles have been but ill destroyed by the reformer who was not content with reformation and refinement of them still remain even though covered thickly with the whitewash coming to testify to their one-time beauty. And now it is that there is coming a period of careful restoration, as at Utrecht where, if the cathedral be viewed from the south-east so that the great transept hides the view between it and the tower where the nave once stood it appears like some great German church gone in detail rich in detail—the dark grey tower, weather-stained and delicate in outline and in tracery rising beyond and giving the necessary idea of magnitude.

If ecclesiastical and civil buildings of importance, however, are lacking there is a considerable amount of military architecture left all bold and massive mainly in the form of old town gateways planned for defence rather than for effect and therefore quite unattractive in their composition. Such is the Amsterdam Gate at Harlem and the strange Water Gate at Hoorn built so as to show a old front

to those who would assault the place by sea, to say nothing of the five towers left at Zwolle standing high above the many storied houses which surround it and still the main entrance to the town.

There is in numerous other places the ramparts still exist in part with a wide moat and then formed by simply widening the canal. This is a capital for large tracts of land but there is a capital in the world that has not yet been so noticeable in the canals for navigation principally fed from the lower waters of the Rhine and Meuse. The whole fertility of the country depends on them while they also serve the purpose of keeping these rivers under control and preventing flooding the main channels being dammed up at higher levels or enclosed by dykes like railway embankments these feeding subsidiary channels and these again the long low level irrigation canals cut below the normal level of the land. The leading and sometimes the secondary channels serve both purposes—for traffic and for irrigation, and often rows of trees are planted along the outer edges of the towing paths their roots landing to land and support the earthwork of the dykes. All are regularly and rectangularly planned and the symmetry is broken only here and there by a clump of trees enclosing a farmhouse or by a lunk or marsh, by a larger town. This is the general land scape evenly descended and different from any seen elsewhere invested with a peculiar beauty from its very regularity and the amount of water everywhere—often added to by a glimpse of the sea seen over the great protecting dyke which keeps it off the land while of course the expanse of sky is large, second in extent only to that which is obtained from a ship's deck when out of sight of land. Round about Amsterdam and in some other districts the most confusing effect is produced by the multiplicity of windmills all working together and used



PRO PATRIA

(From the Picture by H. de Vries)

for all purposes almost for which we employ steam or water power. But in North Holland and in Friesland they are much more rarely met with and in fact are more common than in any parts of England.

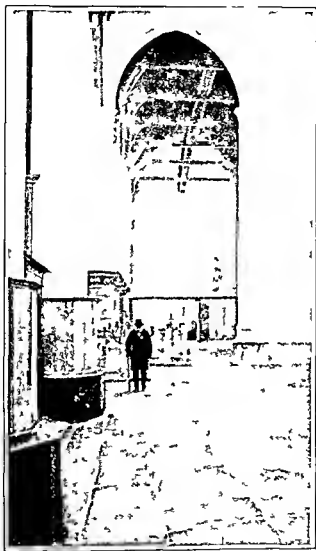
In towns which have decayed even if formerly part of active nations there will be found a sleepy sort of static population. Thus throughout the more remote districts of Holland the people do their business lazily, trading sufficient money for their needs with apparent ease and always in a slow adding to the store of former generations. The richness which is such a conspicuous feature in the houses is also exhibited in dress and the further from the capital and from the railway the more national and primitive is the costume.

Scarcely a flannel forms the material for the dresses of the women which are full worn over an undernet of some stiff material but it is the head gear which is most conspicuous. At a little distance this looks like but a close fitting white lace cap covering the ears and finishing with a fringe on the neck but on a closer inspection there is seen the glint of a gold or a silver helmet through the lace—real gold or real silver as the case may be not plated merely—sometimes a broad band round the head sometimes covering it entirely. Many of the women possess not only one but several of these head dresses the one worn upon the more important occasions being often richly set with precious stones—diamonds and rubies usually—of small size both

in the square ornaments and clips with which the small bands finish at each side of the head and in a little frontlet suspended by a chain over the centre of the forehead. Sometimes the square ornaments are replaced by corkscrew like appendages projecting forwards from either side of the face like horns and billowing up and down as the wearer moves and in the province of Overijssel though the children wear their carriages in their cradles the older women when they adopt the air

covering cap and head met surgical dangers from their cap strings as if unwilling to relinquish this ornament. Unfortunately even among the beautiful Frisian women the bonnet is coming into disuse and is often less caperehaling in the top of the lace cap with increasing unsightly and grotesque effect.

In the near future Holland as I think likely to become greatly and sadly changed. Certainly prosperity is not likely to return soon to the once famous ports of the Zuider Zee for they lie in no great trade route in spite of the Zee itself forming a huge and magnificent natural harbour but the Dutch people have that in their character which will not allow them to linger in the rear in an age of progress. Their railways are among the most comfortable in Europe and so in



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH EDAM
(From the Painting by Robert van der Meer)

everything, and more—everything is of the best only and unobtrusively for the visitor of slender means a perfectly satisfactory charge is made the guilder appearing to go no further than the tolling does at home.

NOTE BY HILBERT VOS. Of all the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee now is so famous as Lelkhusen—which in its glory was more important than Amsterdam, and though Hoorn is now the most flourishing for the tourist now will be more interesting than Edam with the neighbouring fishing village of Volendam. To reach it from Amsterdam by the most picturesque route, the interesting visit should



AN OLD FISHER OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

(From the Plate by Hilbert Vos.)

go by steam tram through Broek—the cleanest village in the world—and the little town of Monnikendam which bears in silence the mark of its splendid historical past.

Edam which has a population of between five and six thousand is situated about a mile from the Zuyder Zee with which it is connected by the bar from the suburb of Oegst. The oldest houses date from the seventeenth century although the town existed for some hundreds of years previous to that for as early as 1357 civic rights were granted which prove that even then it must have been a place of some importance. This earlier town however was

entirely destroyed by fire on February 24th 1602, when the tower of the beautiful church was struck by lightning. The church was rebuilt in a manner befitting its former condition, and is renowned to day for its enormous proportions, the beauty of the architecture and its splendid painted windows. The other principal building the Town Hall, is a more recent structure having been built about 1740, and in full accordance with the style of architecture and of the period. It presents a dignified and quiet yet still a rich appearance.

In one of the principal rooms on the first floor—which was kindly placed at my disposal while I was painting the pictures which accompany this article—are to be seen three curious pictures: one the portrait of an abnormally stout innkeeper, another of a very tall young girl and the third of a burly master with a beard twice the length of his body. It is to be hoped that for a few more years still the visitor to the Stadhuis will be shown its treasures by an old patriot who acts as guide and who really might be two hundred years old for he seems to remember all the facts in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He served as my model for the illustration "The Patriot," on p. 66.

There are various ways of reaching Volendam the little fishing village which belongs to the commune of Edam and which is perhaps the purest one ever had in all Holland—which is saying much. There is a path running along the dyke, or another which leads across meadows which is intersected at exceedingly short intervals by ditches and canals and crossed by means of lands doing duty for bridges or there is a third method of travelling which is indeed the pleasantest—by means of the quaint little sailing boats that complicate the scenery at intervals half an hour.

The village is of course protected by the inevitable dyke, some of the houses being built on this structure with piles as their foundations. The village slopes away from the dyke and is like some of the larger towns in miniature—miniature streets with miniature houses, canals and bridges all in miniature, and everything brightly coloured with dark blue predominating and triumphing everywhere.

The dyke serves as a promenade to the inhabitants where they gather when the fishing fleet is safely at anchor. The men are dressed in red woollen shirts wide short flared trousers with old coins for buttons and belts ornamented in the same way on their heads felt caps. The women's costume is brilliant and fantastic but always harmonious with pretty felons round their necks and

coquettish caps on their heads. The whole scene is one of picturesque quietude. And is it transported to a small grey fishing village on the Zuyder Zee.

The interiors of the houses are well worthy of inspection each being a museum in itself with their neat rows of Delft china and solid old furniture and all in such a splendid state of order and cleanliness. Here may be seen an old grandmother teaching her sons children how to knit in the spare moments after having repaired the fishing nets or attended to the humble dinner of potatoes and dried fish. And there—for the inhabitants are like all the other folk deeply religious—you have at the hour of the Angelus such an old world picture as I have represented on page 68.

Opposite Volendam on the Zuyder Zee is the little island of Marken to which any of the fishermen will be pleased to take you in their boat for three guineas, and bring you back too. Local legends tell us that this island was once part of the property of a convent at Monnikendam on the other side of the Zee. It is certain however that this town itself took its name from the convent established by Russian monks in the early part of the thirteenth century. But here as at Edam no remains of that period are left standing. Three times—in 1499, 1614 and 1811—has the town been devastated by fire, and in August 1803 much that the fires had left was destroyed by an explosion.

Not in spite of all these disasters there remains a good deal of great interest. Amongst this is the tower of the old town hall built in 1491 containing a curious clock which at the hours sets in motion a procession of horsemen. But the finest remnant of the earlier architecture is the St Nicholas Kerk, completed in 1412 and given over in 1572 to the Reformed Church. The traveller from Amsterdam sees this tower rising from amongst a clump of

trees its hoary head standing out boldly from the contrast of the surrounding green, but to see it in full beauty one has to come upon it after strolling through the little town along the banks of the



THE KNITTING LESSON
(From the Frontispiece by Herbert Vaughan)

canals and across the antique bridges. Down in the old harbour there is one ship built who carries out what little business is still done to the place and he alone is left to keep alive the traditions of the old town as days when it meant something to be a ship builder in Monnikendam.

The whole district round the Zuyder Zee is full of interest from all points of view and certainly not least to the artist. Here the artist may find innumerable subjects for his brush if he but possesses "the seeing eye and the understanding heart."

OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK

TO the resignation by Professor Legros of the Slide Professorship at University College we have already referred. At the moment of our going to press his successor had not yet been appointed.

We present to our readers two examples of the work of Mr Walter Crane which he executed



PROFESSOR LEGROS

(Painted by Elliott and Fry.)

during his recent sojourn in America. The window measures about thirty-four feet by thirty-two feet each light being ten feet wide. The subject is St Paul (the Apostle) preaching at Athens. The window is full and rich in colour and painting has been used to get depth of tone. The pitch of light being so

much higher in America the windows bear more depth of colour and as a rule, are much darker in tone than English windows. The window was the gift of Mr Murphy. The panel for the Willard Hall Women's Temperance Building Chicago is one of two each being six feet four inches high by five feet six inches wide. One represents by allegorical female figures 'Purity and Temperance,' the other, 'Mercy and Justice.' They are painted on canvas in flat oil colours gold being used for some of the ornamental accessories such as the chain of the savage dog which Temperance restrains, the scales and sword of Justice &c.

Monsieur Charles Guimel who has died at the age of seventy-three was a painter of landscape and interiors. He has left behind him a great number of works and is represented in the Luxembourg by his 'Jeu de Boules.'

An artist of real talent and exceptional modesty has lately passed away in Mr Joseph Moore the medalist of Birmingham at seventy-six years of age. Showing a decided taste for drawing in his boyhood he was apprenticed to Mr Thomas Halliday the die-sinker of Birmingham and spent the early part of his life designing dies for metal cutters. At all times however he had a strong desire to work in

the higher grade of his profession—the production of medals which should take their place as works of art. One of his first medals contained on the obverse a copy of the 'Salvator Mundi' of Leonardo da Vinci and on the reverse Ary Scholler's 'Christus Consolator' of which Scholler said 'Your medal has immortalised my picture—it will outlive the canvas.' There is a small collection of his works in the Corporation Art Gallery at Birmingham.

The painters of France have lost their *dieu* in Monsieur Luke Siguel who has died at the age of eighty-eight. The pupil of Géricault took the *Grand Prix de Rome* long ago as 1830 and



WINDOW AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEWARK, N.J.

(Designed by Walter Crane.)

therefore and devoted himself to history, sacred and profane. His subject pictures together with historical fancy portraits abound in the museums of France and in the galleries of Versailles while many altar pieces are to be seen in several of the principal churches in Paris—such as the Madeleine.

and St Sulpice Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1841, he was promoted to the Officership in 1867 having previously, in 1860 succeeded to Hericault's seat in the Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr I. G. STEPHENS sends us the following estimate of the late Thomas Woolner, R.A. —

Another page records the outlines of a biography of this distinguished sculptor: it is proposed to devote this one to some expository notes on the inventive side of his genius and the characteristics of his art in dealing with marble. Elsewhere I have remarked of his ideal designs that it had from the first been part of Woolner's ambition to embody something of Phidias' dignity, simplicity and naturalness in his works of all kinds combined with exhaustive representation of detail. It was this view of the possibilities of sculpture which induced him, while yet a youth to join the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in carrying out this ideal he obtained for his portraits, statues and busts not less than for his poetic creations that choice breadth, completeness and repose which mark and mark every noble style in art as well as immortalize the most vigorous and simple and in modern sculpture that extremely rare kind of finish which is so distinct in his productions as to be characteristic of and easily recognisable in, all of them.

The observer may see in each completed work of Woolner more of that supple and elastic quality of the human skin which it was the delight of Phidias to reproduce from the life than most of the ancient and modern workers in marble—who were not simply slavish copiers of nature and nothing else—have attained to. The yielding integument faithfully attests while it is stretched over a hard bone a compacted mass of softer fat a firm ligament or a tense and pulsing vein or where long customarily folded lines a joint long and multifarious creases prove how flexible it is. The skin of the Thucydides on the *Alcibiades* is only finer in degree than Woolner's best statues show. The knowledge, intense research and prodigious love of nature which these statues exhibit are evidently referable to models of the great

Phidian school. Among the moderns I do not know anyone who has for instance carved with so much exquisite fidelity and skill as Woolner the texture of the skin between the temple and the ear of a human face or given with complete veracity the difference between the cartilaginous base of a nose



PORTION OF DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE BUILDING CHICAGO

(By Walter Crane.)

and the everywhere mobile fluidness of the lips beneath it. Breath seems to be in his sculptured nostrils while the eyes he carved may be said to move within and between their differently yielding lids. Merely to copy nature thus is with dull laborers simply a matter of almost mechanical patience and delicate toil quite otherwise is it to preserve the breadth and freedom of a noble type while omitting none of the supremely delicate details. Because he did this I claim for Woolner an eminent place among the modern masters of style. The patron bust of Thucydides which in 1873 was finished by Woolner with the aid of his old friend and warm admirer the Laureate and is now in the sculptors' study is one of the finest examples not only of a lofty mode of reading the character of

one of the noblest modern faces but of the simplest style I know to have been attained in marble. The forms of his stately Virgins bewailing the Banishment of Coriolanus the torso of his god-like Achilles shouting to the Trojans which is in the Bodleian the tense bust of his Godiva and the virginal purity of his Elaine nursing Lancelot are but a few of Woolner's achievements in the pursuit of style. It is manifest in the morbidezza of nature herself and of the retention of truth in that grand treatment of



THE LATE JOSEPH MOORE

(From a Photograph by Harold Baker Esq. R.S.A.)

Edward Verulam. There appears to be an argument in the action of the hands placed the one upon the other the light of persuasion beams from the eyes and the pleasure of one who convinces is formed the smiling lips. Another fine illustration of a similar power obtains in the majestically passionate statue of Moses with the Table which gives rare force and dignity to the iconographic scheme on the chief facade of the Manchester Assize Courts. Of the same category very different in its application but not less fine is that colossal statue



THE LATE CHARLES GERALD

(From a Photograph by Walter Paris)

pure form which is the result of sculpture with high aims.

I have not space for more than one example of the poetic mood of Woolner when applied to ideal subjects where mournful pathos is not needed obtain this shall be the large and beautiful

of Captain Cock Woolner executed for the Government of New South Wales and which stands in the parlour at Sydney overlooking what has been called the noblest harbour in the planet and—with one hand upraised in surprise as a discoverer of



THE LATE PHILEAS SIGNOL

(From a Photograph by Walter Paris)

is placed in Wrexham Church where over a young boy's grave his embodied spirit seems to sit just within the gate of Viridis (an emblematic almond treekins across the wall) and with a lowered ear and attentive face he listens for the coming footsteps of his parents that mark that region where there is no more sorrow nor crying. An example of what I may call Woolner's imaginative penetrative occurs in the very fine David and Goliath statue of David in his Chancellor's robes which adorns the New Museum at Oxford and seems to speak with the gentle earnest tone of Tennyson's "Large



THE LATE THOMAS WOOLNER R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry)

a new world at that place—stands a telescope under one arm and every limb and feature instinct with life dignity and character. In all these instances the diligent and studious hands of the artist combined with natural and yet exalted talents to produce masterpieces of art. In the way of idealised and yet characterful large portraiture I believe Woolner and his royal subject will be almost equally fortunate if posterity takes its impressions of her present Majesty from the stately yet simple and august life size figure with arms folded upon each other which is I think at Birmingham.

asked in gore. Mr A. PEARSE illustrates it 'A Very Odd Golf,' by Miss ARMITAGE, is illustrated by Mr S. L. DUNN.

Mr ALFRED WATSON's striking romance for boys, entitled 'The Lost of Gold' (Walter Scott), is at once imaginative and exciting. It is a well told story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the search for the Eldorado and is accompanied by admirable drawings by Miss GERTRUDE HILMSON.

From America (The O-good Art School New York) comes a hand-book on pottery painting with a ponderous title 'How To Apply Milt Brown's Locomotive Dresden Colors, and Gold to China.' One must be at least an amateur to understand the title, but for one who has risen to that dignity there is plenty of useful information in the book. Unfortunately, nothing is said as to where it can be bought in England.

NOTA BONA

The superb Stutzer collection is to be sold in Paris in April next, all efforts to dispose of it as a whole having failed.

After a long and heated debate the Liverpool City Council have ratified the purchase for the Permanent Collection of Mr HORNE'S Summer, but not before Mr Ibbotson threatened to resign in the event of an adverse vote. The advanced school of Glasgow is not yet well under tow on the Mersey.

Doubt has unaccountably been thrown by a recent discussion upon the colour of Napoleon's barb-charger Marengo, which he rode on the field of Waterloo. Put on this point the artists may well be listened to. By all painters, from DAVID to MENDELSSOHN (who wrote) always from reliable historical material, "Marengo" has always been painted white—inclining the portrait from life by JAMES WARD R.A., while the contemporary lithographs by RAFFET, CHAMBLIN, and others should surely silence the doubters.

OBITUARY

'This is our friend Woolner, whom you wished to know,' said a brother like voice to the writer in a certain studio more than five and forty years since. Dante G. Rossetti was the speaker who thus stood as a sort of godfather to a friendship which lasted until, on the 7th of last month, death suddenly broke it with the thread of a nolly employed and honourable life, and I sent Woolner across the inevitable bourne to learn that secret which the speaker himself so humbly discovered about ten years before. In 1842, when this introduction was given, Woolner gained great access of honour among his fellow students by means of an original statuette of elms "Puck" standing on a man brown, and with an outstretched toe, an allusion to warner's shrewy fro, upon whom a snake was stealthily creeping. This gem of fresh design and vigorous sculpture was at the British Institution in that year and confirmed the praise friends had lavished during its somewhat tardy progress towards completion. The real Woolner dates from this brilliant achievement, but his artistic *ditto* had been made long before, that is, long as the interval of time appeared to youths such as we were, and his relatively considerable seniority made it less wonderful to us that he had contributed to the Academy in 1843, and in 1844, sent to the then world-attracting exhibition in Westminster Hall an admirable 'Death of Sappho.' The fact is, we ought to have wondered at the genius and energy of one who, being just eighteen

years old and so marvellously well. We knew that he was born in 1825 (Dec 15) at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in comparatively humble circumstances, and we soon learned that about 1878 he came to London, where his art promise being already great, no less a sculptor than William Behnes took him into his studio without a penny, and thoroughly instructed him in the technique of the art. Woolner could not have had a better master, and he served him faithfully for two years. In 1842 the pupil became a student in the Royal Academy, and there earned on the practice Behnes advised. Towards the end of 1848 the Pie Rhyachite Brotherhood was founded and Woolner joined that ridiculously misundisputed society. When its so-called 'organ' ('The Germ' appeared in January, 1850) he who had always been a poet, had the first place with the original version of 'My Beautiful Lull' of which three improved editions have since appeared with much *clat*. Although his genius came late and still ensured him many friends of distinction Woolner's pictures were yet to be made and even many years had past he determined to try gold digging in Australia. This was in 1854. Success in making iron and medals of turning elms (fine and medicinal works they are) helped him better than 'digging.' In 1857 he returned to England where, during his absence, his reputation had been enhanced by 'Love the statue of a dream' in a day dream which was at the Academy in 1854. It was soon evident the tide had turned in his favour, and a long series of fine, thoroughly accomplished, and poetic statues, busts, and his reliefs came from his energetic hands till last year when he was finally represented by a bust of Sir Robert Robinson. As with Mr Watts so with Woolner it became a sort of mint mark for reputations of the higher sort that poets, men of sciences and learning statesmen and poets should add to him for their portraits. Imperishable marble took life, so to say, in his hands and it was to him the great tasks were confided of preserving for future generations the veritable aspects, a his noble mood and sympathetic art recognised them of Wordsworth, Ralph Brooke, Tennyson (four times), Browning (twice), Macaulay, Dr Whewell, Lord Lawrence, Palmerston, Mr Gladstone (twice), Landseer, Newman, Professors Darwin, Selwidge, and Huxley, Cobden, Kingsley, Dickens, Sir William Gull, Lord E. Cavendish, Carlyle, Sir B. Peere, Mr Coventry Patmore, Sir F. Paulson, Sir W. Hooker, Sir S. Raffles, and others renowned. I must add to these the stately and vigorous "Captain Cook" which is at Sydney, and one of the finest instances of modern art. Her Majesty, Chief Justice Whitelaw, the noble "Moses" on the apex of the gable of the Manchester Assurance Court, and instruct with prophetic ardour and force. The finest and aptest testimony of the nation's honour for the late Laureate would be placed near his grave at Westminster Woolner's *chef-d'œuvre* portraiture the "Tennyson" of 1873. Of Woolner's imaginative works I write on another page. Suffice here to say that he was elected an R.A. in 1871, in place of Foley an R.A. in 1875. In 1877 he became Professor of Sculpture in the Academy, this post, without having lectured to the students, he resigned in 1877. Courage in speaking his convictions, which were not conventional, and a royal contempt for trivialities, procured for Woolner many friends and numerous enemies. More generous and faithful friend could not be, and the long lasting affection of a host of distinguished men testified to his honour. He was buried at St. Mary Hendon, on the 12th ultimo.